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MARCH



VOL.VII
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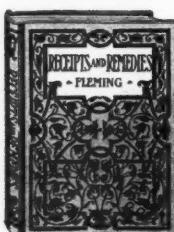
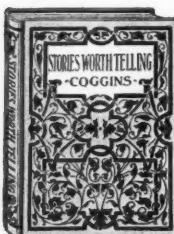
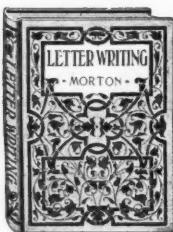
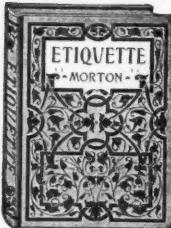
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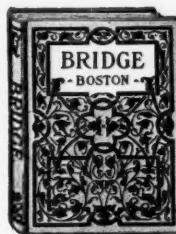
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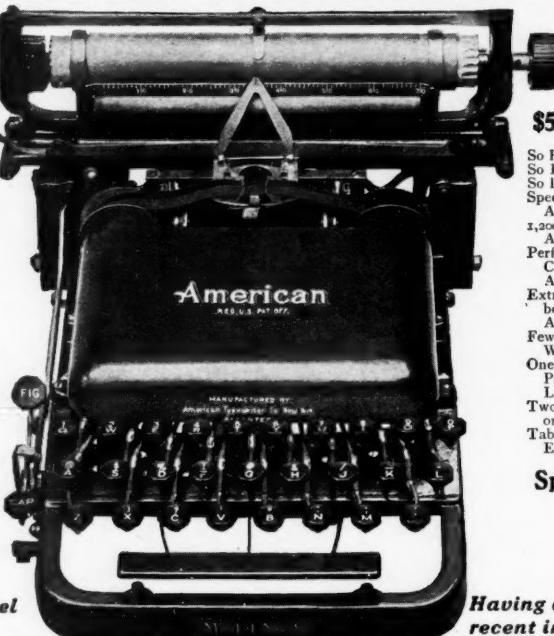
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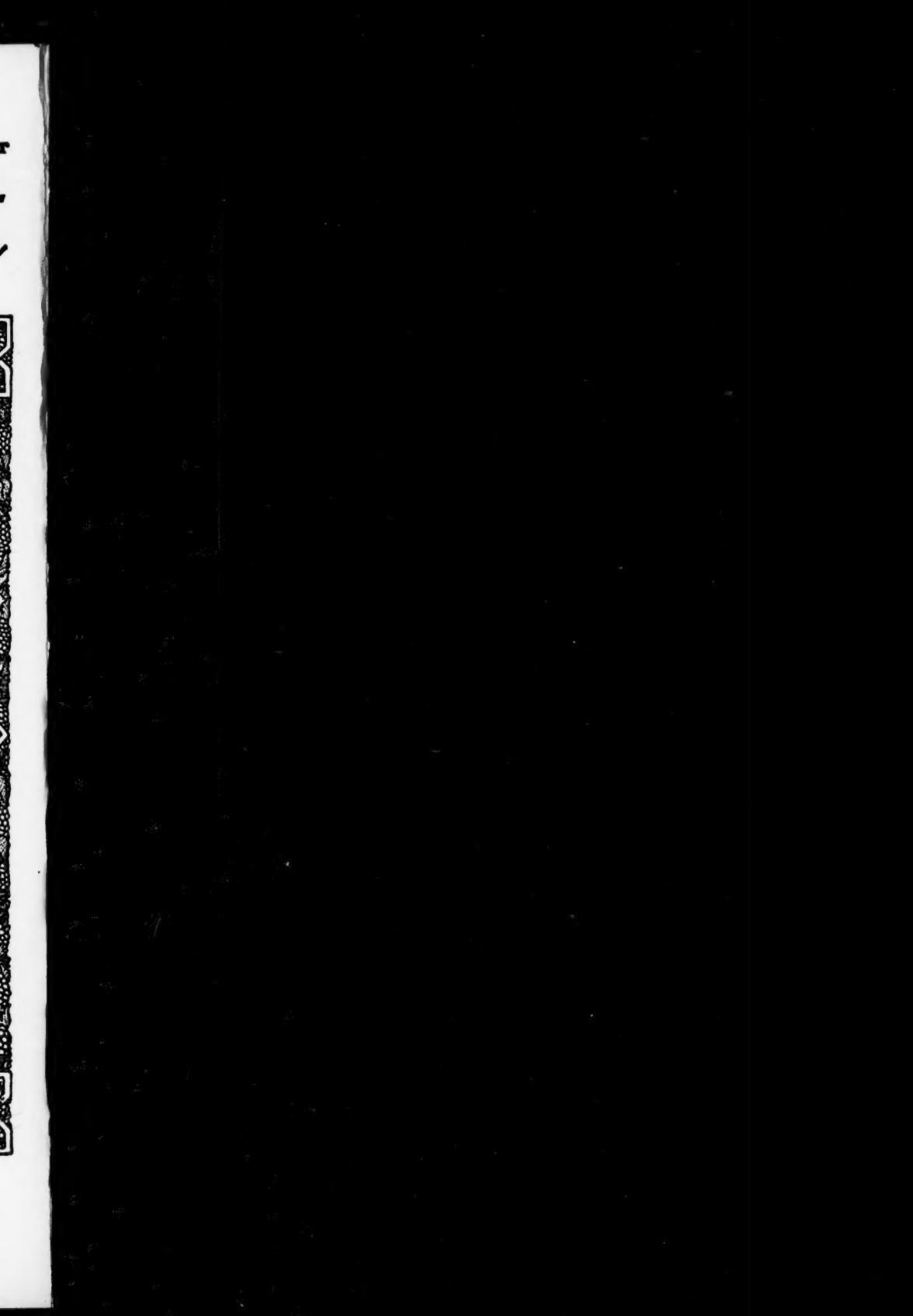
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Reclaiming the Everglades

THE popular notion of the Everglades in Florida is that they are indistinguishable from the Dismal Swamp that extends from Virginia into North Carolina. As a matter of fact, they are a particularly healthful part of the country, abounding (not to say super-abounding) in beautifully fresh water and quite free from malaria and other pests of the typical swamp. They abound, too, in interesting fauna and flora. On the other hand, they take up a lot of valuable space that could be turned to good account if properly cultivated; and the reclamation of a large part of this wasted area has now been undertaken at the instance of the Governor of Florida, and bids fair to be pushed forward to a happy issue—by what means and to what ends is made clear by Sumter Mays Ball. Here is the reverse of the reclamation work in the West, where the dry lands are irrigated and made to blossom as the rose.

Our Neglected Opportunities in China

THE story of America's political and commercial relations with the Chinese Empire is told by one who is well acquainted with it—the veteran journalist John Foord, Secretary of the Asiatic Association. It is a curious story of the splendid efforts of our State Department to establish and maintain harmony in those relations, with results sadly impaired if not wholly destroyed by political agitation culminating in legislation of the most drastic and irritating character. We have been liberal and magnanimous in our treatment of the Chinese Government, but have habitually snubbed and ill-treated the Chinese people as if they were lacking in souls and sensibilities—to say nothing of intelligence.

Young Webster and Old Clay

THE last portrait for which Henry Clay ever sat, and one of the earliest letters of any length from the pen of Daniel Webster, make a curious contribution to the biographical literature relating to the last century. The portrait is a daguerreotype, and a part of the letter (written when Webster was at Dartmouth College) is reproduced in order to show certain marked peculiarities. To be grouped with these items is a paper by H. W. Boynton, reviewing several recent biographical works of importance, including John Bigelow's "Retrospections of a Long Life."

Wealth in Waterways

IN these days of awakening to what an enormous field of development lies in our American waterways, it is profitable to consider what has been done in similar fields by the countries of Europe. After an extensive tour of the Continent, the National Waterways Commission has been drawing up a careful and exhaustive study of the marvellous waterway and engineering improvements now under way in Germany, Austria, Belgium and France. The study of American waterways reveals a story of wasted opportunities but vaguely understood and seldom appreciated. The contrast is strikingly set forth in an article by Hubert Bruce Fuller, called "European Waterways: A Lesson for America."

How Lombroso Worked Out His Ideas

SHORTLY before his death, near the close of the year 1909, Professor Cesare Lombroso, the distinguished alienist, prepared a brief paper telling the story of his early discoveries relating to the genesis of crime. He disclaims any inspiration in connection therewith, but shows how the development of his first ideas on the subject led to further and fuller investigations, confirming his original conceptions and leading to the elaboration of his theory in the works which have made his name famous, and revolutionized the treatment of criminals throughout the civilized world.

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NEW BOOKS & THEIR AUTHORS

Alice MacGowan, whose new story now running in "Putnam's Magazine," called *The Sword in the Mountains*, deals with the battles in and around Chattanooga, is, perhaps, better equipped to write on this subject than any woman of her time. She has lived all her life in Chattanooga, her father, Col. John MacGowan, being left in military command of that district at the close of the war. The opening of the Chickamauga Military Park just below the town has made the spot exceedingly attractive to sightseers and tourists, and Miss MacGowan reports that she learned the details of the battle of Chickamauga acting as guide and orator to endless parties of her friends who visited the region during the years in which she lived on Missionridge.



The Putnams have just published a new edition, revised and enlarged, of *Social England*. This monumental work, which has been edited by the late H. D. Traill, D.C.L., and J. S. Mann, M.A., presents the most complete and authoritative account that has yet been attempted of the progress of the English people in religion, discovery, laws, industry, arts, learning, commerce, literature, and manners. The progress made in these different activities is traced from the earliest times to the present day; and the text, to which the highest authorities have contributed, is supplemented by illustrations that are both interesting and instructive.



The Life of Garret Augustus Hobart, by the Rev. David Magic, which was undertaken as a labor of love, not only presents an authentic account of the late Vice-President's varied activities as well as a discerning analysis of his personality, but it reveals the spirit of reverence which the author felt for the distinguished subject of his biography, a spirit that communicates itself to the reader as he peruses the pages devoted to one who showed as much greatness in his daily relations with men as he did in the affairs of the nation. The book has just been published by the Putnams.

To those who are contemplating a trip to the Mediterranean, few books could be of more service than the illuminating volume recently completed by Bruce Millard and just published by the Putnams under the title of *The Mediterranean Cruise*, which contains information of the first importance for prospective visitors to the region. Though it was not written with the intention of displacing the guide-book, it supplies the traveller with information regarding all the places—European, Asiatic, and African—usually visited in a winter's cruise on the Mediterranean.



The Putnams have just published in their Crown Theological Library a volume by Percy Gardner, Litt.D., which is to appear under the title *Modernity and the Churches*. The volume is composed of a series of essays devoted to the solution of one of the most serious problems of the day, the reconstruction of Christian theology in accordance with the intellectual tendencies of the age.



An English translation of Dr. Solomon Reinach's *Orpheus* has just been published by the Putnams. It is a critical history of religions and, altogether apart from the inevitable controversies which it excites, will be found a mine of information by the serious student. The book will undoubtedly challenge attention and provoke discussion, for the learning poured out so abundantly on the other religious systems of the world is only the prelude and the preparation for a masterly attack upon Christianity as it is commonly understood. That attack is the most powerful that has yet been attempted, and its effect is in no wise diminished by the free and generous appreciation of the Christian spirit to which the author repeatedly gives utterance.



Spencer Wilkinson's *Britain at Bay*, which the Putnams have just published, invites the closest inspection. Professor Wilkinson is an authority on military affairs and holds the

PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE

Chichele Professorship of Military History at Oxford. His analysis of the dangers confronting England to-day is set forth with great clarity, and his recommendations should receive the serious consideration of all those interested in the affairs of nations.



The Oriental richness, the sensuous charm of word and idea, the grace and flexibility of style, the complete assimilation of Eastern thought that have characterized F. W. Bain's earlier work have perhaps never been more happily combined than in his new volume, *A Mine of Faults* (Putnam), to render even more beautiful a love story the intrinsic charm of which makes an instantaneous appeal. The heroine is a tantalizing bit of loveliness, artful, elusive, pliant, resourceful, who throws the spell of her beauty around a world-conquering king bent upon subduing her father's kingdom, a king who, defiant of love, believed himself secure from the wiles of women.



The Romance of the American Navy (Putnam) is the work of Frederick Stanhope Hill, an author who has already endeared himself to many a reader by his previous work, *Twenty-Six Historic Ships*. In the present volume are vividly presented the dramatic events in which our navy has distinguished itself on the high seas, and a stirring account is given of the splendid spirit of adventure and the deep-rooted patriotism that time and again gave the American navy the advantage over the ships of its adversaries.



In a volume entitled *Recreations of a Sportsman on the Pacific Coast*, which the Putnams will soon publish, Charles F. Holder, author of *Life in the Open*, recounts a number of exhilarating experiences. The tussles he has had with game fish, retold in the dramatic style of which Mr. Holder is the master, will thrill the most phlegmatic reader, while the descriptions of nature which the author presents will fill the reader with a yearning for the spacious country of mountain, desert, sea, and air, with whose unfrequented trails and remote recesses the author is so familiar.



The need of a trustworthy biography of *President Diaz*, that military leader and statesman who for the last quarter of a century has

been so closely identified with the history of the Mexican Republic, has long been felt. Such a work has been written by Señor José F. Godoy, Mexican Minister to Cuba and for many years connected with the Mexican Embassy at Washington. The book, the title of which is *Porfirio Diaz*, will appear, profusely illustrated, under the Putnam imprint.

In addition to the author's own narrative, the book contains opinions or comments on the life and career of Porfirio Diaz, written especially for Señor Godoy's book by some of the most prominent men in the United States and Canada—over one hundred in number—among which may be mentioned those of Vice-President Sherman, British Ambassador James Bryce, William Jennings Bryan; Joseph G. Cannon, Speaker of the House of Representatives; Charles Marcil, Speaker of the House of Commons of Canada.



From the Cup of Silence by Helen Huntington has just been published by the Putnams. The sustained beauty of the first poem, which gives the title to the volume, sets up a standard of excellence that is maintained from first to last throughout the volume, and the reader is torn between the desire to linger over the poem that has at the moment arrested his attention and the impulse to revel in the beauty which, from the persual of each successive poem, he is increasingly assured will be found in the poems that still invite him on.



G. P. Putnam's Sons will soon publish a work entitled *The Mammals of Colorado*, which presents a description of the several species of mammals known to occur within the State of Colorado, together with keys to aid in their identification. The book is thoroughly illustrated with reproductions of photographs from nature, and with diagrams of the skulls of a number of the forms discovered.



The Putnams have just published in their Crown Theological Library a volume entitled *Modern Christianity; or, The Plain Gospel Modernly Expounded*, by the Rev. John P. Peters, Ph.D., Sc.D., D.D., Rector of St. Michael's Church and Canon Residentiary of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. The volume is made up of sermons preached at St. Michael's Church.

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ADMITTED ASSETS	LIABILITIES
Bonds and Mortgages,	\$ 6,419,230.00
Bonds and Stocks (market value),	11,569,728.00
*Real Estate (cost),	1,643,609.81
Cash in Banks and Trust companies,	423,895.70
Loans to Policy Holders,	3,087,403.41
Other Assets,	482,151.71
Total,	\$ 23,626,018.63
	Policy Reserve Fund,
	\$ 19,146,802.00
	Miscellaneous Liabilities,
	502,845.52
	Reserve to provide for Deferred Dividends,
	2,119,044.00
	Reserve to provide for all other Contingencies,
	1,767,327.11
	Total,
	\$ 23,626,018.63

*Valuation by Insurance Department, State of New York, March, 1907, \$1,929,540.00

RECORD FOR 1909

Payments to Policy Holders,	\$ 2,284,245.61
Insurance in Force, December 31, 1909,	92,532,583.00
Gain in Insurance in Force,	4,164,239.00
Gain in Assets,	1,917,117.00
Gain in Deferred Dividend Reserve,	148,581.00
Gain in Contingency Reserve (Surplus),	655,149.17

TOTAL PAYMENTS TO POLICY HOLDERS SINCE 1860, \$38,893,122.73

**Total Amount of Dividends to Policy Holders in 1910 will be 25% Greater
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See page 76

HE CAUGHT WILDLY AT NOTHING TO STEADY HIMSELF

PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE

VOL. VII

MARCH, 1910

NO. 6



VAL D' AOSTA

A FASCINATING REGION LITTLE KNOWN TO
AMERICANS

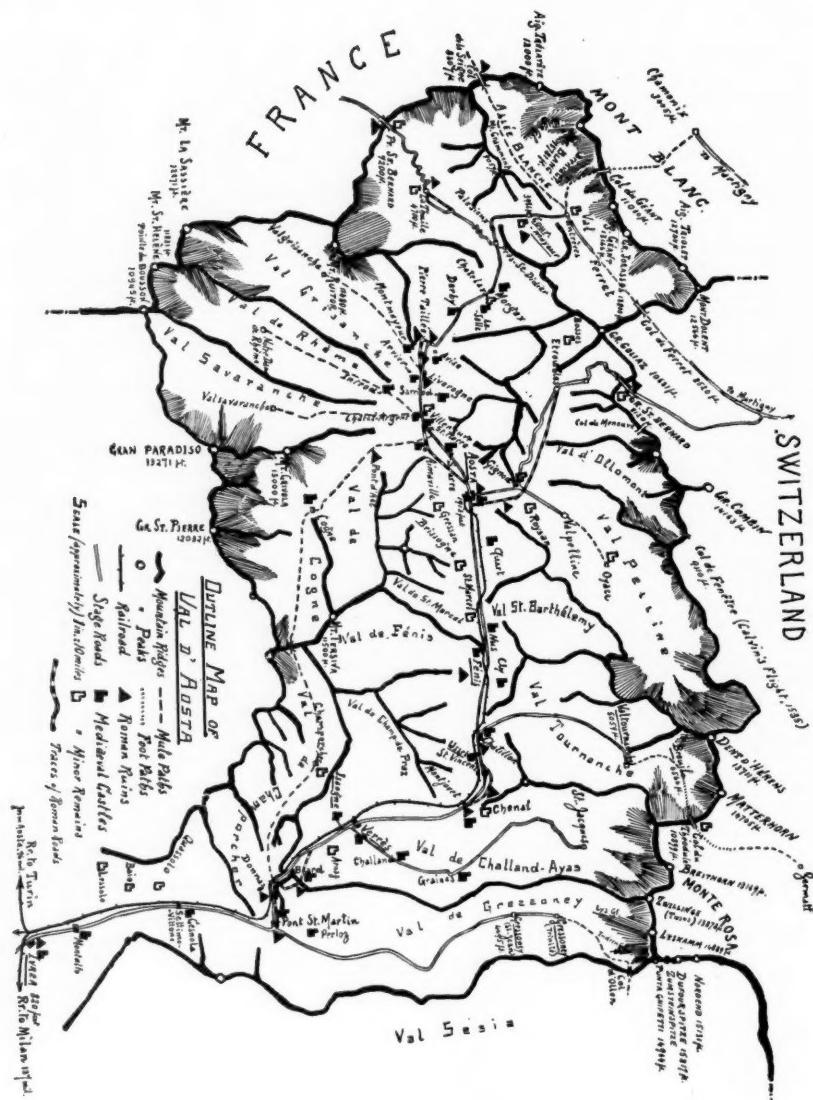
I.—THE PRESENT

By FELICE FERRERO

THERE are many places in Italy where the American tourist goes; but there are many more where he does not go, and these are not among the least interesting. Most tourists follow the highways, for there travel is easy and sightseeing well-organized: some there are who hunt out the byways, in quest of fresh emotions, undergoing much trouble and real discomfort for the sake of the experience. I propose to acquaint lovers of the new and the beautiful with a region that has so far remained almost entirely apart from the journeys of Americans; but it deserves attention, and attention will soon beget love and enthusiasm. It is not on the beaten highway, nor is it on an unknown byway; it is simply a little out of the way, and some effort is necessary to reach it; but what recompense awaits him who makes that effort!

The Valley of Aosta—this is the English name of the region—is not at all what might be termed “undiscovered” by outsiders. Every sum-

mer city dwellers in large numbers and from many lands seek its beautiful plateaus, its emerald pastures, its gray villages and its resplendent glaciers. Italians frequent it, because it lies near their big northern working centres—Turin, Milan, Genoa. The English go there for various reasons: because “they get everywhere, anyway”—they, the great model tourists, who never seem to be pressed for time or money;—because most of the peaks that crown the valley have challenged the strength and the courage, and some have even claimed the lives, of daring English Alpinists; or they go there because they like the solemn solitudes of this valley that is as yet so little spoiled. Germans, clad in *Loden*, *Rucksack* a-shoulder and purse-strings tight in hand, stray into it in their *Fusswanderungen* over the mountains. French, also, arrive within its borders, attracted perhaps by the fact that the natives speak a language approximately their own. Only the Americans, who too often take upon themselves to “do” Europe



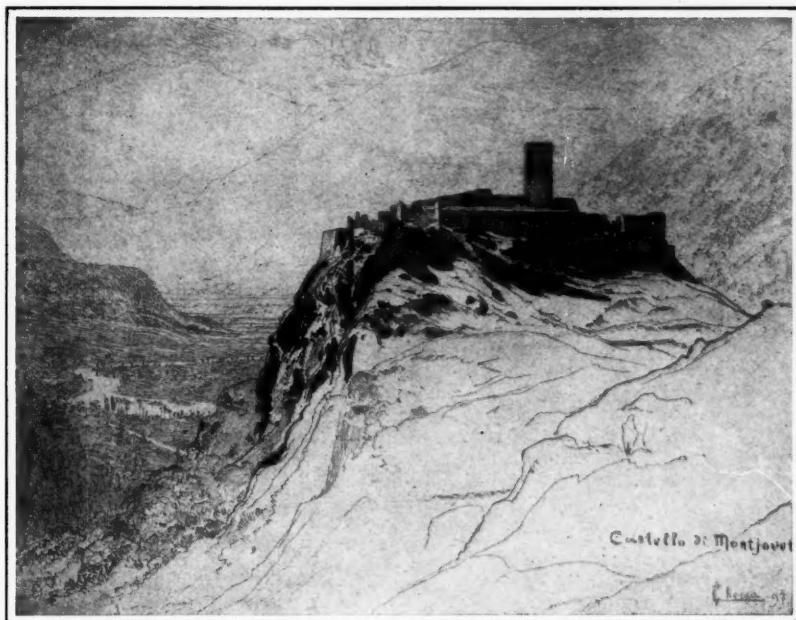
—and something over!—in a summer vacation, have no time for the Val d'Aosta.

The Val d'Aosta is an immense maze of lofty ridges and deep furrows, and travelling in it is necessarily slow, as mountain travelling always is, where there are no accommodating

cog-wheel or cable roads to hoist the sightseer to the best point of view. Many tourists encircle the valley unawares: they go over the Furka into the valley of the Rhone, take a side trip to Zermatt and the Gornergrot, ride down to Chamonix; but how many have ever thought what might

lie on the other side of the ranges they were skirting? Mountains are like all other things terrestrial; there is always another side to them. From the hills high above Zermatt, one looks out upon the Monte Rosa and the Breithorn, broad masses, ice-clad in blinding robes of perennial white; the other side rises from the

with forests of spruce and birch at its feet, immense, cold, silent, except for the roar of the avalanche that tumbles over the steeps of its wild gray wastes. Zermatt is on one side of the mountain wall; Valtournanche on the other: Chamonix is on one side; Courmayeur on the other: Martigny is on one side, Aosta on the other.



CASTLE OF MONTJOVET (NEAR ST. VINCENT), THIRTEENTH CENTURY

Val d'Aosta, rock-gray and stark, abrupt and rugged: one sees the Matterhorn, powdered like an eighteenth-century belle, pointed and sharp of outline as a church spire; the other side flanks the Val d'Aosta, broad-based and beast-like, blunt and awful, as forbidding and unfriendly as the Swiss face is light and alluring. From Chamonix one admires the robe of ice that flows down the sides of Mont Blanc, the giant of the Alps; again, the other side is in the Val d'Aosta, bristling with rocky pinnacles, snow-crowned above, granite-bodied below, green

Only a few miles, as the crow flies, separate one village, one town, from its *pendant* on the other side; yet the traveller, touring through the Swiss or French towns, hardly hears mention of the Italian. Not so much the frontier-line, as the mass of the high ranges, far more formidable, bars out contact and prevents easy communication.

The relative inaccessibility of the Valley of Aosta is at once a most notable disadvantage and one of its greatest charms. It is a disadvantage from a commercial standpoint, because the patronage of the lavish

passing traveller is completely lost to it: it is a charm in all other respects, because it imparts a certain sense of seclusion, of exclusiveness and of protection. The Valley of Aosta is not a hotel courtyard, like Switzerland, where every occasion to sell even a glass of water during a train-

Paris, tunnels the Mont Blanc, such will remain its winning grace.

The Valley of Aosta lies at the extreme northwestern corner of Italy, nestling in the angle where the main chain of the Alps turns at the Mont Blanc, bounded therefore on two sides by the central body of the great mountain system of Middle Europe. At present there are only three gateways through which access to the valley is easy and comfortable. One is the opening toward the broad plains of Northern Italy and the valley of the Po, just above the city of Ivrea. Through this opening passes the only railroad line, which runs fifty miles up the valley to Aosta, its most important town, and connects it with Turin, Genoa and Milan. The railroad communications are hardly beyond reproach: through trains run from Turin alone, and may properly be said to run only in summer, when two expresses cater to the "Sommer-frischler." During the remaining three seasons, trains crawl up and down the valley at the safe pace of fifteen to twenty miles an hour, stopping every few minutes to catch breath or to pick up a stray peasant. The natives are steady pedestrians and do not often patronize



VILLAGE OF ST. VINCENT

Apse of Tenth Century, Campanile of Thirteenth Century

stop is promptly utilized. It does not flirt, like the Tyrol, with the causal admirer, smilingly acceptant of his compliments as he flies by on the Brenner express. The Valley of Aosta is like a shy mountain beauty, willing to be courted, but yielding only to the true lover; and at least until the great new transalpine railroad, projected to shorten by a few hours the distance between Genoa and

the railroad; for those who do, panting, worn-out engines, groaning, rickety cars and a bumping road are apparently deemed quite sufficient. Bad as it is, however, it is at any rate a railroad, the only one in the whole region, and the only link with the rest of Italy: it deserves, therefore, respect and first consideration.

Through the other two gateways, the Valley of Aosta opens out toward

foreign lands, where the tourist freely sows his money, though he does not always reap a profitable crop. Both approaches are high mountain passes, traversed by broad stage roads; both bear the name of St. Bernard; both have hospices on their summits; both are famous in history, for great armies under the lead of celebrated generals have crossed them into the promised land of Italy. Over both, the traveller can ride by mail stage or private coach; and both lead out from Aosta, the terminus of the railroad from the plains; so that touring through the main valley of Aosta from one end to the other at a reasonable speed is possible. The distances to be covered by stage are, however, far from indifferent and one must reckon on a

whole day to go over either of the passes. The road that crosses the Grand St. Bernard, one of the highest passes in the Alps, ends at Martigny in Switzerland; that which goes over the Petit St. Bernard descends into Savoy in France, following an almost opposite direction. One makes its way to the north, the other to the south of the great *massif* of the Mont Blanc; the latter joins the net of Savoyan roads that lead to Aix-les-Bains; the former touches at Martigny one of the highways most popular with American tourists, and might offer a tempting diversion.

The three ways mentioned, I have called easy and comfortable means of access to the valley of Aosta; but they are not the only ones. Many others

exist, which some travellers might find far more interesting and attractive than the much-tunnelled railway or the open turnpikes that zigzag widely up the mountainside to reach the summit at a tolerable grade. The ways other than these three just described are never comfortable; in a few cases they are easy; in many,



IN THE VILLAGE OF VALTOURNANCHE

Looking down the valley

toilsome; in some, they are actually dangerous; in all cases, they require good mountaineering qualities and more muscular labor than tourists in general are willing to spend on any one particular "stunt." Mule-paths cross some of the minor passes, such as the Col du Ferret, that leads from Martigny to the upper Val d'Aosta, and the Col de la Seigne—a pass that is mentioned as used for military purposes in Roman times—which leads from Savoy, also to the upper end of the valley. Most of these passes must be overcome *pedibus calcantibus*, and nothing lightens the wearisome task of making every mile of horizontal distance, and every foot of vertical, by sheer muscular pull, as must be done on passes like

the Furg and the Théodule, which lead from Zermatt to Valtournanche; and the Col du Géant, which connects Chamonix with Courmayeur.

There are also points marked on the maps as "passes" which, however, differ in no respect from peaks, except that they are depressions between two greater heights: the difficulties and dangers of climbing and descending them, the same as in ascensions to peaks, are of such nature that all but very well-trained Alpinists do well to avoid them. Whoever might be tempted by the word "pass" to attribute any passable character to such indescribable places as the Col Dolent, or the Col des Grandes Jorasses, in the

chain of the Mont Blanc, would discover himself dangerously deluded: these are climbs once accomplished by Whymper and Walker forty years ago, but attempted by very few others since.

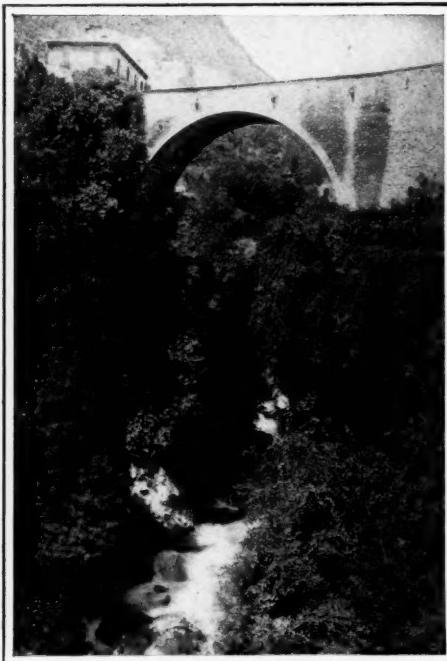
The visitor to the Val d'Aosta must make a long detour to enter it, whether he goes by way of Turin and the railroad through the bottom of the valley, or crosses the high ranges by stage or on foot; but once in, he will probably feel inclined to forget the way out. Even in Italy, the paradise of sightseers, it is not easy to find a spot where there is more to be seen and enjoyed. There is entertainment to suit all tastes and

desires; there is food for all minds, joy for every soul. Those who delight in mountains can find enough to do for years: they may wander up the pleasant chestnut slopes and clamber high among the terraced vineyards of

the lower valley; they may walk under the dark, sweet-scented shade of the spruces on hillsides paths in view of mighty peaks, where the best city clothes run no risk of damage; they may try their luck in breakneck scrambles over rocks and ice, with eyes black-goggled and shoes hob-nailed, steel pick in hand. Here the Alpinist will find the best mountain guides of Europe, like those that have accompanied the Duke of Abruzzi to Alaska, to

the Caucasus, to the Arctic regions and to the Himalayas, ready to stand by him in the most perilous attempts, to help him over every bad spot, and to die with him, if fate has marked out for him a lot so hard. Whoever is in quest of health has at his disposal all kinds of mineral springs, besides the fine air of the high altitudes, which seems to lift all burdens from one's back, all cares from one's heart, as one rises farther and farther toward the heights where the rivers are rivulets and the trees are herbs, and the peaks stand out lone against the sky.

The traveller of archæological bent, fond of old ruins, can study the re-



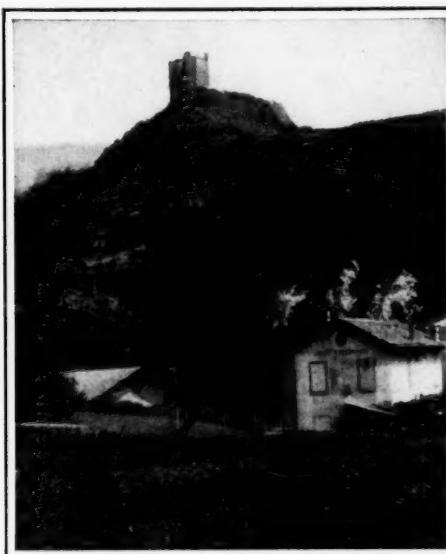
GORGE OF MARMORE AT CHÂTILLON.

mainstays of Roman times, more numerous here than anywhere else except in Rome and Pompeii. He can trace the consular roads and imagine imperial legions marching through this gateway to Empire outside of Italy; he may look upon marvellous bridges still standing in solid indifference to weather and man; wonder at colossal work done twenty centuries ago in cutting rock, in boring tunnels, carrying water supplies, exploiting mines, in sheltering the solitary traveller who dared alone the long journey across the Alps.

If the visitor's mind be more romantically inclined, he may turn from the energetic and practical evidence of the Romans to the signs remaining of chivalrous knights and pious dames. The valley abounds in mediæval castles in all stages of preservation, from the still perfect specimen to the shapeless heap of stones hardly rising from the ground, and of all ages between the eighth or ninth century and the seventeenth, crowning every knoll that juts out into the valley, crouching on the edge of every bold bluff that commands the highroad, lurking at every dark and unfriendly turn, as if still lying in wait for prey that no longer comes to gratify their now hollow and powerless frames. Why tradition should have clad these grim strongholds of violence and oppression with the gentle and pleasing mantle of the chivalrous romance, is

not easy to understand; but like the exuberant ivy, romance will cling to the rough and naked fortress walls, and man may freely enjoy it, now that the "castle" as a political and social institution has become meaningless. Is this not an unusual wealth of interesting things? Where else can one, standing on a Roman bridge, contemplate a fine thirteenth-century castle, and see at the same time the glaciers of some famous peak, and, if he cares to notice the presence of modern industry, complete the picture with a glance toward the water-power at his feet, where whirring dynamos and flashing electric furnaces make carbide of calcium?

A traveller whose time is limited must use whichever season he has at his disposal for his visit to the valley; that season will most probably be the height of summer, but whoever can choose his own time or happens to be in Italy in the spring or fall—both seasons considered unsuitable for staying among the mountains—I should advise not to miss the occasion to see the valley in these somewhat off times. Midsummer is beyond doubt the best possible period to spend in the high regions, because then the weather is well settled, not too cold, comparatively free from storms: but, on the other hand, during the latter half of July and the whole of August, which also fall in with school and business vacations, the hotels in the various resorts are overcrowded;



CASTLE OF USSEL, NEAR CHATILLON. 1358 A.D.

the accommodations and the service, poor; coaches and mules are hard to get; the guides are pre-empted; the entire valley is in a state of relative congestion, and the whole population, I fear, in a very avaricious frame of mind. There is no situation that can more easily induce a mass



COURT OF CASTLE OF ISSOGNE

of people to "graft" than this sudden and brief rush of strangers, who come bringing habits and needs entirely different and peremptorily requiring satisfaction: this they get, but the mountaineer is reminded of "*carpe diem*," while it lasts,—and it lasts so short a time!

In both the spring and the fall, the valley shows a decidedly different aspect. The summer hotels are closed; the curio shops have disappeared; the village inns are the only places where one can put up. These are very modest hostellries, as a rule, but are comfortable enough, and the treatment that one encounters in

them is that of human beings toward fellow-men, in honest dealings with them.

It is difficult to realize without experience what the high mountain region late in May or at the beginning of June is like, while the great hotels still lie dormant in their long winter sleep. The air is fresh and crisp; the sun is bright and cheerful; the narcissus whitens, like a fresh snowfall, the fields where the grass grows green and sweet. As you walk across the meadows, the flowers you crush send up to you great waves of living perfume. You are alone: nothing disturbs the peace of your surroundings. A few cows graze in the distance; the stream beside you, which flows from under melting snows hard by, murmurs gently; the bees hum subduedly and are busy; a shepherd yodels gayly in unconscious thankfulness for this wonderful spring that has come again over his world. It is Arcadia.

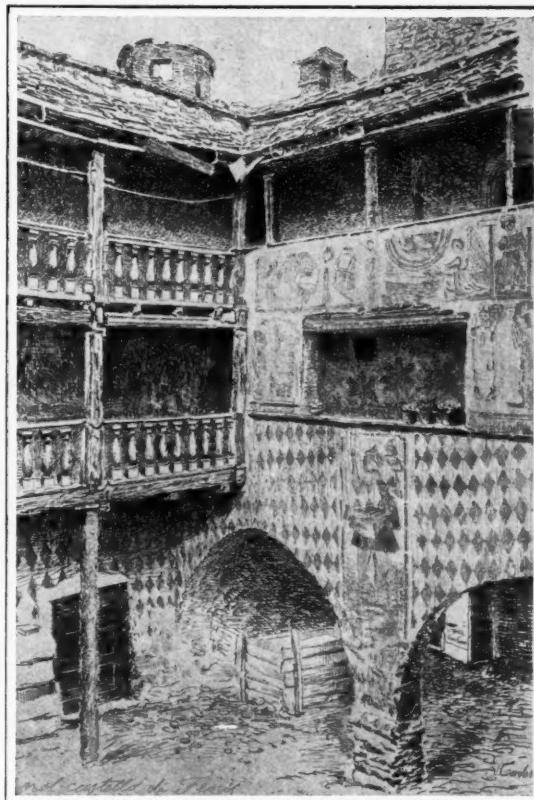
Again, you go up the valley in the fall, in October. It is then quite another from that of the summer. Its inhabitants depend mainly on the raising of cattle and kindred industries for their living; they produce several kinds of thoroughly local and delicious

cheeses, and send to the plains butter and calves: yet you look in vain for cattle in the valley during the summer; you see not even the trace of a cow. The stables are empty, the fields raise hay and vegetables unmolested: strange as it may seem, a glass of milk is harder to find in these cheese-producing villages than in a city. The reason for this fact is that the cattle make a sort of internal migration: as soon as fair spring weather appears, the cows are hurried up to the high pastures, away to the edges of the glaciers and the permanent snows. Wherever there is a little patch of verdure, even

though the elevation and the short summers do not allow of its growing more than an inch or two out of the ground, the cows graze happily on the most aromatic of forage: the butter- and cheese-making industry continues four, five, six, thousand feet above the level of winter quarters. As soon as the bad season approaches, the cattle are gradually withdrawn to lower pastures; and so, retiring before oncoming snows and winter, they finally arrive at the home village and their own stables. By the end of September, the homeward migration is completed and the villages—half deserted during the summer by their population, which is partly gone to the heights with the cattle and partly to the cities in search of work—are again teeming with life and activity. You cannot walk along a path in the neighborhood of a group of houses without having now and then to yield the right of way and scramble up the bank to make room for a stately cow, which—I had almost said *who!*—advances without swerving an inch from her direction, gazing at you with her big, moist, inquiring eyes, as if to say, "Why should I leave my path?"

In the village streets women knit and spin, sitting outside the houses and stores; men come and go, chatting awhile to interrupt their daily tasks; the guides tell their adventures, and the artisans that have been abroad, at work in France or in Switzerland, recount their experiences in foreign lands. Everything

has resumed the normal and healthy look of regular town life, slow and routinary. The people are perhaps a trifle diffident, as mountaineers are always likely to be, but are quite



COURT IN THE CASTLE OF FÉNIS

willing to be cordial and hospitable, and the stranger that wanders into their villages before or after the summer rush is sure of a polite reception and good treatment. He who goes out of season is, of course, exposed to the chance of storms as well as the necessity of walking where, during the "season," he might drive; but a mountain-lover is ready to welcome rather than regret these little inconveniences, if they give him at the same time nature and



CHÂTEAU SARRIOD DE LA TOUR (ST. PIERRE)

people in every-day clothes rather than dressed for company.

The carriage roads in the valley are still very few. One of them runs all the way up the main valley from Ivrea to Courmayeur, branching off at Aosta for the Grand St. Bernard and at Pré St. Didier for the Petit St. Bernard. Another starts from Pont St. Martin and runs up the side valley of Gressoney to the foot of the Monte Rosa. Two more lead from the railroad up the valleys of Challant-Ayas and Valtournanche, beginning respectively at Verrés and Chatillon. That is the extent to which the road facilities of the Val d'Aosta have been improved. Of mountain railroads there are none. All other points—lesser points in the valleys named and all the villages in the remaining side valleys—are reached by mule-paths or small roads on which only the transit of light char-

lettes is possible. The existing roads are sufficient, however, to reach the most noted points of the main and all side valleys.

By stage from Pont St. Martin there is a drive of seven or eight hours to Gressoney, at the end of the road. The highway climbs along now at the bottom, now at the side of the valley of the Lys—a torrent which has the typical dirty-milky color of glacier waters—through narrow gorges, up rocky bluffs, across wide level pastures, past quaint little villages with dark wooden chalets. The women come to the doors, dressed in gay red skirts and odd black corsages. Sometimes they offer edelweiss or berries; sometimes they content themselves with merely looking on, indifferent to barter.

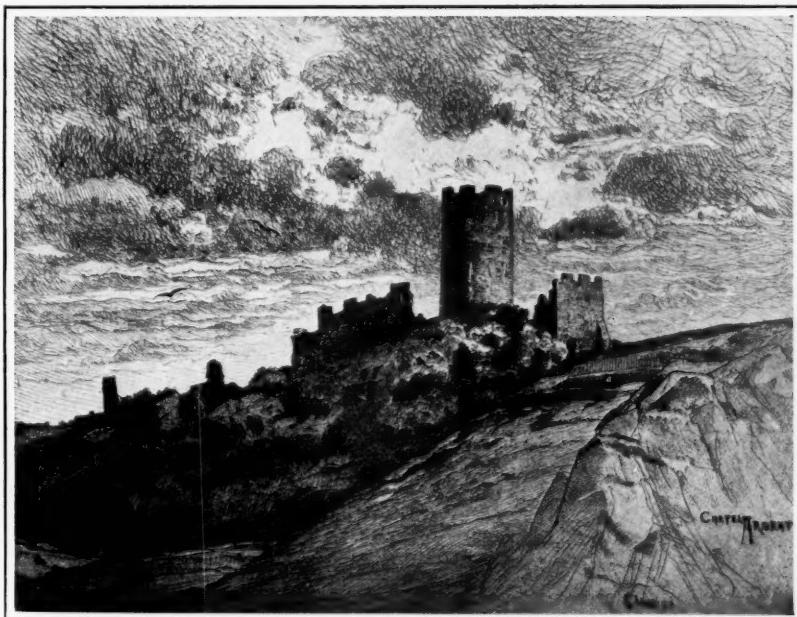
It is interesting to notice how apparently inconspicuous are all the openings of the side valleys into the

main valley. From Pont St. Martin or Verrés or Chatillon, or, still more noticeably, from the bottom of the valleys on the southern side, one hardly sees more than a break between two towering walls of rock: the torrents make their way surreptitiously to the river, leaping and foaming in deep ravines overhung with ivy and linden, where the eye has no chance to penetrate unless from some audacious bridge that seems to fling the road over the chasm. A beautiful bridge of this kind is to be found in Chatillon. When we have passed the obstacles piled at the mouth of the side valley as it climbs away from the main valley, the characteristic mountain landscape, now pleasing, now awful, appears again, and the branch valley has a chance to develop its own individuality.

Gressoney has its first houses at St. Jean, about forty-five hundred feet above the sea-level, and its last ones at La Trinité at the foot of the Lyskamm, about fifty-five hundred feet.

Both St. Jean and La Trinité lie in broad pasture-fields, with the brilliant glaciers of the Monte Rosa in full sight. St. Jean has become famous in recent years as the summer resort of the Queen Dowager of Italy, who owns a magnificent villa there. Her Majesty is a good mountaineer; in seasons past she climbed the Punta Gnifetti, as well as other noted points in the group of Monte Rosa: but she abandoned all thought of ascensions when one of the gentlemen who regularly accompanied her, Baron Peccoz, suddenly died on the glacier of the Lys, nine years ago.

Another interesting feature of Gressoney is its curious population, a small nucleus of German origin, which still speaks a corrupt Germanic dialect. They came from the Valais in the middle of the thirteenth century, at the call of the Bishop of Sion, who had just then wrested the place from the Counts of Challant and thought to fortify his hold upon the district by populating it with his



CASTLE OF CHÂTEAU-ARGENT, ABOVE AOSTA, TWELFTH CENTURY

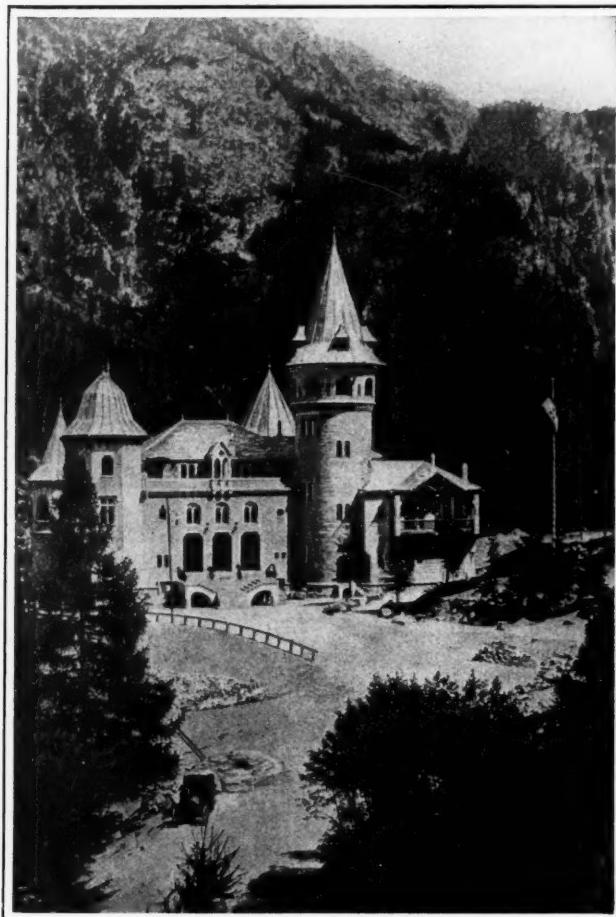
own people. As a stranger walks along the Gressoney roads, it may happen to him to be greeted with, "Gute Tag" or "Guaten Tog"; or to

Challant, who for centuries were the most masterful feudal lords of the whole Val d'Aosta. From Chatillon, catching at many a turn an inspiring glimpse of the powerful Matterhorn (on the Italian side called the Monte Cervino), the traveller arrives at Valtournanche in about four hours. At Valtournanche the "sinister syren of the Alps" is, however, not visible, and one must walk on to the dark and gloomy bowl of Breuil to see it again.

There, what an impressive spectacle! Huge stone walls, rising sheer for thousands of feet, monstrous gashes with deep, impenetrable shadows, wound-like, in the side of the great colossus; big needles, themselves mountains, that stand alone, apparently ready to topple over at any moment; and

through the fearful stillness, now and then echo the rumbling reports of falling *lavines*, sinister as a death-knell; through the ages the giant is crumbling to dust.

Valtournanche possessed, until he died recently, a very interesting type of man in the Abbot Gorret, the



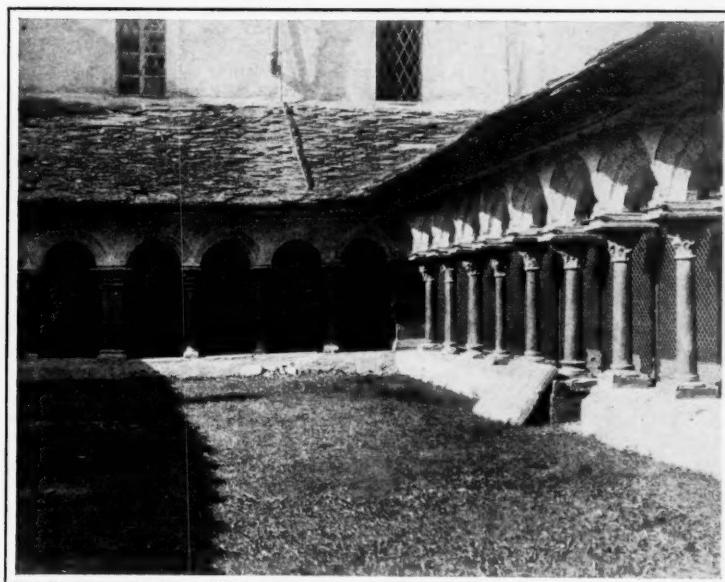
CHÂTEAU "SAVOIA," GRESSONEY, ST. JEAN
Summer residence of the Dowager Queen Margarita

receive a polite wish for a happy journey—"Gute voyage," or "Gute Reis," or "Guaité Rais."

The side valley that branches off at Verrés in the Val d'Aosta and ends at the Breithorn bears the name of Challant-Ayas, in remembrance of the famous family of the Counts of

curé of the village. He wore no very clerical look as he went about in heavy boots, corduroy trousers and broad felt hat; for his chief calling was the mountains. He climbed the Matterhorn on the Italian side with the guide Carrel on the very day when Whymper, after being the first

railles. In a narrow gorge a heavy landslide once obstructed the passage of the waters. The furious torrent worked its way through the debris, dug a tunnel and deepened it, tearing away the side walls, until now its roaring waters plunge with incredible vehemence down an abyss, disappear-



CLOISTER OF SANT' ORSO (AOSTA), FOURTEENTH CENTURY

to conquer the peak, was descending the Swiss side. Gorret reached the top the day afterward, knowing neither of Whymper's success, nor that a catastrophe of stupendous proportions had destroyed four of the Englishman's party, among them the adventurous young Lord Douglas, whose body was never recovered. Gorret celebrated many a mass in his time on top of the Matterhorn, and finally read the "De Profundis" over the hearse of his friend Carrel, when a storm on the beloved "Cervino" at last claimed Carrel's life, after more than a hundred climbs.

Near Valtournanche is to be found one of the most wonderful Alpine phenomena: the Gouffre de Bousse-

ing from daylight in a whirl of spray. The tunnel is accessible only from below, and the sight of the boiling torrent, as it dashes tortuously on, dimly lighted by a few rays of uncertain daylight that filter through an irregular opening above, makes even a bold man silent. The torrent has also excavated in the rocks one of those so-called "giants' pots"—deep circular, boulder-filled holes that the popular fancy calls "Saracens' storage-rooms." Other huge giants' pots lie near the road at Donnaz and near Liverogne.

Courmayeur is near Mont Blanc, but for a good view of the whole mountain group—a big patriarchal family with many a scion—one must

go as far as Entréves, at the end of the valley of Ferret. The top of the Grammont is also a splendid observatory for Mont Blanc as well as for a general survey of the Valley of Aosta. The Mont Blanc on the Italian side is as different from the Mont Blanc seen from Chamonix, as the Matterhorn from Breuil is different from the Matterhorn seen from Zermatt. While on the French side it is mainly glacier, on the Italian side it is rock; like all the rest of the chain of the Alps in general, presenting a comparatively gentle slope on the outside, as it encircles Italy, and a very rough and precipitous face on the inside. Nothing illustrates better this natural difference between the two sides of the Alpine chain than the description that Whymper gives of his first ascension to the Col Dolent.

Among the valleys on the south of the great mountain system encircling Aosta, the most interesting is probably the valley of Cogne that ends at an important Alpine mountain knot, the Gran Paradiso. Cogne, aside from its natural beauties, is an Eden for the hunter. Chamois, plentiful in the high, rank pastures of the glacial regions, where not even goats can climb, can lead the ablest gunner a superb hunt, thanks to the ease with which they take the scent, to the rapidity of their run and their astounding capacity for jumping, whether upward or downward. Another large animal of the same family roams the heights of the Gran Paradiso, one of the very few spots where it is to be found—the stambecco or ibex, which has huge horns like an antelope. The stambecco may be looked at, if chance so favor, but not taken, as it is permanently protected. King Victor Emmanuel II. and King Humbert used to spend a month every summer in this region, where they had several fine hunting roads constructed, and sometimes the present ruler of Italy also appears there to try a shot at the chamois.

From the upper end of the Val

d'Aosta, it is easy to reach the two hospices of the Grand and Petit St. Bernard. The first, 8120 feet above sea-level, was founded by St. Bernard in 928 A.D., to ensure safety and comfort to those that crossed the pass, after the mountaineers under the lead of the holy man had rid the mountains of the Saracen bandits nesting in that wild, cold eyrie. The present buildings date from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries: the church has interesting frescoes: the museum contains a large collection of Roman coins and inscriptions, found on top of the pass: the treasury and the library contain valuable relics and incunabula. The hospitality of the Augustinian friars living in that coldest spot of Europe, where the lake sometimes freezes in summer and the snow lingers till July, is very generous: but tourists are expected to make offerings for the church. Stories of the fearless self-sacrifice of these friars, and of their famous dogs, in bringing help and safety to travellers stranded in the wild snow-wastes of the mountain winter, are too well known to need repeating.

The hospice of the Petit St. Bernard, 7070 feet, belongs to the same order of monks and is kept up in the same way. It was also built by St. Bernard on the spot where a Roman hospice once stood. The most attractive feature of the hospice is the old abbot in charge of it, Father Chanoux, an enthusiastic naturalist of great culture, who has got together a good library and created an Alpine botanical garden of wide fame, in the high solitudes where he lives all the year round. He manages the hospice, directs a meteorological observatory, and finds the time to be a most sociable, courteous and good-humored host. Whoever has stayed at the hospice will recall as one of the pleasantest memories of his travels the hours spent chatting with the serene old abbot before the great log-fire, which crackled gayly while the stars without shone clear through the sharp air of the silent night.

(To be continued)



THE RIVER AND I

By JOHN G. NEIHARDT

VI

GETTING DOWN TO BUSINESS

It all came back there by the smouldering fires—the wonder and the beauty and the awe of being alive. We had eaten hugely—a giant feast. There had been no formalities about that meal. Lying on our blankets under the smoke-drift, we had cut with our jack-knives the tender morsels from a haunch as it roasted. When the haunch was at last cooked to the bone, only the bone was left.

Heavy with the feast, I lay on my back watching the gray smoke brush my stars that seemed so near. *My* stars! Soft and gentle and mystical! Like a dark-browed Yotun woman wooing the latent giant in me, the Night pressed down. I closed my eyes, and through me ran the sensuous surface-fires of her dream-wrought limbs. Upon my face the weird magnetic lure of ever-nearing, never-kissing lips made soundless music. Like a sister, like a mother, she caressed me, lazy with the giant feast; and yet, a drowsy, half-voluptuous joy shimmered and rippled in my veins.

Bill snored. Among the glowing fires moved the black bulk of the Kid, turning the hunks of venison. And

then the Universe and I, curiously mixed, swooned into nothing at all. And I was blinking at a golden glow, and from the river came a shouting.

It was broad day. We leaped up, and, rubbing the sleep from our eyes, saw a light skiff drifting towards us. It contained two men—Frank and Charley. We had met them at Benton, and during an acquaintance of three weeks we had learned of their remarkable ability as cooks. Frank was a little Canadian Frenchman, and Charley was English. Both, in the parlance of the Road, were "floaters"; that is to say, no locality ever knew them long. Naturally our trip had appealed to them, and one month in Benton had aggravated that hopelessly incurable disease—*wanderlust*. So we had agreed that somewhere down river we would camp for a week and wait for them. Ten minutes after the skiff touched shore, the camp consisted of two cooks and three scullions. The Kid was a hewer and packer of wood, I was a peeler and slicer of things, and Bill, sweetly oblivious of his bewhiskered dignity, danced about in the humblest of moods, handing this and that to the grub-lords.

At six in the evening we put off, Charley, the Kid and I manning the power boat, Bill and Frank the skiff,

which was towed by a thirty-foot line.

The engine ran merrily. Above its barking I sang the praises of the Englishman, with a comfortable feeling that, at least in this, the tail would wag the dog.

Through the clear waters, between soaring canyon walls, we raced east-

ward into the creeping twilight. Here and there the banks widened out into valleys of wondrous beauty, flanked by jagged miniature mountains transfigured in the slant evening light. It seemed the "faerie land forlorn" of which Keats dreamed; where year after year come only the winds and the rains and the snow and the sunlight and the star-sheen and the moon-glow.

Having moored the boats, we lined up on the shore and had a song. It was a quintet, consisting of a Frenchman, an Englishman, an Irishman, a Cornishman and a German. A very strong quintet it was; that is to say, strong on volume. As to quality —we weren't thrusting ourselves upon an audience. The river and the sky did n't seem to mind, and the cliffs sang after us, lagging a beat or two.

And how the flapjacks disappeared as a result of that singing! We ate until Charley refused to bake any more; then we rolled up in our blankets by the fire and "swapped lies," dropping off one at a time into sleep, until the last speaker finished his story with only the drowsy stars for an audience. At least I suppose it was so; I was not the last speaker.

Perhaps the summer of 1908 was the most unfavorable season for such a trip in the last fifty years. Steamboating on the upper river is only a memory. There are now no wood-



"WALKING" THE BOATS OVER SHALLOWS

yards as formerly. We found ourselves with no certainty of procuring grub and oil; our engine became more and more untrustworthy; our paddles had been lost. What winds we had generally blew against us, and the character of the banks was changing. The cliffs gave way to broad alluvial valleys, over which, at times, the gales swept with terrific force.

Our map told us of a number of river "towns." We had already been partially disillusioned as to the character of those "towns." They were pretty much in a class with Goodale, except that they lacked the switch and the box-car and the sign. Just now Rocky Point lay ahead of us. Rocky Point meant a new supply of food and oil. Stimulated by this thought, Charley cranked heroically under the blistering sun and managed to arouse the engine now and then into spasms of speed. But we used the better part of two days covering the last fifty miles into Rocky Point, only to find that the place consisted of a log ranch house, two women, an old man and "Texas." The cattle and the other men were scattered

over a hundred miles or so of range. The women either would not or could not supply us with grub, explaining that the nearest railroad town was ninety miles away. Gasoline was out of the question. We might be able to buy some at the mouth of Milk River, *two hundred miles down stream!*

Sending Bill and Frank on ahead with the skiff and the small store of provisions, Charley and I, the Kid at the steering ropes, set out, pushing the power-canoe with the paddles. The skiff was very soon out of sight.

The *Atom*, very fast under power, was, with paddles, the slowest boat imaginable. There was no lift to her prow, no exhilarating leap as with the typical light canoe driven by regulation paddles. And she was as unwieldy as a log. A light wind blew up stream, and the current was very slow. After dark we caught up with Bill and

had spoiled. This left us without meat. Our provisions now consisted mostly of flour. We had a few potatoes and some toasted wind called "breakfast food." During six or seven hours of hard work at the paddles, we had covered no more than fifteen miles. In addition to this, it was impossible to stir up a song. Even the liquor wouldn't bring it out. And the flapjacks were not served à la chansonnette that night. I tried to explain why the trip was only beginning to get interesting; but my words fell flat. And when the irrepressible Kid essayed a joke, I alone laughed at it, though rather out of gratitude than mirth.

Bill talked about home and stared into the twilight. The "floaters" were irritable, quarrelling with the fire, the grub, the cooking utensils, and verbally sending the engine to the devil.



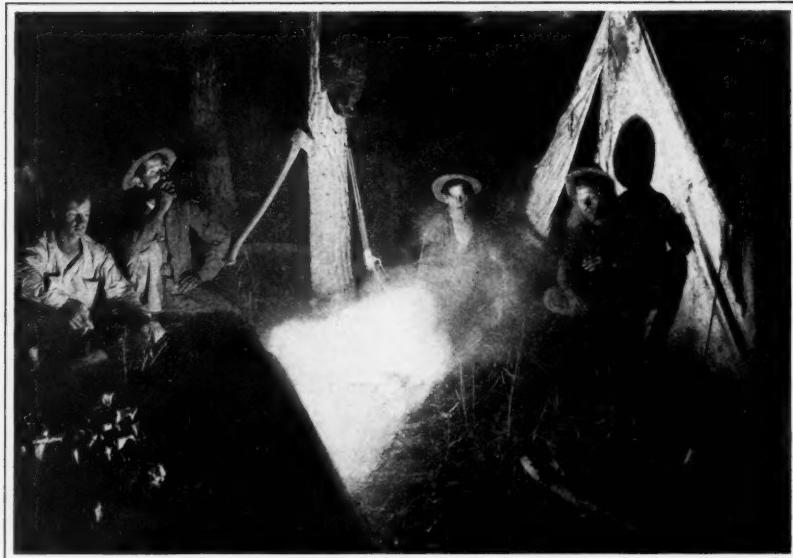
GETTING SUPPER

Frank, who had supper waiting. I had been tasting venison all day; but there was none for supper. In spite of a night's smoking, all of it

Seeing about eighteen hundred miles of paddle work ahead, knowing that at that season of the year the prevailing winds would be head winds,

and having very little faith in the engine under any conditions, I decided to travel day and night, for the water was falling steadily and already the channels were at times hard to find. Charley and Frank grumbled.

of motion, yet we moved. The sky seemed as much below as above. We seemed suspended in a hollow globe. Now and then the boom of a diving beaver's tail accented the clinging quiet, and by fits the drowsy



NIGHT CAMP IN THE COTTONWOODS

I told them we would split the grub fairly, a fifth to a man, and that they might travel as slowly as they liked, the skiff being their property. They stayed with us.

We lashed the boats together and put off into the slow current. A haggard, eerie fragment of moon slinked westward. Stars glinted in the flawless chilly blue. The surface of the river was like polished ebony—a dream-path wrought of gloom and gleam. The banks were lines of dusk, except where some lone cottonwood loomed skyward like a giant ghost clothed with a mantle that glistened and darkled in the chill star-sheen.

There was the feel of moving in eternity about it all. The very limitation of the dusk gave the feeling of immensity. There was no sense

muttering of waterfowl awoke in the adjacent swamps, and droned back into the universal hush.

Frank and I stood watch, the three others rolling up in their blankets among the luggage. It occurred to me for the first time that we had a phonograph under the cargo. I went down after it. At random, I chose a record and set the machine going. It was a Chopin nocturne played on a 'cello—a vocal yearning, a wailing of frustrate aspirations, a brushing of sick wings across the gates of heavens never to be entered; and then the finale—an insistent, feverish repetition of the human ache, ceasing as with utter exhaustion.

I looked about me drinking in the night. How little this music really expressed it! It seemed too humanly near-sighted, too egotistic, too petty

to so^{und} out under those far-seeing stars, in that divine quiet.

I slipped on another record. This time it was a beautiful little song, full of the sweet melancholy of love. I shut it down. The thing would n't do. In the evening—yes. But now! Truly there is something womanly about Night, something loverlike in a vast impersonal way; but too big—she is too terribly big to woo with human sentiment. Only a windlike chant would do—something with an undertone of human despair outraged by brave, savage flights of invincible soul-hope—great virile singing manries, winged as the starlight, weird as Space—Whitman sublimated, David's soul poured out in symphony.

I started another going. This time I did not stop it, for the Night was singing—through its nose perhaps,

behind, soul-like the upward yearning violins took flight, dissolving at last into starlight and immensity. Ages swept by me like a dream-wind. When I got back, the machine, all but run down, was scratching hideously.

Slowly we swung about in the scarcely perceptible current. Down among the luggage the three snored discordantly. Frank's cigarette glowed intermittently against the dim horizon, like a bonfire far off. Somewhere out in the gloom coyotes chattered and yelped, and from far across the dusky valley others answered—a doleful tension.

I dozed. Frank awoke us all with a shout. We leaped up and stared blinkingly into the North. That whole region of the sky was afame from zenith to horizon with spectral fires. It was the aurora. Not the



REVEILLE IN THE WILDERNESS

but still it was singing—out of that machine. It was Wagner's "Evening Star" played by an orchestra. It filled the night, swept the glittering reaches, groped about in the glooms. And then, leaving the human theme

pale, ragged glow, sputtering like the ghost of a huge lamp-flame, which is familiar to every one. But a billowing of color, rainbows gone mad! In the northeast the long rolling columns formed—many-colored clouds

of spectral light whipped up as by a whirlwind—flung from eastward to westward, devouring Polaris and the Wain—rapid sequent towers of smokeless fire!

It dazzled and whirled and mounted and fell like the illuminated filmy skirts of some invisible Titanic serpentine dancer, madly pirouetting across a carpet of stars. Then suddenly it all fell into a dull ember-glow and flashed out. The ragged moon dropped out of the southwestern sky. In the chill of the night, gray dense fog wraiths crawled upon the hidden face of the waters.

Again I dozed and awakened with the sense of having stopped suddenly. A light wind had arisen and we were fast on a bar. Frank and I took our blankets out on the sand, rolled up and went to sleep.

The red of dawn awoke us as though some one had shouted. Frank

it was a dream-deer. We blinked complacently at it until it disappeared in the brush. Then we thought of the rifle.

We breakfasted on flapjacks and, separating the boats, put off. The skiff left us easily and disappeared. A head-wind arose with the sun and increased steadily. By eleven o'clock it blew so strongly that we could make no headway with the rude paddles, and the waves, rolling at least four feet from trough to crest, made it impossible to hold the boat in course. We quit paddling and got out in the water with the line. Two pulled and one pushed. All day we waded, sometimes up to our necks; sometimes we swam a bit, and sometimes we clung to the boat and kicked it on to the next shallows. Our progress was ridiculously slow, but we kept moving. When we stopped for a few minutes to smoke under the lee of a bank, our legs cramped.



TYPICAL MONTANA RANCH ON THE MISSOURI RIVER

and I sat up and stared about. A white-tail deer was drinking at the river's edge three hundred yards away. So far as we were concerned

We made twelve miles that day, and every foot was a fight. I wanted to raise it to twenty-five before sunrise. No one grumbled this time; but in the

light of the camp-fire the faces looked cheerless—except the Kid's face.

We huddled up in our blankets and, naturally, all of us went to sleep.

when suddenly the water deepened, and we all went up to our necks; and the night seemed bitterly cold. I never shivered more in January.



A STRING OF ASSINIBOINE PEARLS

A great shock brought us to our feet. The moon had set and the sky was overcast. Thick night clung around us. We saw nothing, but by the rocking of the boats and the roaring of the river we knew we were shooting rapids.

Still dazed with sleep, I had a curious sense of being whirled at a terrific speed into some subterranean suck of waters. There was nothing to do but wait. We struck rocks and went rolling, shipping buckets of water at every dip. Then there was a long sickening swoop through utter blackness. It ended abruptly with a thud that knocked us down.

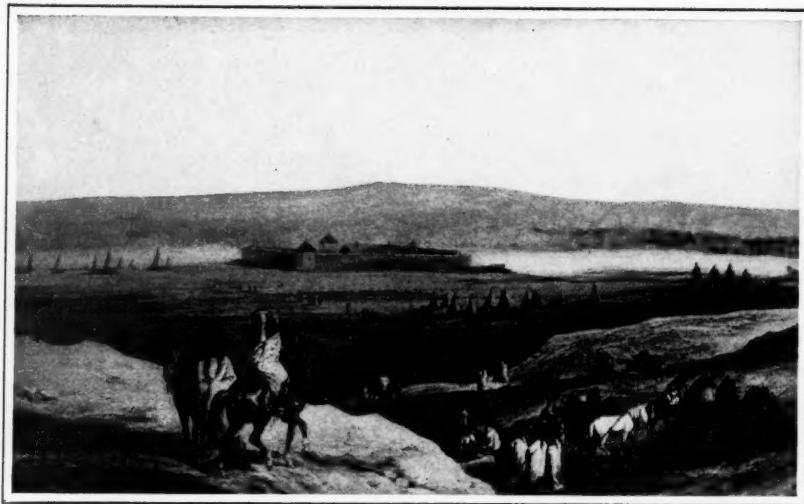
We found that we were no longer moving. We got out, hanging to the gunwales. The boats were lodged on a reef of rock, and we were obliged to "walk" them for some distance,

It was yet too dark to find a camping place; so we drifted on until the East paled. Then we built a great log fire and baked ourselves until sunrise.

Day after day my log-book begins with the words "Heavy head-wind," and ends with "Drifted most of the night." We covered about twenty-five miles every twenty-four hours. Every day the cooks grumbled more; and Bill had a way of staring wistfully into the distance and talking about home, that produced in me an odd mixture of anger and pity.

We had lost our map; we had no calendar. Time and Distance, curiously confused, were merely a weariness in the shoulders. . . .

One morning we arrived at the mouth of what we took to be Hell Creek, which flows (when it has any water in it!) out of the Bad Lands.



From a painting by Bodmer

FORT UNION IN THE '30'S

It did n't take much imagination to name that creek. The whole country from which it debouches, looks like Hell—"with the lights out," as General Sully once remarked: a country of lifeless hills that had the appearance of an endless succession of huge

black cinder heaps from prehistoric fires.

The wind had increased steadily all day, and now we saw ahead of us a long rolling stretch of wind-lashed river that discouraged us somewhat. A gray mist rolled with the wind, and



THE SITE OF OLD FORT UNION TO-DAY

dull clouds scudded over. We pitched camp in a clump of cottonwoods and made flapjacks; after which the Kid and I, taking our blankets and the rifle, set out to explore Hell Creek.

We pushed on five or six miles, and the evening shade began to press in about us. At last we issued forth into a flat basin, surrounded by the weird hills—a grotesque wind-carved amphitheatre, admirably suited for a witches' orgy. Some bleached bison-heads with horns lay scattered about the place, and a cluster of soapweeds grew there—God knows how! They thrust their sere yellow sword-blades skyward with the pitiful defiance of desperate things. It seemed natural enough that something should be dead in this sepulchre; but the living weeds, fighting bitterly for life, seemed out of place.

We gathered a quantity of the dry sword-bladed soapweeds, and with one of the blankest made a lean-to shelter against the steep hillside. The mist driven by the moaning wind became a melancholy drizzle. We dragged the soapweeds under cover and lit a fire with difficulty. It was a half-hearted, smudgy, cheerless fire.

And then the night fell—tremendous, overpowering night! The Kid and I, huddled close in one blanket, thrust our heads out from under the shelter and watched the ghastly world leap by fits out of the dark, when the sheet lightning flared through the drizzle. Over us the great wind groaned. Water dripped through the blanket-like tears. We scraped the last damp ends of the weeds together that the fire might live a little longer.

The soppy gray morning came at length. A midsummer morning after a night of rain—and yet, no bird, no hopeful greenery, no sense of the upward yearning Earth-Soul!

When we sighted the Missouri River again, the sun had broken through upon the green-girt glinting stream. It seemed like Paradise.

By almost continuous travel we reached Lismus Ferry on the second morning from Hell Creek. The ferry-

man had a bit of information for us. We would find nothing at the mouth of Milk River but a sandbar, he advised us. But he had some ointment to apply to the wound thus inflicted, in that Glasgow, a town on the Great Northern, was only twenty-five miles inland. The weekly stage had left on the morning before; but the ferryman understood that the trail was not overcrowded with pedestrians.

It was a smarting ointment to apply to so fresh a wound; but we took the medicine. Frank, Charley and I set out at once for Glasgow, leaving the others at camp to repair the leaking boat during our absence. The stage trail led through an arid, undulating prairie of yellow buffalo-grass. There were creek beds, but they were filled with dust at this season of the year. The Englishman set the pace with the stride of the long-legged. The sun rose high; the dry runs reminded us unpleasantly of our increasing thirst, and the puffing wind blew hot as from a distant prairie fire.

I followed at the Englishman's heels, and the Frenchman trailed after at a steadily increasing distance. None of us was fit for walking. I kept a limp back until the Englishman ahead of me began to step with a little jerking of the knees; and then, with an almost vicious delight, I gave over and limped. I never knew before the great luxury of limping. We covered the distance in something less than six hours.

The next morning, in a drizzling rain, each packing a five-gallon can of gasoline and some provisions, we set out for the Ferry; and it was a sorry, bedraggled trio that limped up to camp eight hours later. We did little more than creep the last five miles. And all for a spiteful little engine that might prove ungrateful in the end!

It rained all night—a cold, insistent downpour. Our log fire was drowned out; the tent dripped steadily; our blankets got soppy; and three of us were so stiff that the least movement gave keen pain.

Soppy dawn—wet wood—bad grub for breakfast—and bad humor concealed with difficulty: but through it all ran a faint note of victory at the thought of the gasoline, and the way that engine would go! We lay in camp all day—soppy, sore—waiting for the rain to let up. By way of cheering up I read "*L'Assomoir*"; and a grim, graveyard substitute for cheer it was. But the next day broke with a windy golden dawn. We filled the tank, packed the luggage and lo! the engine worked! It took all the soreness out of our legs to see it go.

For five or six miles we plunged on down the wind-tumbled river. There was a distinct change in the temper of the crew. A vote at that time would have been unanimous for finishing at New Orleans.

Squash!

The engine stopped; the *Atom* swung round in the trough of the waves, and the tow-skiff rammed us, trying to climb over our gunwale. We wallowed in the wash of a bar, and cranked by turns. At the end of an hour no illusions were left us. Holding an inquest over the engine, we pronounced it dead.

In the drear fag end of the windy day, soaked from much wading, and weary of paddling with little headway, we made camp in a clump of scarlet bull-berry bushes. And by the evening fire two talked of railroad stations, one talked of home, and I thought of that one of the "soldiers three" who "swore quietly into the sky."

The Milk River illusion was lost. Two hundred miles below was the mouth of the Yellowstone—the first station in the long journey. A few days back we had longed for gasoline; but there was no one to sell. Now we had fifteen gallons to sell—and there was no one to buy. The hope without the gasoline was decidedly better than the gasoline without the hope.

Being a bit stunned by the death of the hope conceived in weariness, we did not put off that night, but huddled up in our blankets close to

the log fire; for this midsummer night had in it a tang of frost.

Day came—cloudy and cold—blown over the wilderness by a wind that made the cottonwoods above us groan and pop. The waves were higher than we had seen them before. Charley struggled with the engine, which now and then made a few revolutions—backwards—by way of leading him on. He heaped big curses upon it, and it replied periodically with snorts of rage.

Bad blood developed, and mutiny ensued. Before the day was done, it was made plain that the Kid and I would travel alone from the mouth of the Yellowstone. "For," said the Kid with certain virile decorations of speech, "I'm going with you if we have to buy skates!"

The wind fell at sunset. A chill, moonless, starry night lured me, and I decided to travel. The mutineers, eager to reach a railroad as soon as possible, agreed to go. The skiff led and the *Atom* followed with paddles. A mile or so below we ran into shallows and grounded. Wading ashore, we made a cheerless camp in the brush, leaving the boats stuck in the shallows. The Kid and I instinctively made our bed together under one blanket, and the others bunked apart. It was funny in an unpleasant way.

In the morning a sea of stiff fog hid our boats. Packing the camp stuff on our backs, we waded about and found the crafts.

At last, after a number of cheerless days and nights of continuous travel, the great, open, rolling prairies ahead of us indicated our approach toward the end of the journey's first stage. The monotony of the landscape was depressing. It seemed a thousand miles to the sunrise. The horizon was merely a blue haze—and the endless land was sere. The river ran for days with a succession of regularly occurring right-angled bends to the north and east. Each headland shot out in the same way, with, it seemed, the same snags in the water under it, and the same cottonwoods growing on it; and opposite each

headland was the same stony bluff, wind- and water-carved in the same way.

But at last we reached Wolf Point—the first town in five hundred miles. We had seen no town since we left Benton. An odd little burlesque of a town it was; but walking up its main street we felt very metropolitan after weeks on those lonesome river stretches.

Five Assiniboine Indian girls seemed to be the only women in the town. I coaxed them to stand for a photograph on the incontestable grounds that they were by far the prettiest women I had seen for many days! The effect of my generous praise is fixed forever on their pictured faces.

Here, during the day, Frank and Charley disposed of their skiff and we saw them no more. We pushed on with little mourning; but in a spirit of fairness, let me record that Charley's biscuits were marvels, and that Frank's *gateaux à la chansonne* were things of beauty and joys forever.

The days that followed were long and hard; and half the chilly nights were spent in drying ourselves before a roaring fire. There were more mosquitoes now. They began to torture us at about five o'clock in the afternoon, and left off only when the cold of night came, relieving us of one discomfort by the substitution of another.

One evening we came upon a typical Montana ranch—the Pen and Key. The residence, barns, sheds and fences were built of logs. The great rolling country about it was thickly dotted with horses and cattle. The place looked like home. It was a sight from Pisgah—a glimpse of a Promised Land after the Wilderness. We pulled in, intending to buy some provisions for the last stage of the journey to the Yellowstone.

I went up to the main ranch house, and was met at the door by one of those blessed creatures that have "mother" written all over them. Hers were not the eyes of a stranger.

She looked at me as she must look at one of her sons when he returns from an extended absence.

A short while back, I sang the praises of the feast in the open—the feast of your own kill, tanged with the wood smoke. The supper we ate that evening takes close second. Welcome on every face!—the sort of welcome that the most lavish tips could not buy. And after the dishes were cleared away, they brought out a phonograph, and we all sat round like one family, swapping information and yarns even up, while the music went on. When we left next morning at sunrise, it seemed we were leaving home—and the river reaches looked a bit dismal all that day.

At noon on the fourth day from the Pen and Key Ranch, we pulled up at the Mondak landing two miles above the mouth of the Yellowstone. We were thoroughly soaked, having dragged the boat the last two or three miles through the shallows and intermittent deeps of an inside channel. We had covered the first six hundred miles with a power-boat (called so, doubtless, because it required so much power to shove it along!) in a little less than four weeks. During that time we had received no mail, and I was making a break for the post-office, oozing and feeling like an animated sponge, when a great wind-like voice roared above me, "*Hey there!*"

I looked up to the hurricane deck of a steamer that lay at the bank taking on freight. A large elderly man, dressed like a farmer, with an exaggerated straw hat shading a face that gripped my attention at once, was looking down at me. It was the face of a born commander; it struck me that I should like to have it cast in bronze to look at whenever a vacillating mood might seize me.

"*Come aboard!*" bawled the man under the ample hat. There was nothing in the world just then that I wished for more than my mail; but somehow I felt the will to obey—even the necessity of obeying.

"You came from Benton?" he asked, when I had clambered up the forward companion-way and stood dripping before the captain of the steamer *Expansion*. At this closer range, the strength of the face was even more impressive, with its eagle beak and its lines of firmness; but a light of kindness was shed through it, and the eyes took on a gentle expression.

"How did you find the water?"

"Very low, sir; we cordelled much of the way."

"I tried to get this boat to Benton," he said, "and got hung up on the rocks above Lismus Ferry."

"And we drifted over them helter-skelter at midnight!"

He smiled, and we were friends. Thus I met Captain Grant Marsh, the Grand Old Man of the Missouri River. He was freighting supplies up the Yellowstone for the great Crane Creek irrigation dam, sixty miles above the mouth. The *Expansion* was to sail on the following day, and I was invited to go along. Seeing that the captain was short of help, I insisted upon enlisting as a deck hand for the trip.

It was work—very hard work. I think I should prefer hod-carrying as a profession. For we had a heavy cargo, ranging from lumber and tiling to flour and beer; and there are no docks on the Yellowstone. The banks were steep, the sun was very hot, and the cargo had to be landed by man power. My companions in toil swore bitterly about everything in general and steamboating in particular.

When the boat was under way, I sat in the pilot-house with the Captain, watching the yellow flood and the yellow cliffs drift past like a vision. And little by little this old man, who has followed the river for over sixty years, pieced out the wonderful story of his life—a story fit for Homer. That story may now be read in a book, so I need not tell it here. But I came to think of him as the Incarnation of

the River's mighty Spirit; and I am proud that I served him as a deck hand.

As we steamed out of the Yellowstone into the clear waters of the Missouri, the Captain pointed out to me the spot upon which Fort Union stood. Upon landing, I went there and found two heaps of stone at the opposite corners of a rectangle traced by a shallow ditch where of old the walls stood. This was all that remained of the powerful fort—virtually the capital of the American Fur Company's Upper Missouri empire—where Mackenzie ruled—Mackenzie who was called King!

Long slough grass there, and blue waxen flowers struggled up amid the rubble of what were once defiant bastions. I lay down in the luxuriant grass, closed my eyes, and longed for a vision of heroic days. I thought of the Prince who had been entertained there with his great retinue; of the regality of the haughty Scotchman who ruled there; of Alexander Harvey, who had killed his enemy on the very spot, doubtless, where I lay—killed him as an outraged brave man kills—face to face before the world. I thought of Bourbonais, the golden-haired Paris of this fallen Ilium. I thought of the plague that raged there in '37 and of Larpenteur and his friend, grim, jesting carters of the dead!

It all passed before me—the un-written Iliad of a stronghold forgotten. But the vision would n't come. The river wind moaned through the grasses.

I looked off a half-mile to the modern town of Mondak, and wondered how many in that town cared about this spot where so much had happened, and where the grass grew so very tall now.

I gathered blue flowers and quoted, with a slight change, the lines of Stevenson:

But oh, how deep the grass
Along the battle-field!



A FRENCH TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN

THE GOLD MEDAL PRESENTED TO HIS WIDOW IN 1866

By J. B. G.

SHORTLY after the celebration, a year ago, of the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, his son, Robert T. Lincoln, wrote from his New Hampshire summer home, to acknowledge receipt of a copy of PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE in which were printed certain papers containing personal recollections of the martyred President. Incidentally, he referred to a French medal designed in commemoration of his father's services to mankind, and expressed his regret that he had not brought it to light on the occasion of the centennial celebration. The editor hastened to assure him that the oversight could be readily remedied; and, not long thereafter, Mr. Lincoln forwarded photographs of the medallion, with the following explanatory note:

"The medal was a present to my mother, and I have not in my possession anything which came to her about it. My memory, however, is quite distinct that immediately after my father's death two rather unique movements started in France; one of them was due to a published statement that my father was a Mason, which I do not think was true; this resulted in our receiving a large number of resolutions of condolence from Masonic bodies in France. The other was a movement—started I know not how—to raise a fund by a public subscription, which was limited to one sou from each person, for the medal

of which you have the photographs. It is of gold, and the size of it is almost exactly that of the photograph*; the thickness is about a quarter of an inch—perhaps a little more. I do not at all remember how it reached my mother; but at that time almost all, if not quite all, of such testimonials (this was the only one of the particular kind) came to her through the State Department at Washington. It would be my guess that the French Commission put it in the hands of the Honorable John Bigelow, then our Minister to France, and that he transmitted it in his despatch-bag to the State Department at Washington. It is a very handsome medal, which I trust will always be properly cherished by my father's descendants."

Mr. Bigelow's recently published "Retrospections of an Active Life" contains several references to the medal. The first is in the form of a letter, written by him as Minister to France and addressed to Secretary of State Seward:

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
PARIS, June 2, 1865.

SIR:

You have doubtless been already informed by our Consul at Nantes that a popular subscription of ten centimes (about two cents) a head had been set on foot in that city, recently, for a gold medal to be presented to Mrs. Lincoln. This

* About three and three-sixteenth inches in diameter. See page 763.

medal was to bear the following inscription:

LIBERTY, EQUALITY AND FRATERNITY

To Lincoln, twice chosen President of the United States. From the grateful Democracy of France. Lincoln the Honest abolished slavery, reestablished the Union, saved the Republic, without veiling the statue of Liberty. He was assassinated the 14th April, 1865.

Up to the 30th of last month 11,129 subscribers had been enrolled and their names published from time to time in the *Phare de la Loire*. Mr. de la Montagnie called my attention yesterday, by note, to a letter which appears in the *Phare de la Loire* of the 30th ultimo from a Mr. Pigollet, of which enclosure No. 1 is a translation. By this letter it appears that the police of the commune of Chauvigny had seized the subscription papers in that quarter, saying at the same time that the subscription was to be stopped everywhere in France. As Mr. de la Montagnie seemed in doubt whether any official notice ought to be taken of this proceeding, I addressed to him the note of which enclosure No. 2 is a copy. I have reason to believe that the address from the members of the Press and of the Liberal Deputies, to which an enormous subscription was anticipated, has met with a fate similar to that which has overtaken the ten centimes subscription. The lists have disappeared, no one seems to know where.

I am, sir, with great respect, etc.,
JOHN BIGELOW.

[Enclosure No. 1 to Despatch No. 113]
Translation from the *Phare de la Loire* of
May 30, 1865.

We have received this morning the following letter, revealing to me a quite unexpected incident to which the subscription open in our columns has given rise.

"CHAUVIGNY, May 28, 1865.
"Monsieur Mangin, editor of the
Phare de la Loire:

"I consider it my duty to inform you that the commissary of police of Chauvigny (Department of the Vienne) and the corporal of the mounted police of that town have just seized in my hands a subscription for the benefit of Mr. Lincoln's widow.

"The subscription was intended for you, and to be added to those which you are receiving from all parts of France.

"Here are the facts as they occurred:

On Wednesday last, 24th of May, the above-named parties came to my house at eight o'clock in the morning. After politely saluting my wife and me, one of them spoke as follows:

"By virtue of discretionary powers, I have come to seize in your hands the subscription which you are carrying about, and the copy of the *Phare de la Loire* in your possession, as its lists are being seized everywhere."

"I delivered up to the commissary of police the subscription list which he demanded, and the money to the corporal, remarking to them that the one could not go without the other. As for the number of the *Phare de la Loire*, it was not seized, as it was at that time in the hands of a friend.

"Such are the plain facts; I have heard nothing since on the subject; I authorize you by this letter to make any use you choose of all this, and beg you will accept, sir, my very cordial salutations.

A. PIGOLLET,
"Proprietor at Chauvigny
(Vienne)."

On the same day that Mr. Bigelow wrote to the Secretary of State he addressed the following letter to the Consul General at Nantes:

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
PARIS, June 2, 1865.

DEAR SIR:

I am sorry that the Commissary of Police of Chauvigny did not think it safe for the people of his commune to express two sous' worth of sympathy for the widow of our murdered President; but he knows the danger of such a proceeding better than we do. If it is as great as his conduct would imply, the commune of Chauvigny is much more to be pitied than Mrs. Lincoln, for her bereavement has ennobled her. In any event, it is their affair and not ours. Mrs. Lincoln would not desire any testimonial of sympathy procured at the expense of the public peace. I hope, therefore, you will do nothing to encourage any demonstration which is disconcerted by the authorities.

I am, dear sir, etc.,
JOHN BIGELOW.

A year and a half later Mr. Bigelow wrote to Mr. Seward as follows:

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
PARIS, December 7, 1866.
MY DEAR SIR:

I have been requested by a committee of

some of the most eminent republicans of France to transmit the accompanying medal and letter to the widow of our late President Lincoln. No opportunity presenting itself immediately of sending directly to Mrs. Lincoln, I have thought best to send it by the despatch-bag directly to the State Department, and to rely upon your finding or providing suitable means for its delivery to Mrs. Lincoln. I was the less disinclined to give the State Department this trouble as I realize the importance of having Mrs. Lincoln seasonably and well advised in regard to the reply which it becomes her to make to the letter which is addressed to her.

I remain, dear sir, very faithfully yours,
JOHN BIGELOW.

[Translation of the letter to Mrs. Lincoln]

MADAM:

On behalf of more than forty thousand French citizens, anxious to manifest their sympathies for the American Union, in the person of one of its most illustrious and purest representatives, we are instructed to offer you the medal which has been coined in honor of the great and good man whose name you bear.

If France had the freedom enjoyed by republican America, not thousands, but millions among us would have been counted as admirers of LINCOLN, and believers in the opinions for which he devoted his life, and which his death has consecrated.

Deign to accept, madam, the homage of our profound respect.

Members of the Committee:
Etienne Arago Edgar Quinet

Eug. Despois	Ch. L. Charoin Albert
J. Michelet	V. Chauffour
E. Littré	Victor Maugin
Eugène Pelletan	L. Greppo
L. Kneip	Laurent Pichat
C. Thomas	Jules Barni
J. Delord	V. Joignaux
V. Schoelcher	Louis Blanc
	Victor Hugo

MRS. MARY LINCOLN.

[Mrs. Lincoln's Acknowledgment]

GENTLEMEN:

I have received the medal you have sent me. I cannot express the emotion with which this proof of the sentiments of so many thousands of your countrymen fills me. So marked a testimony to the memory of my husband, given in honor of his services in the cause of liberty, by those who in another land worked for the same great end, touches me profoundly, and I beg you to accept, for yourselves and those whom you represent, my most grateful thanks.

I am, with the profoundest respect,
your most obedient servant,

MARY LINCOLN.

The medal is inscribed as follows:

LINCOLN, an honest man; abolished slavery, saved the republic, and was assassinated the 14th of April, 1865.

On the reverse:

Dedicated by the French democracy to LINCOLN, twice elected President of the United States. Liberty! Equality! Fraternity!

DAYS

By MARION LORRAINE

THE seasons, pleasure-laden and ever changing, pass gently over the fields and woods, leaving the memory of beautiful hours. It is the miracle of the year that it dowers every day with some perfection. Whether the day be a wintry one, when the boughs bend earthward their heavy burdens of snow, and brooks and bays are chained by frost; or a triumphant spring morning, full of glad fresh colors and fragrance,

when waves of song ripple through the blossoms and the earth smiles back at heaven; whether it be a summer night with the moon at white heat and the shadows on the water glistening phosphorescence; or a mad autumn noon, with trees and grasses burnished and wind-tossed, with fields flaunting their gayest colors and seas hurling their white-capped equinoctial tides up the beaches—the days in the country are all beautiful.

With a little love and a desire to believe in the inherent good of things, much knowledge can be gained from watching the passing hours; knowledge not only of the doings of the plants and the elements, but of the liveliness of life and the true meaning of Young's phrase, "To drink the spirit of the golden day and triumph in existence."

There are people—Heaven help them!—who have never seen the dawn; some have but seen it from a city window when the days are shortest, and they know nothing of the marvellous twilight hours. Let them sacrifice the comfort of one morning sleep and betake themselves to the fields or beaches or mountain-tops—wherever earth seems largest—and watch the skies for a couple of hours before and after sunrise; I wager they will return to their labors with renewed faith and a soul purged of worldliness. It is impossible to be worldly after assisting at a manifestation of the infinite. If they are grown callous, if work and hurry and the twentieth century have so worn away their power of enjoyment that they need a text-book, a Baedeker to point out to them what they are to find, let them read over and over again, until it becomes part of their very being, Sidney Lanier's "Sunrise;" and if they have the good fortune to be young, they will return to their fellow-men saying:

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven!

Fortunately for the world, some people, having drunk of the fountain of eternal youth, are keenly appreciative of the beauties all about them; they are singularly capable of enjoyment.

To these devotees of freedom and loveliness the woods and fields are ever calling; calling to them to watch the first spears of plant life piercing the hearts of last autumn's leaves, to be present at the ceremonies of sunset and moonrise, to hear the storm songs when the trees—erect and resonant as organ-pipes—respond to the master touch of the

elements. Of a summer morning go forth with the young day and walk straight through the woods, under curtains of leaves that pat your face and shake down their dewdrops as you pass. Then you will realize that there is no need for haste. Indeed, should you hurry you would find yourself tripped up by some capricious root or struck sharply by a branch. In the forest you are no longer one of the lords of the earth; the little green leaves and the twigs are your masters. Leisurely, rambling walks are best suited to those early summer hours.

Sometimes you will enjoy lying on a cliff and watching the foam-crescents sweeping in; and on these days you will love scenes with no foreground, when the nearest thing is two hundred and fifty feet below you. Sometimes you will sit silently in the bushes, watching a thrush's nest and listening to the bird music. And sometimes you will want to read; not a novel, or feverishly, but a book which will hold your attention for a short while and then allow you to watch the moving shadows again; a book that belongs outdoors. Herrick is a delightful fellow to take with you; so is Stevenson; and Heine is a lovable companion. I should not think of carrying Hugo or Milton through briar patches into summer thickets.

Certain days are more insistent than others in demanding to be enjoyed. Such are those in April when a fine cold rain lends an air of mystery to the stalks of dead golden-rod, and intensifies the young reds and greens of the trees. Out of the bushes two bluebirds rise and fly, one to the north and one to the south, winging a path of blue through the gray day. In the ponds the frogs are croaking, and song-sparrows trill out their joy in spite of the cold and the wet. Such again are the October days; skies blown clean of clouds, tides lying silent high up the beaches, crisp air that brings distant objects into brilliant clearness, leaves touched and tinted and drenched with gay colors. When

The high noon,
With its drowsy swoon
Of murmuring, blundering bee

holds heaven and earth in sway, heaven and earth grant laziness to one another. The sun seems to move more slowly then, and the present is no longer fleeting; it exists in long moments of golden light, and past and future lose their importance; miracles happen and the instant is made eternity.

So the days pass by, each blessed with at least one beautiful moment; silent days of consecutive peace, shouting days and days as whimsical and changeful as a capricious woman. Despite the belief that there is no new thing under the sun, they are *mutabiles semper*. And in an age that asks for continual novelty we might spend our time profitably in watching the infinite variety of the hours, in

learning the wonders of sea and sky, of woodland and pasture; briefly, in enjoying life.

The days are not moralists. Or, if they are, it is only in the highest sense of being good and thus unwittingly teaching good. They are things of beauty, lovable, marvellous joys; and—unlike people—they are exactly what they seem. It is not within their power to feign. Sunlit or storm-swept, sterile or fertile, heroic, tender, or subtle, they are always true to the high standards of eternity. The laws that hold the stars forever asunder and yet make heaven and earth eternally one are as inexorable in their command over the days as over the elements, and the substance of their commands is love. For surely love is the fulfilling of the law, and each separate day is a love-token from unmeasured space to the finite earth.



THE AWAKENING OF THE CITIES

THE ERA OF CIVIC ADVERTISING AND THE CHAMBER
OF COMMERCE

By HUGH C. WEIR

AUTHOR OF "THE CONQUEST OF THE Isthmus"

A midnight fire destroyed an enormous stove factory in the Central West, not long ago. On its payroll were a thousand men, and its monthly business exceeded a half-million dollars. When the general manager reached the scene, it was apparent that the factory was beyond all hope of saving.

"Will you rebuild?" asked a reporter.

"At once!" was the reply.

The statement was dispatched to the Associated Press, with the account of the disaster. Early the following morning, when the manager reached the blackened ruins, a telegram was handed to him. It was from the sec-

retary of the Chamber of Commerce of Springfield, Illinois—a city perhaps two hundred miles distant—and read somewhat as follows:

Springfield wants your new factory. We can offer you better site than your present location—better labor conditions, better transportation, better connection with your raw material. May we send a man to present the possibilities of Springfield to you?

This is one of the methods of civic advertising which the capital of Illinois follows. In the office of its Chamber of Commerce, a unique file case is maintained. It is filled with newspaper clippings from the four points of the compass. Many of them are press-dispatches similar to the account of the stove-factory conflagration; some of them are announcements of new manufacturing companies; while still others refer to factories seeking new locations or planning new additions. To the individual or firm mentioned in the article, either a letter or a telegram is promptly dispatched, presenting the peculiar advantages of Springfield for commercial purposes, and perhaps calling attention to a parcel of descriptive literature following by express. If the situation is urgent, permission is requested to send a personal representative of the city to explain its attractions in detail.

Whirling across the continent to another city of the same name—Springfield, Massachusetts—we find the Chamber of Commerce offering a prize of five hundred dollars for the best plan to exploit the municipality's advantages. The idea which won the award a short time ago called for an annual expenditure of \$25,000. It outlined a campaign of printer's ink, ranging from the distribution of advertising buttons, like those used in political campaigns, to the publication of a monthly magazine.

Minneapolis, Minnesota, reaches the world through a civic press-bureau which sends out free news-letters each week, descriptive of events of a general interest which have occurred

in the city during the seven days. On special occasions—during the visit of a celebrity, for instance—it furnishes newspapers with photographs without charge. Spokane, Washington, recently spent \$60,000 in one year in civic advertising through the channels of magazines, newspapers and billboards. Boston appropriated \$100,000 to let the public know the twentieth-century possibilities of New England. Chicago issues a weekly periodical to emphasize its commercial advantages. Cleveland bombards the world with a fusillade of advertising matter ranging from tags for valises to postcards and blotters. Knoxville, Tennessee, recently bought \$10,000 worth of space in newspaper want-columns which it will use for purposes of civic publicity. Greensboro, North Carolina, heralds its attractions by means of photographic stamps on ninety percent of the envelopes which the United States mails carry out of the city.

The *Municipal Journal* recently stated editorially: "It has become a more or less universal opinion in most sections of the country that any city which does not make some active effort at direct advertisement is dead, and sure to fall behind the times." So widely has this conviction spread during the past five years that there are now more than two thousand civic-publicity organizations in this country and Canada. The day has come when the American city, to be progressive, must advertise itself.

This is the age of exploitation. A man is elected President of the United States largely by the cleverness of his publicity bureau. An obscure invention wins national prominence through the energy of an advertising agent. A play of questionable merit and morals is flashed before the multitude in rainbow-tinted type and brings its producer a fortune. When we make presidents and actresses and novelists by a careful and persistent cultivation of the art of advertising—and in the same manner market the latest brand of soap or face-powder or safety-razors,—is it

not within the line of our national development that our cities also should advertise?

As a matter of fact, however, there is a reason for civic advertising—several reasons, indeed. It is not a freak of the times. There is nothing abnormal about it. It is based on solid commercial experience.

A generation ago, we should have said unhesitatingly that every man was in business for himself. Some of us may say this even now. But it is n't the truth. The day of the individual for the individual has passed. The day of the individual factory meeting its competitors as individual factories, and employing its labor not as a union but as so many units, each man making his own price and his own time,—this day also has passed. Combinations of capital, which for want of a better name we call "trusts," have absorbed the individual factory. Combinations of labor, which we term "unions," have absorbed the individual laborer. Someone has said that this is the age of concentration. It is the age of combination, also. And it is difficult to tell which condition has produced the other.

Men acting together can achieve a common goal more quickly and more surely than they can reach it as scattered individuals. This was demonstrated several thousand years ago, more or less, when men first met on the field of battle. It is an axiom that applies as effectively and directly to industry as to war. If we can fight better through a union of forces, there is no reason why we should n't mine coal better or make boots better or sell machinery better by uniting our efforts. The single factory found that it could buy cheaper, and create a larger market for its products, by combining with its neighbor. The merchant found that he could get more trade by joining forces with his competitor to increase the number of factories in his city, and consequently the population. The real-estate agent found that he could sell more lots and more houses by combining

with his rivals to increase the number of people in the community and consequently the demand for lots and houses. The banker found that he could gain more depositors and find better loans and better security by uniting with his competitor to increase the business and the capital of his city. And each and all—whether factory superintendent, or merchant, or real-estate agent, or banker—found that not only his market but his business prestige was extended by the knowledge of the outside world that he belonged to an aggressive, progressive community that sought opportunities rather than waited for them. We have said that the city is judged by its citizens. The business man of this type of community found that the citizen is judged by the city.

And so we have civic advertising. In many lines of industry, business men have found that they can increase their opportunities and their profits by a merging of forces. Civic advertising demonstrates that different lines of industry—no matter how complex and how varied—can increase their individual and collective possibilities by a similar merger. Thus the Chamber of Commerce was born—the business and municipal union of the modern city. And through the Chamber of Commerce came civic advertising.

Civic advertising means other things, also. It is not a project for the captain of industry—or the man of business—only. It is an enterprise from which the city as a whole and each individual citizen, from the humblest to the highest, may derive a definite return. It quickens municipal efficiency, eliminates political rotteness and broadens individual patriotism; for a city of dirty streets or dirty sewers or dirty politics can profit little by presenting a glittering circular of its advantages to the prospective resident or investor. Its advantages are external as well as internal. Its benefits are not limited to the area of the city behind the advertisement. A story from my own experience of a certain red-and-

orange booklet, which circled the globe on an ambitious mission of civic publicity, is pertinent here as illustrative of this twofold development.

In its extreme northwestern corner, the State of Pennsylvania is washed by the waters of Lake Erie. The principal city in this section is named for the lake on whose shore it nestles. Erie has a broader significance, however, than the fact of its being Pennsylvania's only lake port. It is the largest engine and boiler manufacturing city in the world. It leads, also, in the production of such diversified articles as horse-shoes, baby-carriages and pipe organs! From which it may be gathered that the Erie Chamber of Commerce—one thousand strong—faces a many-sided problem in the exploitation of its manifold industries. Recently, in conjunction with the president and secretary, I undertook the preparation of a booklet designed to give international publicity to Erie factories. We compiled our mailing-list from three sources. From the United States Government we secured the address of every American consul in the world. In a second group we filed the name of every industrial organization in this country, Canada, Mexico, Central America and South America. We next secured from local factories a selected mailing-list of customers and prospective customers, or else gave them a bundle of the booklets for individual distribution.

The booklet itself presented a list of the three hundred articles made in Erie, with the names of the manufacturers. The catalogue was compiled alphabetically, with a brief introductory paragraph emphasizing some striking feature connected with the products under each letter. Under "A," for instance, were included seventeen articles ranging from addressing machines to art metal. Under "C," the list extended from caskets to cradles. Even under the headings of "Y" and "Z" we were able to find yokes and zinc etchings. In similar

fashion, we classified the forty-six exports of the city—the aim of the whole booklet being to catch and hold the attention of the busy man, who wished the wheat separated from the chaff and ready at his finger's tip.

This was as thoroughly a civic enterprise as it is possible for any undertaking, financed by private contributions, to be. It was designed to promote enterprise, to add to the commercial prestige of the city, thereby stimulating civic ambition, and, by increasing the market of local producers, to attract more workmen, with their families, more capital, more business.

From a budget of nearly one hundred letters, bearing postmarks from Denmark to Japan, I pick extracts from four, which will indicate something of the fruit which the seed of this civic advertising brought forth. Here is a communication from Moscow, Russia, over the signature of John H. Snodgrass, the American Consul:

I am in receipt of your booklets and have distributed them as requested. Russia is one of the richest fields in the world for American endeavor; there are thousands of opportunities here for us, if we only step in and adapt ourselves to the work. You will find that many of the Erie manufacturers can arrange for satisfactory connections in this great distributing metropolis for Russia, and if they will sell direct (not through Hamburg and London), so as to prevent too many commissions being required, I am positive this virgin territory will produce some wonderful results. Oil engines are in demand here, and so are many other articles manufactured in Erie.

The following letter is from George Nichols Tuftt, American Consul at Nuremberg, Germany:

Your booklets will be brought to the attention of business interests in this city. I have read your catalogue carefully and find in it many articles which would interest German trade if properly brought to its attention—especially in the lines of hardware, tools, machinery, plumbers' supplies and office fixtures. I would be

glad to furnish your members with such additional details as they may desire in regard to their particular lines.

From Frederick I. Bright, American Consul at Huddersfield, England, the following was received: "I am sending a specially prepared list giving the names and addresses of business houses in this district which I believe would be interested in Erie goods."

W. P. Atwell, American Consul at Ghent, Belgium, writes: "A perusal of your publication clearly shows its utility, and I have forwarded copies to the commercial bodies and manufacturers in the principal cities of my district."

From seventy-five to one hundred new markets will be opened to Erie manufacturers through this single channel of civic publicity. When we consider the distance between northwestern Pennsylvania and Moscow or Nuremberg, for instance, the significance of our municipal press-bureaus is vividly emphasized. And when we consider Erie as only one among two thousand cities which are steadily and persistently developing the field of civic advertising—spending more than \$1,000,000 in the year 1909,—the position of municipal promoter or civic-publicity agent is seen to possess far-reaching possibilities.

Boston is showing us that there are still other fields to be fought in this campaign of exploitation. The publicity department of the Chamber of Commerce of that city is not contenting itself with calling the attention of the outside world to the advantages of the New England metropolis as a place of residence. Nor does it confine its attention to the task of broadening the market of Boston products or in drawing new industries to the city. It has even established a marine-news bureau.

Two signal stations have been erected for the benefit of its members—one at Cape Cod, and one in Boston harbor—from which half-hourly reports are telegraphed to the office of the Chamber of Commerce of both incoming and outgoing vessels so that

often before a ship reaches her dock, arrangements have been made for the immediate discharge of her cargo. Cable and domestic telegraph dispatches are also received from all parts of the world, giving the movements of vessels in every port of the globe, noting arrivals, departures, disasters—in fact, every item of news that may be of interest, as the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce expresses it, "to the eager owner at home and his agent on the other side of the world; the cautious insurance manager; the anxious importer with perhaps a fortune staked on a single cargo; or the relative of the far-away traveller."

Four hundred million dollars are invested in those New England factories which use water-power. This fact emphasizes another publicity undertaking of the Boston Chamber. Most of us know that there is a close relation between the science of forestry and the water-power of the country—that the trees conserve the rainfall and help to equalize the flow of rivers. When the forests disappear the force of the river current is lessened, and the factories on its banks are seriously jeopardized. This situation was developing recently in New England. The wholesale onslaughts of the lumbermen were threatening to put a good many mills and factories out of business. There was need for immediate action. The Boston Chamber of Commerce proceeded to advertise the fact systematically, and persistently. Every business man within a radius of five hundred miles of Boston was deluged with a flood of literature. It was apparent that a blow at New England mills meant a blow at New England prosperity in general.

With the call to arms, a campaign of education was conducted. The advertising bureau compiled booklets showing how to cut trees scientifically, and how the lumber companies could further their own interests by planting new trees where old ones were removed. Also, the possibilities of converting the non-agricultural lands

of the state into forests were canvassed, and some amazing facts were unearthed in this connection. These lands had always been rated as so many waste spaces, good for nothing. It was shown that by the planting of the right kind of trees, not only could valuable tracts of forest be developed, which would safeguard the water-power of New England mills for all time to come, but that the commonwealth could realize an eventual profit of \$30,000,000 a year from the sale of lumber. The state is today carrying the plan into execution.

New England spent more than \$100,000,000 for fuel during the year 1909. The coal-bill of the city of Boston amounted to nearly \$20,000,000. The Chamber of Commerce realized that in such an enormous expenditure there must be considerable waste. To a committee of experts was assigned the task of investigating the situation, and a short time ago the department of civic publicity sent out some startling statistics. In fact, the circular was found to be of such general interest, that requests for copies of it came from all parts of the world. It was shown, for instance, that the system of unloading, followed at a majority of the large mills, involved the waste of thousands of tons of coal every month. It was demonstrated that a modern trestle or conveyer, installed in every Boston factory, would save the business men something like \$500,000 a year. This report on the fuel situation will be supplemented by one showing that the average factory does n't know what kind of coal to burn, and that by careful study it will be found possible to effect another gigantic saving. Tables of coal analysis will be published, giving tests of several hundred samples and the reports of the United States Geological Survey.

During the heated tariff battle of the past year, the business men of New England were aroused by the report that a two percent tax was to be assessed on the net earnings of American corporations. The pub-

licity bureau was set to work, and the effect of such a tax was vividly pointed out in newspaper letters, circulars, postcards, personal letters and at mass-meetings. Representatives of the Chamber of Commerce were dispatched to Washington, every member of Congress and the Senate was interviewed, and in the end the tax was cut in two.

This may seem a public service of dubious merit. Many of us may refuse to recognize it as meritorious at all. But it is not the purpose of this article to discuss the merits or demerits of a corporation tax. The Chamber of Commerce is a union of business men; it is a union also of professional men, and many laboring men are in it. It is a union of and for the community. There has been nothing quite like it in our history. If it showed partiality for class or creed or party, it would be foredoomed to failure. But thus far it has kept free from such injurious bias.

We have all heard of New England's abandoned farms. The farmer of Massachusetts and her sister states, with his rocky fields, has become a subject of caricature. The Boston Chamber of Commerce, through its department of civic publicity, has set to work to bring a brighter era to the farmer, and incidentally to promote a closer and kindlier relation between him and the city business man. Its recent agricultural circulars are already in demand from every point of the compass. More are to follow; but those which have appeared are sufficient to give the American people, and particularly those of New England food for serious thought. The Massachusetts farmer pays from \$5 to \$15 an acre for his land. In the productive regions of the West, his brother pays from \$150 to \$300 an acre. But what can the New Engander raise? He has tried everything, or nearly everything, only to find his crop a failure. The Boston Chamber of Commerce, in its efforts to stimulate the general business conditions of New England, found that the farmer had blundered past the project which under favoring

conditions could bring him a fortune. The Kansas fruit-raiser pays \$200 an acre for his orchards, and then gives the railroad from sixty to seventy cents per hundred pounds for hauling his product to the eastern market. Take the Hood River Spitzemberg apples of Oregon. It costs one dollar per hundred pounds to ship these to the eastern consumer. The New England farmer can raise apples just as big and just as red and just as juicy—so the Boston publicity department tells us—and ship them to the same market for ten cents per hundred pounds. The Oregon farmer pays \$300 an acre for his land. For this sum, the New Englander could buy almost an entire farm! The trouble has been that the New Englander has never considered apples in his efforts to raise corn and wheat. He has thought of them principally as a by-product for his wife and children to attend to in their leisure moments. Now the city business man, through the new project for the promotion of the industrial conditions of the community, is showing him his mistake—and the fortune which may yet be his.

The Boston Chamber is composed of nearly four thousand members, drawn from every walk of life. Its dues are twenty-five dollars annually, and its yearly expenses approach \$125,000. It is, perhaps, the best example of the modern civic union which we can find in the country.

Its purpose is the upbuilding of the civic and business conditions of the city. But it is not a reform organization. It stays out of politics, but the politician has come to have more respect for it than for the "machine" of either party. He knows that it has in its keeping the bread and butter of the community. And what is more, the people know this. When it makes an announcement, the public lends an eager ear. In its way, such organizations are the best safeguard which the American people have yet established against the menace of political corruption. Recently, the Boston Chamber appointed

a civic financial committee, which is to examine every expenditure in every department of the city government. If it deems a certain expenditure too large it will first tell the official who proposes making it. If he does n't heed, it will tell the people. It is determined to improve the business tone of the community. With either carelessness or rottenness in the city government, this is impossible.

Other Chambers of Commerce are rapidly following its example. They are finding that it is absurd to ask a business man to bring his factory and his capital to a community where the politicians are allowed to squander the people's money as they see fit. If the business men pay their taxes to a coterie that proceeds to line its pockets with the revenue both their judgment and their stability are open to suspicion. This is the view-point of the modern Chamber of Commerce. It is based not so much on ethics as on business sense. Bad politics is bad business, so bad politics must go. The organization, as an organization, is not undertaking to supplant bad men with good men. It is not undertaking to tell the people whom to elect or not to elect to office. But, like the Boston Chamber of Commerce, it is proceeding quietly to watch the man *after* he is elected. And he is coming to know that he is watched, and to act accordingly. This is why the new project to advertise the American city means other things than the advancement of merely industrial interests. This is why the Chamber of Commerce stands for something greater than the securing of more factories and a more numerous population.

Houston, Texas, is saying to the business men of the country whom it invites to become citizens: "Our City Hall is a business house. We have no wards, no ward politicians, no graft. Our city officials are public-work experts, growing in the service, and kept there as long as they make good—no longer."

Galveston, Texas, and Des Moines, Iowa, we are assured, have eliminated

politics completely from the city offices, and have established a municipal government by commission. "We run our cities on business principles, as you run your factory," they announce to the individual or company they are endeavoring to "bag." "We have done with the political 'boss' and the paving contractors and sewer contractors and electric-light contractors who regarded the city government as a juicy melon ready for the cutting. You want a live-wire community for your home and your factory. We can give it to you!" Even Pittsburg—a city of millionaires and grafters—has awakened, and vigorously endorses the plan of government by commission.

The prospectus of the American city that advertises is undergoing a subtle change, even as the city itself. Two or three years ago, the circular which it distributed made much of its fresh air and beautiful homes and pleasant people and rich soil and pure water. All very good—as far as they go. But the progressive city like Boston or Houston or Des Moines or Cleveland is finding that there is something else, something deeper, which can be better emphasized. The modern business man wants a clean city for his factory—and the cleanliness must not be of the surface only. Clean streets are well enough, but clean government is better. It insures a better atmosphere in which to rear his family, a better business tone among his associates, a better standard for his wares. And if he surveys the situation from a business rather than a moral standpoint, the effect is perhaps more lasting and certainly much more substantial. Our reformers have had their cleaning-up era. Many of their efforts are little more than a memory. Now our

business men, without platform harangues, without torchlight processions, are following in their path—sadly obscured, it is to be feared, by new-formed "muck"—and are giving us another kind of reform. And it is taking none of the laurels from our civic reformers of the past, if we say that it is the first real revolution that the political "grafter" has ever experienced.

The era of civic advertising is only just dawning. The tons of municipal literature, good, bad and indifferent, with which we have been deluged, have merely pointed the way to a new goal—mostly by the things they have failed to say. Kansas City, Missouri, has boldly shattered the conventional civic "folder" of "good streets, good water, good air," by substituting the announcement that it was the first American city to abolish the billboard nuisance! Henderson, Kentucky, does n't tell us about its beautiful parks. Instead, it seeks our attention with the statement that the city owns and operates its own electric-light plant, gas plant, and waterworks. Port Arthur, Canada, goes a step farther by adding telephones to the field of municipal ownership. New Haven, Connecticut, announces that it is developing a plan of converting the city garbage into power for a municipal lighting and ice-manufacturing plant. Minneapolis is advertising the fact of its municipal activity by the description of a project for converting its refuse and garbage into fuel for a city heating plant.

The Chamber of Commerce has a tremendous future. It has made for itself a place in our municipal affairs, whose full power we are just beginning to appreciate. It is the most significant sign that we have yet had of the awakening of the American city.



THE GREEK LADY

By EMILY JAMES PUTNAM

"Phidias supported the statue of Aphrodite at Elis upon a tortoise to signify the protection necessary for maidens and the homekeeping silence that is becoming to married women."—PLUTARCH, "Concerning Isis and Osiris."

I

Under the stress of sharp military competition the Greeks developed in the long run the conventional type of lady, who is distinguished from women at large by the number of things she may not do. It was necessary to the unstable equilibrium of a Greek state that she should be cut down to her lowest economic terms. She could not be dispensed with altogether for she was the necessary mechanism for producing legitimate heirs and could conveniently combine with this function the direction and management of her husband's house. To these activities and to her religious duties her life was restricted. She hardly appears in history. There is not a woman in politics in Athens from beginning to end. Herodotus' narrative is sprinkled with love stories when he treats of other states, but there is no trace of the sentimental

motive in the dealings of Athens. The suppression of the woman of the upper class as an element of society is perhaps part of the price paid for the greatness of the city—the result of the working of social laws which probably could not at the time and under the conditions be resisted. The world has never yet seen a society that could afford to take care of all its members. The savage who kills his grandfather in the interests of the tribe starts with disgust from the missionary who lets fall that in Europe there are old gentlemen living in plenty while children starve. The inevitability of these sacrifices is proved by the general acquiescence of the victim. The old woman who is rescued by the missionaries escapes in the night and swims back to die as her clan morality requires. The poor in Europe have for centuries, sometimes with enthusiasm, acquiesced in the existence of the rich.

And we have no record of attempted mutiny by the gentlewomen of Athens. The tabu separating them from the slave, the alien and the courtesan had its full mental effect, and they were made to cling to their doubtful privilege by the same psychic treatment as was used by Tom Sawyer to induce his playmates to white wash the fence.

Ischomachos was a priggyish young Athenian of good social position whom Xenophon has immortalized for us. When he married he made up his mind to educate his wife. She was a girl of fifteen, as brides often were in Athens, and, as he told Socrates, the greatest pains had been taken with her by her parents so that she might see as little as possible, hear as

little as possible and ask the fewest possible questions. Ischomachos had a well-ordered mind. When the wife had been broken in and had grown used to her husband's hand (the phrases are his own), he laid down

for her the proposition that they had pooled their goods and formed a partnership for two purposes: to produce children and to keep house.

The question of the rearing of children he postponed until they should have some, but in regard to the house he defined very clearly their mutual relations. God and custom, he said, concurred in delimiting these.

Men are strong, therefore they must go out to contend with the elements and, if need be, with other men to get a living for their families. Women are physically weak, therefore God meant them to live in the house. They are timid while men are bold; they must therefore be stewards while men are acquirers. Women are naturally fonder

of babies than men are; by this discrimination God beckons women to the nursery. Having apparently won his child-wife's consent to this familiar substitution of effect for cause, he explained her duties in detail. She



THE LEMNIAN ATHENE

was to organize the slaves, selecting some for out-door work, some for the house. She was to receive and store the supplies as they came in from the farm. Another department of her work was clothing the family. Every step from the reception of the raw wool to the turning out of the finished garment was to be taken under her eye. And there was one duty which the husband feared would be very disagreeable,—the care of any slave that might fall ill. But to this the little newly-tamed wife made a charming answer, an answer that casts forward many centuries to Elizabeth of Hungary and the frame of mind that we think of as "Christian." "That will be the pleasantest task of all," she said, "if it will make them fonder of me."

One day Ischomachos came in and asked for something which his wife, blushing for her incompetence, could not furnish him. He handsomely took the blame upon himself for not having set his goods in order before handing them over to her, and straightway gave her a lecture on the beauty of system. The army, the dance, the farm, the ship, all are adduced to prove the use and beauty of "a place for everything and everything in its place." Having completed his theoretical treatment of the subject, Ischomachos went over her new domain with his wife to start her right, and if we want to see just what her surroundings were we cannot do better than to follow his narrative.

"My house," he said to Socrates, "is a plain one, built with an eye to convenience alone. The character of each room determines its contents. Thus, our bedchamber is secure against thieves, therefore the best rugs and furniture are kept there. The dry part of the attic is the place for the food-stuffs, the cold part for wine, while the light rooms are the place for goods and work that need light. I pointed out to my wife that the beauty of the living-rooms lay in their exposure, which made them sunny in winter and shady in summer.

Then I showed her the women's quarters, separated by a bolted door from those of the men. Next we proceeded to classify the gear. First we put together everything that had to do with the sacrifices. Then we grouped the maids' best clothes, the men's best clothes and their soldier outfits, the maids' bedding, the men's bedding, the maids' shoes and the men's shoes. We put weapons in one group and classified under different heads the tools for wool-working, baking, cooking, care of the bath and of the table and so on. Then we made a cross-classification of things used every day and things used on holidays only. Next we set aside from the stores sufficient provision for a month, and also what we calculated would last a year. That is the only way to keep your supplies from running out before you know it. After that we put everything in its appropriate place, summoned the servants, explained our system to them and made each one responsible for the safety of each article needed in his daily work and for restoration after use to its proper place. Articles used only occasionally we put in charge of the house-keeper with a written inventory. We showed her where they were kept and instructed her to give them out to the servants when necessary and to see that they were all put back again.

"When all these arrangements were made," Ischomachos continued, "I told my wife that good laws will not keep a state in order unless they are enforced, and that she as the chief executive officer under our constitution must contrive by rewards and punishments that law should prevail in our house. By way of apology for laying upon her so many troublesome duties, I bade her observe that we cannot reasonably expect servants spontaneously to be careful of the master's goods, since they have no interest in being so; the owner is the one who must take trouble to preserve his property. To this my wife

replied that it was as natural to a woman to look after her belongings as to look after her children, and that I should have given her a more difficult task if I had bidden her give no heed to these matters."

Socrates liked this. "By Hera,"

lot of rouge to make her look redder and high-heeled shoes to make her look taller. I pointed out to her in the first place that she was doing as dishonorable a thing in trying to deceive me about her looks as I should have done if I had tried to deceive her about my property. And then I remarked that though her arts might impose upon others, they could not upon me who saw her at all times. I was sure to catch her early in the morning before they had been applied, or tears would betray them, or perspiration, or the bath."

The little lady seems to have taken this also in good part, for she asked her husband how she should gain a genuine bloom if she must give up the semblance of it, and he gave her as sound advice as could be founded on the assumption that in the divine scheme whereby men and women complement each other, oxygen is for men and carbon dioxide for women. "I told her not to be forever sitting about like a slave girl but to stand at the loom, teaching what she knew and learning what she did not. I advised her to look on at the breadmaking and stand by while the housekeeper dealt out the supplies and go about

inspecting everything. Thus she could practise her profession and take a walk at the same time. I added that excellent exercise could be had by making beds and kneading dough."

This passage from the "Economi-



A YOUNG GIRL
"WHEN SHE WAS OF MARRIAGEABLE AGE"

he cried, "your wife reasons like a man!"

Ischomachos was emboldened to further confidences. "One day I saw her with a lot of powder on her face to make her look whiter and a

cus" is the most substantial document we have for the Athenian lady of the great period, but we can gather from scattered reference a good deal of information, chiefly negative, to fill out the story of her life. She was received at birth with less enthusiasm than a boy-baby, for the question of her dowry began at once to weigh upon her parents. For aught we know, however, she had the same love and care and playthings as her brothers for the first few years of her life. But when the boys were handed over to the pedagogue and the schoolmaster, her way and theirs diverged forever. We do not know that she received any systematic education. Doubtless she could sometimes read and write; she learned from her mother a certain amount of household management and labor, and religious instruction was gilded for her by association with her only outings. When she was of marriageable age her parents picked out for her as desirable a young man as the dowry would fetch. She was betrothed with great ceremony, married with less, and lived as happily thereafter as her husband permitted. She was a perpetual minor in the eye of the law. Before marriage her father or nearest male relative was her guardian; after marriage, her husband. Her dowry passed into her husband's hands, subject to the provision that if he divorced her he must pay it back. Theorists considered carefully what the amount of the ideal dowry should be;—enough to secure the dignity of the wife's position, but not so much as to tie the husband's hands. She seldom left

the house, never unattended by a female slave. At the religious festivals from which men were excluded she mingled freely with other women,



A DAUGHTER OF ATLAS
"SHE STANDS EVERYWHERE AS MAN'S EQUAL"

but there was apparently little or no visiting from house to house. She was visible to the public only when from time to time she took part in a general religious ceremony or watched a pious procession. The peasant-women worked with their fellows in the fields, the market-women chattered in the agora, the courtesans came and went as they would and sharpened their wits by talk with all sorts of people. But the lady had no society but that of her slaves. She had social relations with no freeman save those of her family. If her husband dined alone at home she shared his meal, but if he had guests she was unseen. He lived mostly away from home in a man's world of a very high type. His life was carried on in the presence of magnificent objects of art and was stimulated by the excit-

ing presence of great men. Naturally his home was not very amusing, and his wife seemed pretty nearly to be a creature of a different species. But he was scrupulous in his respect to her, very careful to use no unsuita-

of her time. So serious a person as Demosthenes could say, as a platitude in a public address, "We have courtesans for pleasure, slave women for personal service and wives to bear us lawful offspring and be faithful guardians of our houses." "A wife," said Menander, "is a necessary evil." Anything that is necessary tends to become an evil, and the wife's dynastic importance, which was her very *raison d'être*, operated to her disadvantage as a source of romantic interest. What she thought of her lot we can only guess; tortoises leave no memoirs.

II

The oddity of this lady's fate is striking. She lived in the house among a people that lived out of doors. So just-minded and scientific a man as Plato speaks of women as "a race that are used to living out of the sunlight." Among a people who gave great importance to physical training she was advised to take her exercise in bedmaking. At a period when the human spirit was at its freest she was enclosed on all sides. Art and thought and letters were reaching the highest development they were ever to know, but for her they hardly existed. All these contradictions, however, are intelligible in comparison with one that must immediately strike the



AMAZON OF EPIDAUROS

"SOMETIMES SHE SPRINGS UPON A HORSE AND FIGHTS WITH MAN"

ble language in her presence and to maintain her good opinion of him. Romantic love is notoriously an invention of later times. Some aspects of it occur in Athenian life, but with different associations from those the words have for us. The tender, unselfish solicitude for the welfare of the beloved was felt sometimes by men for promising lads: the enthusiasm of passion was sometimes kindled by a gifted courtesan, educated by the conversation of the great men

reader. Any one who studies the literature or the art of the Greeks becomes aware of the existence at this period, as at every other in their history, of a deep-seated, omnipresent feminism. If we can imagine Athens and its inhabitants revivified and inspected by a modern visitor, we can safely say that after a week's sojourn he would record in his note-book his strong impression of the reverent and admiring interest taken in women. High above the town and dominating every prospect stood the glorious temple and awful likeness of the hypostasis of womanhood who was the unifying spirit of the land. Beside the entrance to the citadel stood the shrine of the same great power in her lovely aspect of Victory. And in the adornment of both these temples the physical beauty of woman was enthusiastically rendered; young, vigorous and pure, those marble maids and matrons would cause our traveller's blood to thrill with envy of the land that held such women and thought of them so nobly. Wherever he went he would find the same powerful feminine motive in art, sometimes as the expression of a profound sentiment of the mystic character of woman and her relation to nature, sometimes the result of a sense of her sheer aesthetic value. She

stands everywhere as man's equal, Hippodamia beside Pelops and Sterope beside Enomaos. Sometimes she springs upon a horse and fights with man, nor is she always overborne. Sex has not made too great inroads upon her; she is not merely woman but a human being.



DEMETER, KORE AND TRIPOLLEMUS
"A STATELY WOMAN, BOTH GENTLE AND DREAD"

If our traveller was so fortunate as to be present at a theatrical representation, the impression he had received from plastic art would be reinforced. Ten to one the play



"THE PRETTY WOMAN IN THE STREET"

would deal with the psychology or with the fate of some woman, who was also a great lady, the wife or the daughter of a king. She might be a devoted maiden, strong with the strength of mind and will that is generally ascribed to men only. The cause for which she lays down her life is not one of the popular causes supported by the emotion of the crowd which makes martyrdom easy; it is an idea reasoned out by herself alone. She goes to her death in the moral loneliness which is the heaviest of dooms. Or perhaps the heroine would be a gentle lady who dared to face the death her coward husband shrank from. Perhaps she would be a wild-eyed woman edging her brother's milder temper for a dreadful act of justice on their mother. She might be the proud victim of a hopeless love, betrayed by her false confidante; dying at last in shame and desperation she commits her first and only baseness, destroying the man she loves. Good or bad, she was always in the problem. If an exceptional play was now and then written without a woman in it, it but proved the rule, just as "Treasure Island" and "Dr. Jekyll" by their reactionary exclusion of the feminine interest prove its preponderance in modern fiction.

If it happened to be a comedy that our imaginary visitor witnessed, he might easily get another statement of the public interest in women. He might see a presentation of society under the equal suffrage, or a masterly application of the marital boycott to international affairs. Women of contemporary Athens would be credited with shrewd wits, political competence, the power of organization and readiness in debate. He would note that it gratified the public to see the women outwit the men. If he was struck by the fact that there were no women in the audience, he would explain it readily enough by the extreme freedom of speech and action allowed on the stage.

If accident or foresight made our traveller's visit coincide with the celebration of the Greater Eleusinia, he would see the whole population occupied in the great religious act of the year. The ideas he had gained at school of the hierarchy of Olympus with Zeus at the head would crumble before the evidence of what was really vital in Athenian religious life—the cult of the Mother, the giver of life, of her human sufferings, her divine power and her sacramental institutes. He had probably read in some text-book of anthropology that the first use for

food of wild herbs and seeds and their subsequent culture are due to primitive woman. The image of it in his mind would be some poor Shoshone squaw with basket in one hand and paddle in the other, beating out the seed of the desert grass. But after he had for nine days and nights participated with the Athenians and the deputations from other states in their great ritual, the image would have changed. The squaw would be replaced by the figure of a stately woman, both gentle and dread, a very goddess, yet acquainted with grief. And with the physical life given by her to men he would learn to associate a spiritual life, typified by the history of the seed and embodied in the mysteries of her service;—mysteries of such a nature that partakers in them, said Isocrates, "have better hopes concerning death and all eternity."

If our friend had the best introductions he might conceivably be asked to dine with Pericles. He would probably find a party of men only, who were forming most of the ideas that the race were ever to produce. These men by a happy peculiarity would be as companionable as they were learned. He would receive a strong impression of elevation of character without any kill-joy Puritanism. The gathering would be presided over by possibly the most charming woman our friend had ever seen, a woman whose breeding and brains and beauty equipped her to practise the art of the *salonière* some two thousand years before Mme. de Rambouillet. And

yet you could see, when now and then a glance passed between her and Pericles, that her chief interest lay in his career rather than in her own. "What is the name of Pericles' wife?" our ingenuous stranger might ask of a fellow-guest. "Ah, my dear fellow," the answer would be, "Aspasia is not exactly his wife. She was born in Miletus, you know, and an Athenian citizen is forbidden by law to marry an alien. So there they are. They have a child and live more correctly than many married people. She is all the wife he has and I should not advise any man to act on the hypothesis that she is anything else." The visitor would think he understood perfectly. "George Eliot," he would say to himself, turning back to the other guests. Very likely he would find them listening to a new theory of Socrates, which he was saying he had heard from the wisest person he knew, a woman, Diotima. The company would smile, for Diotima was his "Mrs. Harris."

Other hospitalities might be offered to our lucky friend in the shape of meetings with men at the gymnasium or other places of resort, where the absence of women would not surprise him. He might easily spend a delightful week in the full stream of Athenian life, noting the pretty women in the street, feeling everywhere the cult of womanhood, and reflect only afterward that by some odd coincidence he had not once been in the same room with a woman of conventional social position.

(To be continued)



RAGTIME

By BARONESS VON HUTTEN



MET him first on one of the Channel-boats. It was a cold day and he was walking up and down, as I was, trying to keep warm.

It was his nose that first attracted my attention; a delicate, pale nose that even the nipping cold could not annoy to the extent of redness; a nose at once haughty and picturesque in its well-cut lines. "The nose," I thought, as I surveyed it as it rested on the edge of the collar of his top-coat, "of a conqueror."

Then, in order to light a pipe, he folded down the collar and I beheld his chin; a chin humble and patient and eminently unsuccessful.

So I wondered about him as I tramped up and down the almost deserted deck, and when, a few minutes later I saw him standing gazing back at the dim bulk on the horizon that was France, I drew near and waited for him to speak to me.

"I beg your pardon," he said, after a few moments, "but did n't you write 'Pam'?"

"I did."

It was as good an opening as another. He had seen my picture somewhere and he liked my books. I was properly surprised and grateful, and when the time was ripe for my own small attack, I made it.

"And what do *you* do?" I asked briskly.

"I?"

"Yes. Books, or pictures?"

His mild eyes flashed with pleasure. "No. I write music. Do you like music?"

I did, and said so. "And what do you write?"

"Songs. Perhaps you sing?"

Again I said yes, and helped him out by adding that I should be delighted if he would send me a song of his.

Just then someone joined me and he slipped away.

A week later the song came. The words were those immortalized by Schubert, the "Erl-König," and the music written in D sharp minor in the beginning changed ruthlessly and unreasonably to three others before the last discordant chord.

The chords were all discordant.

Bad, very bad, in every particular, and, worst crime of all, it was utterly unsingable, written evidently by one without the slightest knowledge of what that willing horse the human voice will, at last, balk at.

It was a most awful song, and I shuddered to see, written in very legible letters on its cover, an address. He hoped, the man with the nose, that I would write and tell him what I thought of his song. This being quite impossible, I wrote a "hasty" note (it took me quite a quarter of an hour to compose it) saying that the song had come, and that I thanked him very much for it, but wished the accompaniment were not quite so frightfully difficult to read! And I was his very truly.

More truly than I knew was I his.

For one day not long after, while I was singing to myself, the casual lift-man let him into the flat, turning him loose therein, and of course led

by the sounds of music, he came straight to me.

"I hope you don't mind," he began properly, and I answered him with hospitality. He was very poorly dressed and he looked very ill. I had not heard him cough before and it was awful to hear.

He had "brought some little things for me to look over—"

I gave him tea, and then, together, we looked over the little things.

He played well, with a curious fluency that seemed to accord ill with that masterful, unyielding nose. The weakness of his chin was not, so to speak, audible in his music. It was not that it was weak music, it was just not music at all. I judged that he had heard some of Richard Strauss's symphonies and that the chaos of painful sound to which I politely and miserably listened, was the result of the great German's effect on his imagination.

"You play very well," I said at last, my ears reeling.

"Oh, yes, I can *play*," he returned, in obvious disparagement of his redeeming gift, "but can I *compose*??"

He looked at me anxiously and I went to the fire and slowly put on a stick while I awaited inspiration. His clothes were so shabby, and his cough so bad!

"Do you think I can?" Mercilessly he put his question.

"My dear man,—why do you ask *me* to judge? Go to a musician, or to a music-publisher!"

But his nose, almost transparent in the blazing light of my stick, was inexorable.

"You are a musician, and I want your opinion." But one's serious opinion about one's dearest art cannot be trifled with, and mine, at that moment being expressible only by the word bosh, I could not give it.

So I looked wise and said that if he would leave the music I'd have another go at it by myself—

"But you can't play it!" he cried triumphantly.

"Then if I can't play how can I be a musician?"

I was all logic, all wisdom, but his nose was unyielding, and Heaven knows what would have happened had not the casual porter at that moment turned another bewildered visitor into the flat, and the situation was thus saved.

He, the man with the nose, whom all my adroitness and majesty of demeanor had failed to affect, fled hurriedly on the advent of a woman five feet four in height with a toy terrier in her muff.

That was because she did *not* write books, and was therefore swimming in seas far beyond his ken!

A few days after this I left London, and did not return until the spring. All through the winter I had heard nothing of my friend the composer, and his dreadful songs lay unopened among my music.

One evening in June I was leaving Covent Garden after hearing "Madame Butterfly," and on the steps of the Opera House I saw him. If he had seen me I should, probably, have fled. But I saw him first, and could not.

Could not, because he looked, in his increased ill-health, his increased shabbiness, his increased hopelessness, so piteous that I had not the heart to evade him.

He started when I touched his arm and then glanced hastily down at himself.

"I—I wonder you recognized me," he murmured, "you are very kind."

"I am sorry to see you looking—less well, but of course I recognized you."

And then, because I simply could not help it, because they were the only words I could say that would please him, I added "And how goes the music?"

He flushed hotly, coughing before he could answer.

"I took your advice," he said.

"My advice?"

"Yes. To see a publisher. But—it was no good. They want ballads, these English. *Ballads!*"

Words cannot express the malignant scorn he put into the tame and innocuous word.

"Are you not English?" I asked, for the sake of saying something.

"English? O yes,—of course I am,—" his surprise at my question was perfectly genuine and I saw that his implied alienism had been merely that of every unsuccessful British artist.

I was at this point mercifully called away by one of our party, and with the pleasantest smile I could produce, left the poor man—as, it was plain, everyone and everything always left him.

The fourth and last time I saw him was at his lodgings in Kentish Town, whither I hurried one warm rainy evening, in a taxicab, with a little boy, his child, who had been sent for me. The father was dying, this child, whose name was Percy, told me, in an accent far less pure than that of his father.

Dying, and he wanted to see me.

So on we hurried, the poor little boy and I, through the pleasant warm wet.

When we arrived at the house, one of thousands, apparently, all exactly alike, even to the geraniums, priceless flower of the poor, in the windows, a woman came to meet us.

A slovenly woman with an accent one degree worse than that of the child, and a bolero of imitation Irish lace dragged askew over her cotton dress. She also wore coral earrings and several cheap rings.

But there were real tears in her eyes, real sorrow in her voice as she confirmed the child Percy's story.

"E's going fast, Ma'am—my Lady," she said, "it's very kind of you to come."

He was in bed, of course, lying with his eyes shut.

When I came in he looked up eagerly.

"It is very kind of you, Baroness," he began, and then slowly, piteously, yet always with his old invincible obstinacy, he told me why he had sent for me. He knew that his

music was good. It had failed only because he had no influence, no "pull." And he was dying, and his wife and the three children had absolutely nothing.

"She has been a good, unselfish wife to me, and a perfect mother," he said, unconsciously speaking as though I had said something disparaging of her. "A perfect mother."

"I am sure of it," I agreed, happy to be able to say so.

"Well,—they will have nothing. And they've no one to turn to. And you see," he went on, after a brief fit of coughing, "I've read 'What Became of Pam' and she—'Pam,'—was so poor herself, and worked so hard, and was so—kind and good" (it is a tribute of which I am very proud), "that I felt sure you would understand and try to help."

How could I tell him that I was much less good than my poor Pam? How refuse to use the influence that he quite erroneously believed me to have in the music-publishing world? How say that I would not take his poor useless wares to market?

How let him die unsolaced?

So I promised, and bade him goodbye.

He was very grateful, very apologetic, but always unrelenting and always faintly triumphant. He had his own way, and sadly I left this poor little house with a great packet of MS. music in my arms.

Percy and Elfrida and Claribel accompanied me to the taxicab, and with a farewell bow to their mother who stood sobbing in the doorway, I sped away, depressed with the knowledge of the utter hopelessness of the task I had undertaken. No one, I knew, would ever even read through to its end one of these awful songs. And then, how tell that poor mother?

No one ever even saw the awful songs, for I never took them to the publisher, and yet Mrs. Jessop received from me, only a week after her

husband's funeral, a cheque for more money than the poor woman had ever before seen.

And she and Percy and Elfrida and Claribel are now living very comfortably in Exeter, from which city she and her husband had come; and they are, in their humble way, provided for life.

And for all this Jessop himself was responsible. For I found among the awful songs, six of the most enchanting compositions that I ever heard in my life.

Three of them he called simply "Ragtime" (but I named them, as seemed appropriate, each for one of the children), and of the other three one was an *intermezzo* after the manner of "Salome" of American fame, and two others, coon songs.

Common music, unscientific, unclassified by any but the absurd word Ragtime and yet in their way, perfect.

Melodious, delicious, flowing, easy, haunting. Ah, but *haunting!*

Now as I write I hear, as I have heard any day during the last two years, the clean-cut notes of a barrel organ playing, no doubt to the delighted dancing of nimble-footed children of the poor, one of them—

"Elfrida" this time. A delicate and beautiful air, and I love it, as I love the others, for they are of the music that, speaking a simple language to simple people, gives joy inconceivable to thousands. And it seems to me that music like sunlight and fresh air ought to be free to, and understood of all.

Ah, my poor man of the nose, you may indeed be triumphant, for you have done much, as the children dancing in the slums would tell you. Little they'd care if they heard the story of your failure in Straussian flights, little would they regret the coldness shown by monstrous ballad-seekers to your painful symphonic poems.

To them you gave music that makes them laugh and dance, and that, indeed, is a triumph.

And I like to think, when I catch a strain of one of yours, by yourself scorned, Ragtime compositions, that even you, scorning them, must have enjoyed writing them, as your wife told me you did, after doing some real 'ard work, just to cheer yourself up a bit!

You have cheered many, and so I think your nose was not in vain built on lines of triumph.

THE "ODIC" FORCE?

By HENRY HOLT



HE coming of Eusapia Paladino has aroused so much interest in the manifestation of little-known modes of force through or by the human system, that I feel it in the nature of a duty to give an account of such a manifestation that is quite possibly less open to suspicion of fraud or error than any yet on record. There are two weak points in it—that it took place over fifty years ago,

and that the observers were boys, none of us probably over eighteen. I was between seventeen and eighteen. But, as will be seen, the manifestation was so simple and coherent that not only was room for error conspicuously lacking at the time, but room for failure or distortion of memory has been conspicuously lacking since.

It must have been in the winter or spring of 1857, on a Sunday afternoon, that a dozen or so of the pupils of General Russell's school in New Haven were loafing in one of the recitation

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Ah, my poor man of the nose, you may indeed be triumphant, for you have done much, as the children dancing in the slums would tell you. Little they'd care if they heard the story of your failure in Straussian flights, little would they regret the coldness shown by monstrous ballad-seekers to your painful symphonic poems.

To them you gave music that makes them laugh and dance, and that, indeed, is a triumph.

And I like to think, when I catch a strain of one of your, by yourself scorned, Ragtime compositions, that even you, scorning them, must have enjoyed writing them, as your wife told me you did, after doing some real 'ard work, just to cheer yourself up a bit!

You have cheered many, and so I think your nose was not in vain built on lines of triumph.

THE "ODIC" FORCE?

By HENRY HOLT



HE coming of Eusapia Paladino has aroused so much interest in the manifestation of little-known modes of force through or by the human system, that I feel it in the nature of a duty to give an account of such a manifestation that is quite possibly less open to suspicion of fraud or error than any yet on record. There are two weak points in it—that it took place over fifty years ago,

and that the observers were boys, none of us probably over eighteen. I was between seventeen and eighteen. But, as will be seen, the manifestation was so simple and coherent that not only was room for error conspicuously lacking at the time, but room for failure or distortion of memory has been conspicuously lacking since.

It must have been in the winter or spring of 1857, on a Sunday afternoon, that a dozen or so of the pupils of General Russell's school in New Haven were loafing in one of the recitation

rooms, when one of them said: "Ghost, show us the spirits!"

The boy addressed was a delicate-looking chap of medium height, some sixteen or seventeen years old, whose gentle and truthful nature had made him a favorite with us all—to a greater degree perhaps than any other boy in the school. The subject once opened, there was a quite general talk about raps being heard about his bed, and similar stories. It was news to me. I had previously supposed that his nickname of "Ghost" was the result of his comparatively shadowy appearance, but I was to learn better.

He objected to giving the exhibition because, he said, it tired him so; but at last he was persuaded.

There were some music-stands in the room, probably two or three, over which we did our fluting and fiddling:—Certainly they contained no hidden batteries and connections. Each consisted of a wooden slab some two inches thick, and some eighteen by fifteen in length and width, resting on the floor. From this rose a stick some two by three, to the height required by the average player; on top of the stick was an inclined piece about the size of the base, serving as a desk for the music. The whole thing was made, probably, of white pine, and unpainted.

"Ghost" stood before one of these stands, placing his fingers and thumbs lightly on the desk, which sloped with the top *away* from him. After a few minutes he said: "If there are any spirits present, will they please tip the stand?"

After two or three such requests, at intervals, the stand tipped gently *toward* him. Now as the desk sloped away from him, its tipping toward him by his muscular force was absolutely impossible.

Why did the force which tipped it respond to his request to the "spirits," and not act before? My guess is that he then unconsciously released it.

Of course then, as always, manifestations of force that were new to experience were attributed to "spirits."

The "Rochester knockings" and table-tippings generally were being popularly discussed as spiritual manifestations, and "Ghost" and his friends fell into the current notions.

Soon the stand began to answer questions, by tipping as many times as he requested it to for Yes and for No. These questions, I suppose, were unconsciously answered by himself, by directing the "odic" force, as he would have unconsciously directed muscular force, had it been possible to tip the stand toward himself by that.

Soon his hand, instead of resting lightly on the desk, began to jerk spasmodically away from it and back again, and the stand to remain permanently tipped toward him, not rising and falling as his hands rose and fell, but tipping permanently. *The force acted without contact.*

The jerkings increased in frequency, violence and length, to a rapid tattoo of his fingers on the stand, the distances away from it between the beats increasing to nearly or quite a foot, and the stand steadily tipping more and more toward him until, probably, the top had passed the centre of gravity, and yet it did not fall toward him or back toward its natural position, but was virtually held in what all previous knowledge would have declared an impossible position.

Then he said: "Try to pull it down," and the strongest boy among us on one side of the base, and I, who was perhaps the heaviest, on the other, tried to turn the base back to the floor. We could not. We spread ourselves on the floor, throwing our hands and the weight of our bodies over the raised edge of the stand, but we could only sway it a little, while the force from him drew it back; I do not remember exactly that we could sway it at all. At last our pressure simply broke off the base, or drew out the nails. I don't remember whether Ghost held the upper part suspended in the air, or whether a mysterious circuit with the earth was broken when we broke off the base.

All that I distinctly recall is that Ghost dropped back into a chair, exhausted. The frail fellow had put forth more force of some kind, than had we two, each of nearly double his weight, and, probably, between us, six times his muscular power. We were out of breath and tired too.

There was no cabinet, no machinery but a commonplace piece of furniture familiar to all of us, no subdued light, no money paid for the show, nothing but an honest and kindly boy sacrificing himself for the entertainment of his mates.

The broken stand remained there as evidence that we had not been hypnotized, and I seem to remember some inconvenience from being unable to use it before it was mended.

Now if I have not told those things exactly as they occurred, I never told any other concatenation of as many things exactly as they occurred. The fact of his putting forth more of his mysterious force than we did of our muscular force, is as indubitable as any fact in my experience.

I remember realizing at the time that his force could not be electrical, as it acted through wood.

For convenience, let us accept the name that has been given it, of odic force.

Whatever the supplementary tricks of Eusapia Paladino, there seems no extravagance in assuming that this mode of force is sometimes manifested by her, and is the foundation of most of her performances.

Now a guess or two regarding some other phenomena occurring in her presence.

Limbs, faces and entire human figures seem to appear. Sometimes objects are moved by apparently material hands. These hands are grasped by the company. Sometimes they feel natural, sometimes cold and clammy. All these phenomena are classed as "materializations."

Now what do we so far know of "materialization"—of "matter"? It has been followed down through atoms, molecules, ions, until the latest view is that each portion of it

is an aggregate of units of force. All the phenomena we know of, save one, we have long known as manifestations of force in vibration—heat waves, light waves, sound waves, and the rest.

The only one of the familiar qualities of matter which has not long been recognized as a mode of force, is its incompressibility, and that now seems at last to have been reduced, with the rest, to a mode of force—a force that, unlike the others, resists pressure. Now as, in our experience, mechanical energy, muscular energy, nervous energy, heat, light, electrical power and the rest are constantly transmuted into each other, is it not easily conceivable that any one of them may be transmutable into the resistance which we call incompressibility. Nay, a step farther, is it improbable that the "odic" force may belong with the rest in a mutually interchangeable group, which can produce on our perceptions all the effects which, in certain combinations, we recognize as "matter"? On this hypothesis, the odic force manifested by or through Eusapia Paladino can (not inconsistently) be assumed to manifest itself as "matter," and as such aggregates of force as we are familiar with in the forms which usually perform certain functions—as hands which move things.

Another guess. Her supply of the odic force is, of course, limited. When, on hypothesis, it is transmuted into the modes which, in certain combinations and proportions, impress us as "matter," that impression can last no longer than her amount of force available for the effect, holds out. Hence the force which manifests itself as a hand grasped by the sitter, gradually becomes exhausted—that is, gradually changes, as all modes of force do, into other modes—and the hand "fades" away.

Still another guess. The aggregate of modes of force—waves of light, heat, resistance, etc., which produce the impression of, say, a hand or a complete human form, with its drapery if you please—of all those modes,

only enough may be present, at any moment, to produce a portion of the phenomena usually impressing us as matter. The heat-mode may be absent, and the "hand" feels cold. The sight-mode alone may be present, the resistance-mode is lacking, and the sitter's hand passes through the only partially "materialized" hand, or the partially materialized human figure; or the spectator, trying to grasp the human figure that he sees, passes through it.

It would be interesting to know if the apparent hands or more complete figures which oppose no resistance, nevertheless move objects. Even if they do, it is consistent with the hypothesis that, at such moments, the resistance-mode of force is temporarily added to the sight-mode. My leisure and my tastes do not fit me to make the careful examination of the records that would settle this question. I hope somebody more favorably equipped may take it up.

Now a question, in regard to which perhaps the reader will prefer to do his own guessing. If the alleged partial and temporary manifestations of human figures do really come through the thinking and feeling entity called Eusapia Paladino, whence come the complete and lifelong manifestations of human beings that we know and are? Was Carlyle stretching language very far in calling us all spirits? "Ghosts," I believe, was his word. Do not our latest knowledge and best thinking result in the idea—old in many forms—that we are but expressions of a measureless force which is ourselves and also behind ourselves? Would any person given to the old phraseology be very fantastic in calling us thoughts of the divine mind?

As to at least a considerable proportion of the phenomena recorded being actual, there is an interesting fact in my experience. Any one person's experience of course is limited and may be misleading. Mine, such as it is, is that the persons who talk loudest about all these queer phenom-

ena being the results of deception and hallucination, are those who have had least direct knowledge of them, or none at all. For example, the omniscient gentleman, whose whole time must be occupied in so characterizing them in the *New York Times*, recently printed that "She [Eusapia] . . . did not go into the trance state . . . yet there is no claim that the 'spirits' can manifest themselves through a 'medium' while she retains her ordinary consciousness." I have seen a woman walking naturally among a congregation of spiritualists and making the "claim" that she was giving them messages from the "spirits," some of which "messages" were close to the mark, and some funny wide of it. Afterwards, in the office of the hotel, while she was no more in trance than I was, she assured me, a stranger, that she saw near me "spirits" who, from her description, might well have been there. I sat a whole evening with Foster while, without knowing my name or anything whatever about me, he made the "claim" to be giving me "messages" from the alleged "spirits," by name, of about every friend I had ever lost; and he was no more, if as nearly, in "the trance state" than is the omniscient gentleman of the *Times* when he writes his articles.

A last word regarding the "spiritualistic" aspects of the case. Through all history, pretty much everything new has been attributed to "spirits." Out of the limitless phenomena of the universe, a small but increasing portion has become familiar to human experience. Roughly speaking, this portion is "real," the rest is "spiritual." Much that was once "spiritual" has gradually become "real," and more is becoming real every day. A hundred years ago, probably wireless telegraphy would have been considered as nearly impossible to human powers—as inevitably the work of "spirits"—as anything.

Whether in the unknown portion of the universe commonly called, more or less consciously, "spiritual,"

any intelligences which were once known to our perceptions still exist unknown or but faintly and exceptionally known to our perceptions, is a question outside of the present discussion. That any phenomena seeming to bear on the question are legitimate objects for scientific examination, is a strange proposition to be denied in the age of the trolley car, the telephone, the wireless telegraph and telepathy. (We may as well accept the last as a fact. Unless I am mistaken, more than one person who denies it, resorts to it to explain away the spiritistic interpretations of the phenomena of the mediums.)

May I be pardoned a closing word of *apologia*? Nobody can write about this subject without being regarded and reported by careless readers as a "spiritualist," and securing for himself some reputation as a crank. I know at least one man who has written much to refute "spiritualism"

and, so far as I can remember, nothing to support it, who has nevertheless secured for himself such a reputation. These considerations have kept me for half a century from printing this little story of my early experience. Yet I have always regarded it as a peculiarly valuable bit of evidence, because it is so unusually free from the conditions which throw so much of such evidence open to suspicion. As I have said, its only weaknesses seem to be the youth of the observers and the time since its occurrence. But its simplicity seems to reduce those weaknesses to a minimum. I did not give it until it seemed to have become a duty for anybody who can, to make any contribution, however humble, to a knowledge of the strange modes of force now attracting so much attention. I hope the reader will regard it and the guesses I have ventured in connection with it, as "only this and nothing more."

AN AEOLIAN ROMANCE

By ELEANOR SEELEYE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. S. COBURN

WHEN Emily Hollister—the child of an English father and a Polish mother—was fifteen her parents died, leaving her without any inheritance except an aunt on the father's side and a "temperament" derived from the mother. The aunt and the temperament proved so irreconcilable that a separation was soon effected. Miss Hollister, senior, after some consideration, decided to have her niece trained as a governess. Accordingly, without more delay she was sent to Geneva as pupil teacher, for the special study of French.

Two years later came her chance for Italian; a wealthy lady took the young teacher with her to Rome in the capacity of companion. Their

association was marked by the same unevenness of temperament which had annoyed the elder Miss Hollister; so that it was with unfeigned personal relief as well as some motherly concern, that the good lady at length parted with her companion. A Neapolitan Contessa had made friends with the latter, and suggested for their mutual improvement in English and Italian that she change her employer. She did so, and now for the first time in her life experienced "temperament" in another. The clash of two violent natures was disastrous, naturally, to the subordinate. Friendless and penniless, it is hard to say what might have happened to her at this juncture but for Agostino Cipriani.

A Sicilian of good family from

Palermo, he was visiting Naples both for business and pleasure, when he met in the Contessa's salon the one known to its habitués as the pretty foreigner, and with all the intensity of his southern nature proceeded to fall in love. Had Emily been happier his suit might have failed; but she was tempestuously wretched, and caught at any refuge. The idea of marrying him, once admitted moreover, was not without a certain charm. Agostino was well bred, good looking, in easy circumstances and pushed his wooing with a fire which inevitably struck fire in return. It was pure romance, with all the glamour of the South. She admitted finally that she loved him, they became engaged, and the Contessa—worldly wise in her generation—promptly executed a demi-volte which turned her from Miss Hollister's acrimonious mistress into the future Madame Cipriani's admiring friend.

There was only one hitch in the proceedings,—the lovers' difference of creed. Emily was Lutheran, so far as she was anything; Agostino of course was Catholic. But the barrier proved inoperative: to give up her faith for her lover was, like a nun's renunciation of the world, the fitting final touch to her romance. For some weeks therefore she retired to the Sacre Cuore, where she had religious instruction from the convent confessor, and also from Agostino's uncle who was a canon of the Cathedral. This venerable gentleman was greatly interested;—so vivacious and fascinating a convert he had never before encountered. The confessor and nuns were equally delighted; Emily had all the charm of a kitten when it graciously refrains from scratching. And the romance of the situation appealed to them no less than to herself:—love was leading the dear child heavenward!

Emilia; as she must henceforth be called, was radiant. She was the central object of interest, and her dramatic instinct was satisfied for the time being. True, there were drawbacks. The diet, for instance, left

something to be desired by a fastidious palate,—and Emilia had a strong dash of the epicure. Also, as may be imagined, love was a forbidden topic in this cloistered retreat; and though she had come there for love's sake, she was supposed to ignore Agostino so long as she remained. Even the lay sister, who did her room work, always began her task by turning his cabinet photograph (which Emilia, defying the law, would keep upon her table), so that it faced the wall. Twice a week, however, she was permitted fifteen minutes with her lover, though in the Mother Superior's presence; and the piquancy of this strictly limited love-making was most stimulating.

This idyllic state of things was not unduly protracted. By the time six weeks had elapsed, Emilia found the attractions of convent life beginning to pall; a larger liberty seemed desirable. One evening therefore she admitted that the canon's arguments were irrefutable, and that she—a mere woman—could hold out against them no longer. There was much innocent joy over this news in the convent; also the canon reported promptly to Agostino, and the latter's rapturous letter to his beloved was permitted to pass uncensored. The Contessa requested that she might be godmother; and a few days later Emily Hollister, rebaptized Maria Emilia, was admitted with much elegant formality into the true faith. The following day another ceremony turned her into Maria Emilia Cipriani, and saw her embarked for Sicily.

She was fairly happy at first. No city in the world is more attractive than Palermo, where the delicate haze of the Past lies softly over the manifold activities of the Present, where hill and sea and sky lend each their special charm, and where Nature is so unconsciously, so superbly beneficent as almost to realize the ideal of a terrestrial paradise. If the bride did not feel this she were dull indeed. Now Emilia was not dull; on the contrary she was an exceptionally brilliant woman, and the

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environment appealed not only to her sense of romance but to her artistic perceptions.

Besides, Agostino's devotion was entire, and the novelty of everything in her new home a fertile source of interest. She was delighted with a mother-in-law who in all her sixty years of existence had never stepped outside of her own door without a maid servant at her side and a man servant bringing up the rear. She rejoiced in the young sister-in-law whose betrothed was so jealous that he would not permit her even to look out of a window at the passers-by. She grew hilarious over Sicilian house-keeping and methods of life and business in general. She enjoyed imagining her servant in an English home, and the mutual surprise of employer and employed. The girl, Serafita by name, was one of those felicitously described in native phrase as *monache di casa*,—girls who aspire to enter a convent, and though without training or fitness hire as servants in order to procure the necessary dowry. She was a fair example of her class, invincibly ignorant and incredibly superstitious.

But six weeks of convent life had bored Emilia, and before the third year neared its close she discovered that matrimony also had its conventional side. The differences between herself and her new associates grew emphatic; what was at first amusing became annoying.

As may be inferred, moreover, her recently acquired Catholicism sat but lightly upon her: after a first experience with an extremely stupid confessor, she declined to repeat the experiment; also she ceased to attend mass, on the ground that it bored her; and the relatives-in-law, not unnaturally, ascribed to divine displeasure her failure to perpetuate the race of Cipriani. There was no intellectual life to compensate for these disadvantages; Agostino himself was duller than she had supposed him; and finally, the climate, though divine, did not agree with her constitution. The situation might be

summed in few words: she was of the North, all here was of the South. Once more she was in much the same mood that had preceded her engagement,—the mood that finds an opportunity for escape, or makes one.

Meanwhile, in default of children, husband and wife adopted pets. Emilia cultivated dogs, not through any special liking, but because in society just then they were considered "chic." They were companions too, and gave her a certain immunity;—among the almost orientally secluded women of her husband's family, she alone, with the prestige of the foreigner to whom much is permitted, dared walk out unattended except by her bull terrier and large Russian deerhound.

Agostino on the other hand, along with a true Shakespearian aversion to animals, entertained much affection for birds. Beginning with a highly trained canary, he gave it one companion after another until there were more than fifty. Then the oriental side of his nature asserted itself: he liked brilliance, color, display,—music was subsidiary. He came home one day with a green and gold parrot, then with a conversationalist plumed in gray and red; then with other varieties, including mackaws, cockatoos, and parakeets without number. Other birds of rare species were added as opportunity served, and he was fond of all, though the warmth of his affection was reserved for two above the rest: a splendid sulphur-crested cockatoo, and an enormous long-tailed mackaw, ample of wing, strong of shoulder, fierce of beak, and flaring in metallic blues and greens and reds. A salon opening out of the dining-room was turned into an aviary for the rank and file, but half a dozen special favorites, including the two just mentioned, had their perches around the dining-room table and took their meals with the family.

That these birds got on Emilia's nerves is quite comprehensible. She did not like them at best, and made no overtures towards friendship. The canaries responded with a gentle

indifference peculiar to themselves; but the sentiment cherished by the other birds was not so tame. They both hated and feared her, as knowing perfectly well that while she hated she did not fear them in the least. Orontes, the great mackaw, gave her a vicious tweak in the early days of their acquaintance, drawing blood from her arm. Instantly she turned upon it, with such cold fury of tone and look and blow, that the bird in affright sprang to the end of its chain, with an actual tremor in its cry. It never touched her again, but took its revenge in horrid shrieks whenever she came near.

One bird only attracted her,—a heavy-set, sullen lorio from South America, with rich yet dull coloring. No blandishments could win it; it condescended to no intimacy with bird or human. At long intervals it would lift head and shoulders, direct a fierce glance outward from its corner, and then utter two or three deep bell-like notes surprisingly resonant and clear. There was a remoteness in their quality which seemed to deepen the isolation of the singer. Always when after a silence these notes were heard, the noisy chatter of the lorio's neighbors would momentarily cease: it was their tribute to a bird nature so different from their own. This aloofness it was that won Emilia's interest;—they had traits in common.

A natural refuge from her home surroundings would seem to have been offered by society; and perhaps it might have been so in a different land. But here,—well, in a word, Emilia found her husband's acquaintances so commonplace as to be totally uninteresting; and she paid no attention to any of them until one evening he brought home with him the captain of a regiment recently transferred to Sicily. The two men had been friendly in Naples, and on meeting d'Orenziano that afternoon the Sicilian very naturally renewed the acquaintance. Under ordinary circumstances they would have been friendly but not intimate; it was the

sight of Emilia that tightened the bond. At first glance d'Orenziano took the measure of her slight, distinguished figure and unusual physiognomy, the piercing gray eyes, fair complexion and hair of pale gold,—it formed a captivating whole. Presently too he noted the signs of revolt against her environment, husband included; and with cleverly assumed sympathy soon drew from her a confidence as ill advised as stormy. From this to declaring his love was but a step.

And Emilia, the sceptical, believed him, even to the point of bestowing upon him her own erratic affections, and urging flight;—nor would she have hesitated to declare her feelings openly but for his assurance that flight was at present impossible, and concealment most essential. It certainly was not difficult, for Agostino had great confidence in his foreign-bred wife. He was not in the least uneasy about her, nor—always discounting her temperament—was there reason to be. In this small Italian city where everyone on the same social plane knew everyone else, and her numerous relations-in-law watched all that was going on,—short of boldly throwing over all social conventions, actual intrigue was well nigh impossible. True, Agostino was absent much of the time, but custom demanded that gentlemen should pay no visits in the husband's absence; and though d'Orenziano had once or twice defied the unwritten law, it was at the expense of comments which he felt unwilling to risk. Correspondence too was difficult.

Fanned by these various hindrances Emilia's passion became so uncontrollable, and there were such elements of danger in the situation, that d'Orenziano decided it must end. He was still puzzling over the *modus operandi* when Agostino, all unconsciously, furnished a clue. Business obliging him to be absent several weeks in Corfu, he amiably suggested that his wife should take the same time for a visit to the Contessa in Naples. With instant perception of the

opportunity, she accepted; and when d'Orenziano called that evening she found a moment to explain her plan. It was simply, to sail at the appointed time but refrain from notifying the Contessa; and on reaching Naples to secure a passage under another name on a trading bark to Lipari. There at an inn she would await "her husband," who would join her in a few days as indicated by letter or telegram. After some consideration he agreed. He disliked her for thus forcing his hand, but the scheme clearly was feasible, and he could think of nothing better.

Agostino left a day before Emilia, as he had to go on to Messina, while she was to sail direct from Palermo. He was still fond of his wife, but long endurance of her moods had rather chastened his regret at leaving her. The separation would be brief, he expected to enjoy himself in Corfu, and could bid her good-bye without grieving. His greatest concern was as to the care of Orontes and Juba, and here the parting was truly pathetic. Emilia was not particularly observant at the time, though later the scene often recurred to her memory. There he stood, the dark, almost swarthy Sicilian gentleman in his faultless attire, with the cockatoo perched upon one shoulder and the gorgeous mackaw sidling up his arm to the other; both birds in an ecstasy of affection, now caressing with their great beaks his somewhat thick and sensuous lips from which the beard rolled back smoothly, now alternately incurving and relaxing their formidable claws though avoiding any pressure that might hurt, and after each fierce caress shrieking out endearments:

"Papa, papa!" shrilled the tuneless treble of Juba; "Papa, papa!" came the rough shout of Orontes, full four notes lower. Papa responded with actual tears of emotion:—"A-a ah! Thou lovest thy *padroncito*? Kiss him then, kiss him, little angels!"—whereupon the scene would be re-enacted *da capo*.

"Guarda, Emilia, guarda!" he ex-

claimed repeatedly. "How can I leave these so adorable little ones!" And Emilia did observe him, with a cool cynicism which was her only comment upon a devotion so misplaced.

"You have no heart!" said Agostino angrily, as he replaced his favorites on their perches. "These little angels would touch the blessed saints themselves. She does not love thee, my Orontes, her heart is hard." And the bird, emboldened by his master's presence, flirted his wings wrathfully at Emilia and swore more wildly than ever: "*Diavolo! Diavolessa! Santissi-mo diavolo!*"

Restored by this episode to his wonted *bonhomie*, Agostino now turned to his wife and presented for a farewell greeting the lips just caressed by his feathered friends. "*Carissima*," he began. But Emilia had no mind for endearments. She pushed back the face approaching hers, with a shiver of irrepressible disgust: "I take no second hand kisses," she flared, "even if you are going to Corfu!"

Agostino was silent for a moment in sheer surprise,—she had never before shown her aversion so plainly. His olive cheek flushed darkly, his eyes flashed; a scene was imminent, but the sound of the clock striking the hour recalled him,—it was more than time to be gone. "Farewell, Emilia," he said ceremoniously; "I hope you will greet me different'y on my return." He bowed, and without another word departed.

Emilia, left alone, reflected to no purpose that she should have held herself in better control. A little thing at this juncture might cause suspicion, and the end was so near that she could not afford to jeopardize it by an outburst of temper. But, as she often told herself, Sicily had got on her nerves; she needed a cooler, less volcanic environment. Here in swift transition her thoughts reverted to her lover. This passion too was volcanic;—who could say what the end might be! It was a mere passing thought, yet for the moment it chilled her; the next, she put it

resolutely by, and turned to consideration of the journey.

She completed her arrangements with absolute composure so far as the closing of her old life was concerned. She carefully selected all her small portable articles of value,—jewels, lace, and such things; paid a parting call at her mother-in-law's, arranged the hour when her brother-in-law should escort her to the boat, then sat down tranquilly to her last meal in her husband's house. She did not even banish the birds, so anxious was she to have no unusual note in her actions, but bade Serafita serve them first with their respective saucers of spaghetti. Meanwhile she examined the mail. Since coming to Sicily her correspondence had languished; old school friends had gradually ceased writing, and her aunt's letters were both formal and infrequent. It was a surprise therefore to find this evening a letter with the English postmark. She read it thoughtfully; it was fortunate, she reflected, that it came before she left. For her aunt, Miss Hollister, had died suddenly the previous week, and Emilia as sole heir came in for a modest inheritance,—a comfortable house and four hundred pounds a year.

After some reflection she sat down and answered the letter, explaining that she was obliged to be absent several days, but as soon as possible she would herself come to England, to carry out her aunt's last wishes and take possession of the property. The lawyer need not reply till he again heard from her, as during her absence the house would be closed.

She could not be said to regret her aunt,—their old differences were not forgotten; but her pleasure in the legacy was so far unselfish that she rejoiced in having something to offer her lover. D'Orenziano had more than once hinted when she urged their flight, that financial considerations forbade it; that if he angered his father his allowance would cease. Now she could make him independent; he should resign from the army, and they would live,—part of the

time at least,—in the delightful little house she so well remembered. How restful her memory recalled it! how calm and soothing the sweet English air!

But time was passing, and Cesare was at the door. She put on her wraps, glanced sharply around to see that nothing was forgotten, and bade Serafita a careless good-bye. Departure was in the air; the very birds knew it, and set up a screaming which drowned all other sounds. Emilia shook her gloved fist at the disturbers, but they only screamed the louder, till at length she put her hands over her ears and fairly ran towards the door. For a moment the noise was deafening, then ceased with startling abruptness as, cleaving it like a strong swimmer and forcing it into subordination, rose the lorio's bell-like cry. Twice, three times it was repeated, with indescribable purity and depth of sound. Emilia grew deathly pale: "For God's sake!" she exclaimed.

"You're faint, and no wonder!" said her brother-in-law, offering his arm. "How Agostino endures the racket, we none of us can understand. Come," reassuringly, "you'll not hear it again, not till you get back, anyhow."

"No, not till I get back, anyhow," she repeated mechanically, and they descended the stairs. The pandemonium within rose with renewed violence, but the lorio called no more. The street door closed behind one life, and her feet were now set firmly in the path towards the new.

Naples in the early morning, and a quiet inn till the trading boat should leave; then, having stored her luggage at a foreign tourist office under the old name of Hollister, she embarked, and after a thoroughly comfortless journey was at last in Lipari, installed in its best hotel as the Signora di Gabia, ordered by her physician to the hot baths and awaiting the arrival of her husband.

A week elapsed before the latter event,—a week spent in long walks and in feverish anticipation. She had no special love for nature, but

the healthy English instinct for pedestrianism took its place; and the island afforded no other diversion to shorten the tedium of waiting. She would gladly have had one of her dogs for companion, but they wearied her since she knew d'Orenziano and she had given them away. So best in any case, for the unusual companionship might have been a clue later on to her movements. So she walked alone,—walked, walked; up to the dead crater of Monte Sant' Angelo, around the rough coast to Canneto and the white fields of pumice, inland to the hot springs of San Calogero and the pictorial red rocks of the Bagni Secchi. One day she wandered down the landing place to the quaint little church of the Souls in Purgatory, where it projects into the sea; but its touchingly rude and shabby ex-votos left her unmoved.—“My soul must be in Hell!” she reflected. One morning too she attended mass in the Cathedral; but it was within the fortress limits, and so many soldiers and officers were present that she began to fear recognition from some of them for Giovanni; and resolved that when he came she would propose visiting the other islands where the military element would be in abeyance.

On the sixth day he came, and she gave herself up to a rapture of passion, unmarred by regret for the past or fear for the future;—she even forgot that she had inherited a fortune. Giovanni fell promptly into her views about the soldiers; there were special reasons just now why he wanted no report of this escapade to reach his people. The next morning therefore they crossed to Salina, whence they departed on the following day for Stromboli. Three days of this tiny island, without civilized comforts, without newspapers and without other society than Emilia's, drove into him as with hammer and nails the conviction, that no world is well lost for love. The weekly steamer was due on the morrow. He would occupy the morning by taking Emilia up the crater, a trip

hitherto deferred, and there, unseen of witnesses, would break the news of their parting; afterwards, he would drop her at Lipari while he went on to Messina, leaving her to make such ultimate arrangements as seemed best.

Meanwhile it was important that there should be no hitch, and he devoted himself to making the last hours pass smoothly. Never had he been so much the lover, though alluding more than once to the financial straits which must of necessity interrupt their relations. This recalled to her for the first time her legacy, but with unconsciously dramatic instinct she resolved to keep the revelation as climax to their island romance.

They started early the next morning, without mentioning their objective point: d'Orenziano wanted no guide thrust upon him. His wish for solitude was additionally favored by its being a fête day, so that the inhabitants were all gathered below for the celebration and the hillsides were deserted. They met no one, in fact, throughout their walk.

The day was almost perfect, warm yet not too warm, with a light breeze blowing. The path led irregularly upward, past vineyards at first and clumps of olives, or trellised patches of *passoleone*; then following the bed of some old lava score, or ploughing through baffling gray ash; while so neighborly were life and death, that the last vines upon their way grew close to the crater's barren edge. Before reaching this point, however, they sat down a few moments to rest. A projecting mass of rock gave them shade as well as support; above them rose the short final ascent, clouded at the top by plumpy smoke wreaths; while below and before them stretched the omnipresent Mediterranean, blazing ultramarine under the noontide sun, and dotted here and there with snowy sails. For the drama now nearing its close, no more appropriate staging could have been devised.

The two were silent a few moments, —d'Orenziano considering in what

words he should begin, Emilia anticipating the pleasure she held in store. At last,—“Giovanni,” she said, leaning toward him, “I have something to tell you.”

“Angel mine!” he responded lightly, —too lightly, thought the other,—“and I too! I also have something to tell you.” Even as he spoke, a thin line of smoke far out at sea pencilled itself against the sky, and in suggesting the expected steamer, both quickened his impatience and hardened his resolve.—“And I too!” he repeated peremptorily.

He had never assumed such a tone before, and Emilia was quick to resent it. It must be said for him, that he had never had, he had not now, the least real comprehension of her character. He had had dozens of “affairs” with his own hot-tempered countrywomen, but he had known how to master them; what he had no means of gauging was the strain of fiery Polish blood in this woman, with its wild ferment of revolt. To his blunted understanding she was simply one among others; the episode was over, and she must be made to realize it.

“Yes,” he said with a certain roughness, “I have something to tell you. We have had a delightful week”—he yawned ostentatiously with the words—“but now we must part. You know enough about my finances to rejoice with me, I am sure, in the prospect of relief my father holds out. He has found me a suitable *parti*, very wealthy, an orphan; and he agrees to settle my debts as soon as I marry.”

He paused here, expectant of a reply, an outburst even; but none came. Save for a first convulsive movement, she had not stirred. Her face was a little averted, and her gaze fixed steadily on the point of his cane which she had been using in the climb and still held.

“Well,” said he finally, “can’t you speak? Not a word?”—A longer pause.—“Of course I am glad that you take it so easily, though I should have thought you’d be sorry to say

good-bye”; and from the depths of his egoism he rather fatuously added: “After all I’ve done for you, you might at least pretend to some regret. —But come! since we are so far on the way, let us look at this cursed crater, and then be going. That’s the steamer yonder,”—pointing to the thread of smoke, and rising as he spoke. Emilia was on her feet at the same instant and now for the first time looked him directly in the face. She was a tall woman, and their eyes were almost on a level. She regarded him coolly, dispassionately, appraisingly, with a deliberate and lowering valuation of his personality that was strangely disconcerting. He sought refuge from it in bluster: “Don’t look at me like that!” he swore; “no woman shall look at me like that!”

“Not many have done so, I suppose,” remarked Emilia quietly. “Well, since the play is played out let us be going. The crater first, however. I shall see other men, no doubt, but Stromboli I am not likely to revisit.”

“Good, my dear!” said Giovanni; “you stay like this, and I will see that you don’t lose by it. *Diavolo!* what a scene!”

He might well say so. They were by this time on the very verge of the crater, at the one point where it is possible to survey it in safety. The sapphire blue of the Mediterranean, flecked by the breeze into a myriad facets, gleamed and lightly danced beyond the further rim. The same breeze served also the friendly office of fanning aside the smoke clouds which rose unceasingly from the depths. The earth vibrated with a constant dull tremor, a sulphurous steam permeated the air, and at brief regular intervals with a boom as of artillery a column of hot stones and ashes would shoot up vertically into the air. A stronger wind, or one blowing towards them, and they had been bombarded; to-day, however, the stones fell back in the straight line of their discharge, and for many seconds their clatter could be heard,



Drawn by F. S. Coburn

See page 698

IT WAS PURE ROMANCE, WITH ALL THE GLAMOUR OF THE SOUTH

growing fainter and fainter until finally lost in the bowels of the earth.

Gazing at this tremendous convulsion of natural forces, Emilia forgot for a brief space her own life upheaval. The world was still a-making here;—here was the riot of its turbulent youth, its barbaric display of ever fresh, exhaustless energy. Here for centuries had been the playground of the elements; the eternal fires and tumultuous winds had taken the spot for their own. Not even the environing blue, nor the greenery of vines and the silver-gray of olives on the lower slopes, could redeem the untamable savagery of the scene. Fantastically contorted rocks had been cast up molten, to harden where they fell; here the

polished jet of obsidian shone in high relief against the coarse grays of disintegrated lava; here ran deep scores of almost leprous whiteness, stained with patches of crude red, while everywhere, like a giant efflorescence, lay masses of sulphur flour or crystals, shading from pale green to lilac, from faintest primrose to incandescent orange.

Of what did it all at once remind her,—this blaze of color and deafening uproar? Could it be,—could it? Yes,—it was that, precisely! the home pandemonium of parrots and mackaws over again, only on a colossal scale. The same violent color contrasts, the same lacerating discordance of sound! And the man beside her,—why even he was like

that other man! How had she missed seeing it before? How the one selfish, sensual creature recalled the other,—the same southern coloring and features, the same vivid masculinity, fascinating at first, then

free: "You are horrible!" she cried, as she pushed him from her. Now the mere push would not have mattered, but here was no place for unconsidered movement. Even as he recoiled, the friable soil beneath his feet



Drawn by F. S. Coburn

See page 699

THESE BIRDS GOT ON EMILIA'S NERVES

abhorrent! What stupid, pitiable folly had been hers! The mere thought of it stabbed her with such shame, that she turned upon the complacent animal at her side in a fury:

"You have dared!" she exclaimed,—"you! you! *Madonna purissima!* that I should have soiled myself for you,—for such as you!" and she struck him full on the cheek with her open palm.

"Emilia!" he cried,—the blood flaming hotly into his dark scarred cheek, till the scar showed white against the red. He caught her arm roughly, but she wrenched herself

shifted; he caught wildly at nothing to steady himself,—and the next moment Emilia was staring at vacancy, with a twofold sound in her ears never henceforth to be forgotten: the cry of a soul in agony, and the accelerating fall of a heavy body as it rebounded from one ledge to another,—falling, falling, ever falling, till the sound of it died at last into silence.

Then suddenly the blast roared upward, with a belch of choking fumes and *bombe*, as though the pit were an air-shaft of hell, and she stared with the face of a Medusa at the

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ascending column;—if it had borne up with it the distorted body of her lover, it would not have seemed strange! But the uproar died away, even as the life breath of d'Orenziano had been extinguished; and after watching a third discharge, she addressed herself to the descent. Once only she paused to look back, and half mechanically began a prayer for the dead. "*Requiescat in pace,*" she murmured,—then a tremor shook her: "No!" she cried violently; "why should he? I pray that he may not rest in peace!" She did not turn again, but swiftly, steadily descended. Without a sign of excitement or confusion she passed on to the landing place, and was rowed out to the steamer. There was no time to spare; within half an hour it was under way, and early the next morning she reached Messina, whence she departed immediately for Naples.

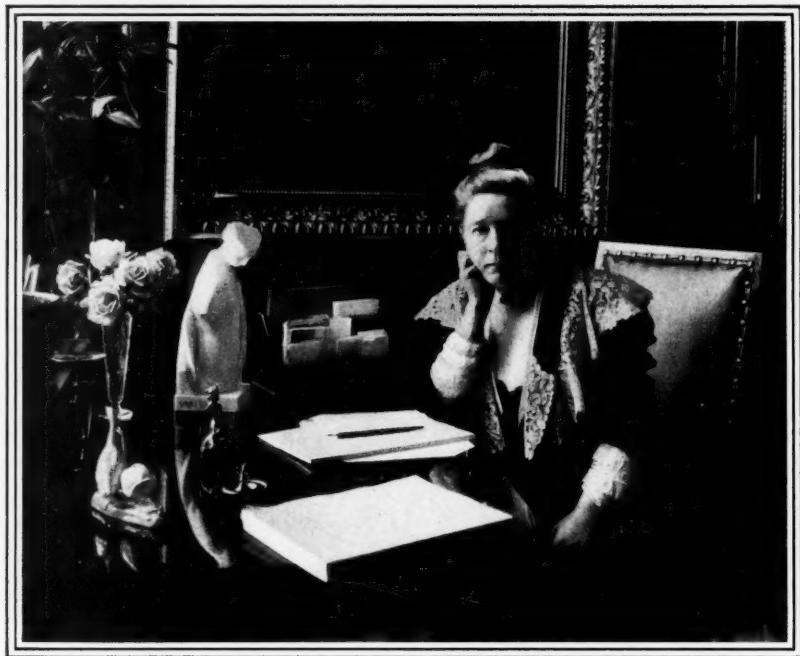
In all things fortune favored her; she secured her luggage, transformed herself into Mrs. Hollister, and was in England before the slow wits of the island officials suspected anything wrong. Even then there was no certainty of what had happened. The disappearance of Captain d'Orenziano became one of the unsolved mysteries of Italian crime. No one connected him with the Signora di Gabia who had vanished from Stromboli in so strange a manner; nor did Agostino Cipriani, searching vainly through Naples and Palermo for his wife, associate the two. Presently moreover he received a letter from her, stating that she had grown

unutterably tired of matrimony, and would never return. She left him absolutely free, demanding only the same freedom for herself.

He swore vengeance at first, but after a time the advantages of resignation presented themselves. A handsome housekeeper, the successor to Emilia's *monacha di casa*, helped materially to this conclusion. She adored him personally, and shared in his devotion to Orontes and Juba. His lot therefore was not without its compensations. His family too rejoiced; they had never trusted the foreigner, and were unfeignedly pleased by her loss.

Yet since there is no lot, however smooth, but holds some memories uneffaced,—so Agostino never looked at the sullen lorio without recalling that other tameless presence once harbored near it; and Emilia, leading an apparently tranquil and quite reputable life in her English home,—("Poor thing! she could n't stand that Sicilian husband, you know," averred the good matrons who endorsed her),—so Emilia looked out at times upon her verdant lawn with a gaze that failed to see it. In its place would rise before her a volcanic waste, streaked with bold color like a painter's palette. Again the savage heart of Nature was pulsing at her feet; while amidst din and stifling fumes and elemental roar, one cry—unstifled—pierced her memory,—the cry of a lost soul, the *vox humana* of mortal anguish above the deep diapason of a convulsed world.





SELMA LAGERLÖF

THE FIRST WOMAN TO WIN THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR
LITERATURE

By VELMA SWANSTON HOWARD



OR the first time the Nobel prize for literature has been awarded to a woman; for when, a few years ago the Baroness von Suttner received a Nobel prize, it was not for the literary quality of her work, but for the tendency of her famous novel, "Ground Arms," to promote the cause of peace. Apropos of this award of \$40,000 a banquet was given to Selma Lagerlöf in December, which twelve hundred women attended, while two thousand were unable to obtain seats.

Although little has been known of Miss Lagerlöf's work outside of Scandinavia and Germany, she has long been regarded in these countries as the foremost woman writer of our time, her work being remarkable for its delicately imaginative quality.

Born on a farm in Vermland, Sweden, November 20, 1858, she spent most of her childhood in the seclusion of her home; for she was too delicate to participate in the rough and tumble games of healthy childhood. But she was always listening and observing and never seemed to tire when her grandmother would sit

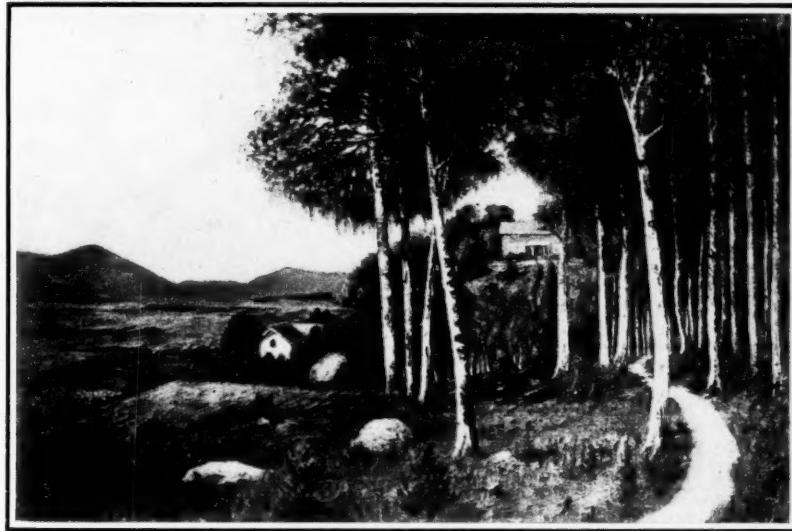
and spin fairy-tales for her from morning till night.

When Selma Lagerlöf was nine years old she began to dream of some day becoming an author. In a fascinating bit of literary autobiography, called "The Story of a Story," she tells of her aspirations and struggles and failures before success finally came to her with her first novel, "Gösta Berling's Saga," published in 1891. The author was thirty-two when this book, upon which she had spent ten years, was published. Her second book was a collection of short sketches of Swedish life entitled "Invisible Links." One—"A Fallen King"—is a unique psychological study worthy of a Balzac. Its theme is renunciation carried to the extremes of exaltation and self-glorification. Her third important work was "The Miracles of Antichrist," which deals with the life, customs, superstitions and race traits of the Sicilians. To the mind of Miss Lagerlöf, Antichrist is Anarchy.

Undoubtedly her greatest novel is "Jerusalem"—a study, in two volumes, of peasant life in Dalecarlia.

Herein she has caught the spirit of romance and the religious fanaticism of the people and has woven a strange, original love story around these heroes and heroines of the simple life. Into the mouth of some common peasant she puts a few crude sentences, but these embody a soul's history. The prologue is a thrilling tale of a man's battle with his conscience, and his final triumph over the temptation to shirk a grim responsibility. The first volume closes with the renunciation of home and friends by these religious enthusiasts, and starts them on their pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

A year or two after the supposed date of their departure, word came to the King that the Swedish peasants were being badly treated out there. Selma Lagerlöf received a royal commission to visit Jerusalem and learn if the rumors were true. The second volume was the outcome of her investigations. One thought which the author illuminates in this volume is a *résumé* worthy of an Emerson or a Carlyle. "Jerusalem kills" is an exclamation one frequently hears out



From a painting by Miss Lagerlöf's uncle, Chris. Wallroth

MISS LAGERLÖF'S BIRTHPLACE

there. Here is her interpretation of the cause of it:

It is here the Catholic speaks evil of the Protestant, the Methodist of the Quaker, The Lutheran of the Reform sect. . . . Here envy lurks; here the fanatic looks askance at the man of sound ideals; here orthodox contends with heretic; here one finds neither pity nor tolerance; here one hates for God's highest glory's sake every human being. . . . Here is the soul-hounder's Jerusalem. Here is the evil tongue's Jerusalem. Here is falsehood's, slander's, blasphemy's Jerusalem. Here one persecutes without cessation; here one murders without weapons. *It is this Jerusalem that kills!*

Before "Jerusalem" came "Mr. Arne's Money" and a volume of Swedish homestead stories, followed by Italian and Norwegian legends.

Miss Lagerlöf's "Christ Legends," which has been classed with "Pilgrim's Progress" and Rénan's "Life of Jesus," came out in 1904. Among the most notable of these legends are those of Saint Veronica's Handkerchief," "The Sacred Flame," and "Bethlehem's Children." The second tells the story of a crusader who carries a lighted candle from the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem to Florence. In guarding the sacred flame

from extinction during the long and perilous journey, the ruffian and bully is transformed into a meek and lowly saint. "Bethlehem's Children" pictures the Christ-child's escape from the wrath of Herod and tells how the bees and lilies, which he had lovingly succored in their hour of need, came to his rescue on the night of the murder of the Innocents.

The author's most popular book is "The Wonderful Adventures of Nils"—a fairy-tale, published in Stockholm in 1906, which is used as supplementary reading in the public schools of Sweden. It deals with the geography and fauna of the country in telling the story of a little boy transformed into a tiny creature capable of riding all over the land on the back of a goose.

The legends and traditions of the different districts are skilfully wrought into this story, of which the Stockholm *Dagblad*—the leading Conservative newspaper of Sweden—said: "The great author stands as it were in the background. The prophetess is forgotten for the voices that speak through her. It is as if the book had sprung direct from the soul of the Swedish nation." Her latest book of stories, entitled "The Story of a Story, and Other Stories," was published in November, 1908.

MISS LAGERLÖF'S LITERARY DEBT

On December 10th, 1909, the Nobel prize for distinguished literary achievement was bestowed upon Miss Lagerlöf by King Gustave of Sweden, at a banquet given at the Grand Hotel, Stockholm, in honor of the winners. Her speech in acknowledgment of the honor took the novel form of a story. The translation from the Swedish here given was made by Mrs. Howard.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

A few days ago I sat in a railway carriage, *en route* for Stockholm. It was drawing on toward evening; it was dark outside and quite dim in the coach. My travelling companions were dozing, each in her corner, and I sat quietly and listened to the rumbling of the train as it sped along the tracks.

As I sat there, I began to think of

the number of times that I had travelled up to Stockholm. I had gone there to take a school examination, and I had journeyed thither with manuscripts, in quest of publishers; and now I was on my way there to receive a Nobel prize. Nor was this errand without its trials, I thought.

The entire autumn I had been living in my old home in Vermland, in the greatest solitude, and now I was obliged to appear among so many



MISS LAGERLÖF'S COTTAGE IN FALUN

people. It was as though I had become somewhat afraid of life and movement back there in the solitude, and I grew troubled at the thought that I must make my appearance in the world again.

But on the whole, of course, it was such a great joy to take the prize; and I tried to dispel my anxiety by thinking of all those who were glad of my good fortune. There were many good old friends—first of all my dear old mother, who sat at home rejoicing in the thought that she had lived to see this great event; then there were my brothers and sisters.

Then I got to thinking about my father, and felt a sinking at the heart because he was not living, so I could tell him that I had been awarded the Nobel prize. I knew that no one would have been so glad of it as he. Never have I met any one who had such love and esteem for literature and writers; and if he could have known now that the Swedish Academy had given me a great literary prize!—it was a real affliction not to be able to tell him about it.

Any one who has travelled on a

train at night knows that the cars, at long intervals, move along quietly and without a jar. Noise and grating cease and the even roll of the wheels merges into soft and rhythmic music. It is as if the coaches no longer ran over cross-ties and steel rails, but glided off into space. Well, just as I was thinking that I wanted to meet my father, something of that sort happened. The train began to fly ahead so lightly and noiselessly, I fancied that it could not be on earth still. Then my thoughts began to play. "Think if I were riding now to my old father in the Heavenly Kingdom! I seem to have heard of such things happening to others; why should n't they happen to me?"

The train continued to glide ahead, evenly and noiselessly, but even so, it had a long way to travel to reach its destination, and my thoughts travelled ahead of it.

When I meet father, I thought, he will probably be sitting in a rocking-chair on a veranda, facing a sunny garden full of flowers and birds; and, naturally, he will be reading "*Frithiof's Saga*." And when he sees me,

he will lay down the book, push back his spectacles, rise and come towards me. And he will say, "Good day," and "Welcome," and "So you are out walking," and "How are you, my girl?"—in the same old way.

Then, when he has settled himself in the rocker again, he will begin to wonder why I have come to him—"Surely there is nothing wrong at home?" he asks suddenly.

"Oh, no, Father, all is well"; and I'm about to relate the news, but decide to hold it back a little while, and take a roundabout way. "I have just come to ask you for some good advice," I say, assuming a troubled expression. "The fact is, I am swamped with debts."

"I'm afraid you won't get much help in that line from me," says Father. "One can say of this place, as they used to say of the old homesteads in Vermland, 'You will find everything here but money.'"

"But it's not in a money sense that I'm in debt," I say.

"So it's worse than that, is it?" asks father. "Now tell me all, from beginning to end, my girl!"

"It's only fair that you should help me," I say, "because it was your fault at the start. Do you remember how you used to sit at the piano and play Bellman for us children? And do you remember how you let us read Tegnér and Runeberg and Andersen twice every winter? In that way I came by my first big debt. Father, how can I ever repay them for teaching me to love the sagas and their heroes, and the fatherland and human life in all its greatness and all its frailty?"

As I speak, father straightens himself in his chair, and a lovely light comes into his eyes. "I'm glad I had a share in getting you into that debt," he says.

"You may be right about that, Father, but you must remember that this is not the end of it. You must bear in mind that I have a great many creditors. Think of all the poor homeless cavaliers who used to roam around in Vermland in your youth,

and play the harlequin and sing ballads. To them I am indebted for madcap adventures and limitless fun. And think of all the old people who have sat in little gray cabins, on the outskirts of forests, and told about trolls and nixies and of maidens carried off by goblins! It is they who have taught me how poetry can be spread over hard rocks and black forests. And then, Father, think of all the pale and hollow-eyed monks and nuns who have sat in dim cloisters and seen visions and heard voices! To them I am indebted for a loan from their great legendary treasure they have accumulated. * And think of the Dalecarlian peasants who travelled to Jerusalem! Am I not in debt to them for giving me a great theme to write about? And I'm not only in debt to people, Father, but to all nature as well—to the animals on the ground, the birds in the sky, and to flowers and trees—they have all had their secrets to tell me."

Father only nods and smiles as I say this, and doesn't look at all disturbed. "You must understand that this is a big load of debts, Father," I say, growing more and more serious. "On earth no one knows how it shall be paid. I thought that you good people in Heaven knew this—"

"Yes, we know that, too," says father, taking the matter lightly, as usual. "There will probably be a way out of your difficulties. Don't be afraid, child!"

"But, Father, this is n't all," I say. "I am also indebted to all who have clothed the language—who have forged and fashioned the tool and have taught me to use it. And am I not in debt to all those who have written and created before my time, and who have made it a fine art to narrate about human destiny; who have sounded the call and pointed the way? Am I not heavily in debt to those who in my youth stood foremost in the art of letters—to the great Norwegians and the great Russians? Am I not in debt for the privilege of living in an age when the literature of

my own land has bloomed most richly in Rydberg's 'Marble Emperors,' Snolfsky's 'World of Poetry,' Strindberg's 'Island Dwellers,' Geijerstam's 'Folk Life,' Anna Charlotte Edgren's 'Modern People,' Heidenstam's 'Orient,' Sophie Elkan's forceful and lifelike history, Fröding's 'Vermland Lyrics,' Levertin's 'Legends'—and much else, young and new, which is now springing up and goading us on to contest, and to the realization of the dream?"

"Yes, yes," says father; "you are right, for you owe a great debt, but it will come out all right."

"I don't think you quite understand how difficult my position is, Father," I say. "I dare say you have n't considered that I am also in debt to my readers: how much I have to thank them for—from the old King and his youngest son, who sent me out to Southern lands, to study, to the little school-children who scribble a 'Thank you' for 'The Wonderful Adventures of Nils.' Where would I have been if no one had cared to read my books? Nor must you forget those who have written about me! Remember the great Danish critic who, with only a word or two, won friends for me all over his country! And think of *him*, now dead, who mixed the bitter and sweet in his cup more artistically than any one of us has done! Think of all those who in foreign lands have worked for me! I'm in debt, Father, both to those who have praised and to those who have censured."

"Yes, yes," says father; and I don't think he looks very calm. He begins to apprehend that it will not be so easy to advise me.

"Remember all who have helped me, Father. Think of my faithful friend 'Esselde,' who tried to open a way for me when no one dared believe in me! Remember the many who have protected my work! And remember my good friend and travelling companion, who not only took me to the Southern countries and showed me all the glories of art, but

who has made my whole life brighter and richer. And think of all the love that has met me; think of all the honor and distinction! Can't you understand that I must come to you to learn how one pays such debts?"

Father has lowered his head and does not look as hopeful as in the beginning. "I scarcely believe it will be easy to find help for you, my girl," he says. "Surely there can't be any more of this?"

"Well, thus far I have been able to carry it," I say. "But now the very hardest is coming. It was for this that I had to come to you for advice."

"I can't comprehend how you could get into any worse debt," says father.

"Oh, yes!" I answer; and then I tell him all about it.

"I can't believe that the Swedish Academy—" says father. At the same time he looks at me, and then he understands that it is true. And every wrinkle in his old face begins to quiver and his eyes fill up with tears.

"What shall I say to those who have determined this matter, and to those who have named me for the honor? Consider, Father, it is not honors and gold only that they have given me, but think how much faith they must have had in me, when they dared to distinguish me before the whole world! How shall I ever cancel that debt of gratitude?"

Father sits and ponders a while; then he wipes away the tears of joy, shakes himself, and strikes his fist on the arm of the chair. "I don't care to sit here any longer and muse on things which no one, either in heaven or on earth, can answer!" he says. "If you have received the Nobel prize, I shan't trouble myself about anything but to be happy."

Your Royal Highness,—Ladies and Gentlemen,—since I got no better answer to all my queries, it only remains for me to ask you to join me in a toast of gratitude, which I have the honor of proposing to the Swedish Academy.

THE ATTIC PHILOSOPHERS

A CHRONICLE OF THE STUDIOS OF NO. 21

By HULBERT FOOTNER

ILLUSTRATED BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN



O U R T E E N T H Street, notwithstanding its arithmetical denomination, is a street of character. It is true the bargain sales on the south side of the way and the abruptly magnificent porticoes of the moving-picture shows might have been translated from State Street or Market, or a hundred other thoroughfares between Boisé and Boston—but the immemorial sidewalk vendors! Where else in this broad land is one to look for the same engaging dealers in chamois-skin, lavender, crockery-cement and tin toys? And as for the north side of the street it is wholly peculiar to itself: here is the dignified brown-stone mansion flanked by its valetudinarian trees and frowning at the blatant department stores; and here up and down all the little ground-floor and second-story shops behind a very circus of signs—dealers in odd commodities of all sorts, principally “imitations” of one thing and another and “novelties.”

Of the latter buildings No. 21, East was a typical example. Like its immediate neighbors on either hand it had begun life as a fashionable residence—but fashion has long since abandoned Fourteenth Street; and at this time a restaurant of a Hungarian flavor occupied the street level, the first story was devoted to the warerooms of a piano-maker no one ever heard of, while higher up

was a miscellaneous collection of “parlors,” including a beauty specialist, a clairvoyant, a chiropodist and a professor of vocal culture. On the top floor of such a building the “parlors” become “studios”; there were four of these, two little ones, and two big ones; and they were tenanted at this time by four young gentlemen, impecunious and optimistic in the same degree: to wit, “Skipper” Garford, “Tomjones” Hopkins, “Patsy” Donlon and “Angy” Rawlinson.

The Skipper was the eldest of the quartette, and his satiric manner set the tone of the crowd—it was he who had named them the “attic philosophers.” He wore a black beard and a flowing tie, and hired his soul by the week to an “interior desecrator.” So subtle was his vein of humor that it was frequently an embarrassment to him; he never could get it to be believed that occasionally he might mean what he said. Skipper was a terror to any display of feeling; and whenever the younger ones were overtaken by sentimentality they had to creep into each other’s beds and confess it in whispers. The other three were much of an age. Tomjones, who worked in an insurance office by day and at night talked about writing a play, was a sharp and resourceful person, with eyes as bright and black as sloes. There was a thin grace about him destined to work damage with the other sex, but he had not discovered that yet. Just now he was wearing some sparse

hairs on his chin which he called an imperial, and disdaining female society. "Patsy" was Patsy by reason of the race he sprang from; his real name was Hubert, which he loathed. He played the fiddle in a "red ink dispensary" on University Place, and was rosy and jolly; the mere sound of his rich giggle was enough to set off everyone within hearing. The fourth was a painter, "Angy" being short for Michelangelo, or angora (because he wore his hair long)—it had been forgotten which. Angy had no humor at all: if he had, he never would have been continually painting wood-nymphs in a studio 7 x 12.



ENGAGING DEALERS IN CHAMOIS SKIN

When the others wished to provoke him they said he looked like a rabbit; while for himself Angy discovered in the mirror a strong resemblance to the pre-raphaelite type.

Such were the four friends who dwelt on the top floor of No. 21 in merriment and high content, without an enemy in the world but the landlord, the gas-collector and the tenants of the floor beneath. The question of rent loomed large on their horizon, and thus it happened that an emissary of the landlord was among their most frequent visitors—they always needed the money for other things. The philosophers had developed considerable skill and ingenuity in the game of baiting the rent-collector. The unfortunate victim was a good-looking youth with a sentient eye, one who, under other circumstances might have been first-rate friends with the crowd, though besides his business they had this against him personally, that his hair was always damningly brushed and his clothes in outrageous good order. His name was Arthur Coulson; but the philosophers did not know it; to them he was not a fellow-creature at all, but a symbol of Oppression, and they treated him accordingly. Coulson had a tendency to blush and lose his head under raillery, which was "nuts" to the philosophers.

The rent-collector never found them unprepared; once when he opened Skip-

per's door he ran plump into an effigy dangling from the ceiling and got a sad fright; another time the floor inside the door had been generously greased, and upon being requested to enter he obeyed—in a most humiliating posture. He would find them hard at work, and ostentatiously polite—the hardest thing of all to bear. Sometimes Skipper would be

afflicted with a sudden deafness, and make him shout his requests for something on account, Skipper gravely answering him in the pretence that they were talking about the political situation. Another time he found the four engaged in a furious and carefully rehearsed quarrel and amiably set about making peace. It was an unequal contest and Coulson usually descended



PAINTING DRYADS IN A WOOD

the stairs hot and baffled. He was the more easily discomposed because he secretly detested his errand, and admired the ingenious Skipper beyond measure. The philosophers would have been surprised to learn what was a fact, that the dearest wish of the proper-appearing little rent-collector's heart was to make another of their crew, and defy the landlord himself.

One autumn morning something like consternation appeared to have descended on the philosophers, quenching their customary spirits. They were gathered in Skipper's room. Skipper had an open letter in his hand, and his pipe had gone out, a sign of strong emotion. Tomjones's hands were thrust deep in his pockets and his head sunk on his breast. Even the jolly Patsy looked anxious, and Angy perceptibly sorrier than usual for himself.

"A female girl!" exclaimed Tomjones with a tragic gesture. "Good-bye to all freedom!"

"We'll have to start expurgating our vocabulary!" said Patsy, in dismay.

"And go around fully dressed all the time!" added Angy.

"Of course I could get her a room somewhere else," began Skipper.

"You couldn't afford it," said Tomjones; "besides she

will have to eat, I suppose. No, this is the first real misfortune that has hit the bunch, and we'll stand together under it. I'll bunk in with you, and we'll put her in my room."

Patsy and Angy supported the proposal, and Skipper looked uncomfortably grateful.

"How old is your sister, Skipper?" asked Patsy, presently.

"Used to be seven years younger than me," said Skipper, attempting to recover his usual facetiousness.

"That would make her twenty," remarked the literal Angy.

"Mostexasperating age of woman!" said Tomjones, sententiously.

"Is she handy?" asked Angy, cautiously.

"Devil a bit!" said Skipper. "Can't boil water without burning it."

Angy frowned. He had settled ideas about the sphere of women.

"What started her off on this New York idea?" asked Tomjones.

"I assume she has gathered the impression from admiring female relatives that she has genius," said Skipper. "She is determined upon a career!"

"What can she do?" asked Angy.

"Nothing."

"That's all that's expected of these home-growngeniuses," said Tomjones. "They just sit around the house and gene'!"

"What's her name, Skipper?" asked Patsy.

"Phyllis."

Tomjones made a wry face. "A regular girly girl's name," said he. "I bet she curls her hair and wears bows on her shoes!"

"I know she does," Skipper said.

Two of them groaned dismally.

As for Patsy, he assumed a suspiciously casual air. "Is she—er—pretty?" he asked.

The other three turned on him wrathfully. To make matters worse Patsy blushed to his ears.

"What difference does that make?" demanded Angy.

"The beginning of the end!" said Tomjones, wagging his head.

Then they waited for the Skipper to annihilate him.

"You little Irish calf!" said he deliberately filling his pipe. "Understand this! If we've got to put up with a petticoat on the premises, it's not going to be petticoat government, see? She's going to be taught her place. No faithful Fido business in these diggings if I know it! If she does n't like it and wants to go

home, so much the better. At the first sign of any lackadaisical tendency to lallygag on the part of a member of this community, out he goes! Is it agreed?"

"Sure thing!" said Tomjones and Angy virtuously.

"It was a natural enough question," grumbled Patsy.

Since it was not to be helped, the philosophers with characteristic elasticity set about to make the best of the coming of Phyllis. Her arrival was timed for a Sunday morning, and a gala breakfast was made ready in her honor. While the Skipper went up to the Grand Central to meet her, Angy, the culinary expert (by a special dispensation the talents of painting and cooking are usually found in conjunction) made a salad out of canned lobster; while Tomjones went out to buy two bottles of Nebiola. Nebiola is Italian and sparkling, and Tomjones knew where it was to be got for seventy-five cents the bottle. Phyllis had announced in her letter that she would bring a Christmas cake, which was relied on to complete the meal. Meanwhile Patsy put the place in order: when the practicable furniture from the other rooms was brought into Skipper's apartment, and Angy's canvases hung about the walls (there were plenty of those at any rate) it did not look half bad. A fire was laid in the grate, ready against the arrival of the guest; there was only half a scuttle of coal.

Angy, whose wardrobe, of all the philosophers was the most chronically insufficient, cast about in his mind, and finally determined to put on an 1830 suit from among his properties. It had nankeen breeches with straps, a long-tailed blue coat and a stock. Thus fitted out, with his longish hair and faraway eyes, Angy looked positively romantic. The other two regarded his brass buttons jealously; Tomjones slipped away, presently to reappear in chaps, a sombrero and revolvers; but all Patsy could rake up was a blue fez and a sash to match.



AND THEN SHE WAS SHAKING THEIR HANDS

Their preparations complete, they waited for their guest in some trepidation, for, it may be guessed, this lofty attitude of theirs towards the sex was simply cover for a wholesome fear. Their hearts gave a jump when they heard a great scamper on the stairs at last; Tomjones opened the door. She blew in like a strong breeze from the southwest; they had a momentary impression of a rosy, starry-eyed Presence lighting up their old room; and then she was shaking their hands.

"Tomjones! Angy! Patsy! See! I know you all! Oh, it's so good to be here!" She had a voice as haunting and individual as the oboe among instruments.

Examining her shyly, and with more particularity, they saw that she was thin and lithe, especially free in her movements, "all over the place," as she said herself. She was breathless and glowing from her dash upstairs; her flowerlike lips were parted to display dazzling, creamy teeth. In brief, this Phyllis's whole personality radiated life and joy; the three

amazed young philosophers were thrilled simultaneously by the same thought; and each glanced furtively at his mates to read there if he was betraying himself: here was a glorious realization in the flesh of the dimly pictured heroines of Tomjones's plays, Patsy's serenades and Angy's woodland nymphs.

During breakfast Phyllis and the Skipper supplied the conversation—principally Phyllis. The breasts of the other three were oppressed in a way by a sense of the terrible desirability of their guest. Each found himself combating a tendency to heave gusty sighs. Lobster salad and Nebiola lost some of its gusto beside the newfound pleasure they had in looking at her. She capsized all their theories of feminine beauty; her mouth was too big, her nose too short, her hair neither one thing nor the other—but what is prettiness after all? In the brave air of her, in the shine of her eyes, there was a heart-disquieting sweetness the loveliest of bridling beauties would labor in vain to exert.

Phyllis made no bones about enjoy-

ing the provender. "What a refreshing breakfast!" she cried. "You don't know how sick I am of excelsior and boiled hay for breakfast! One more year of the dear old deadly farm would surely have finished me!"

Here was a new kind of girl! The hearts of these professional non-conformists warmed to her afresh. The Skipper in the excess of his fraternal pride forgot to be satirical.

After breakfast she curled up on the couch, and watched the boys clear away. The fire had scarcely done its duty by the room, and Angy hastened to get a rug to cover her, Tomjones brought all the pillows they possessed to put behind her back, and Skipper pulled down the blind to keep the sun out of her eyes. Patsy, busy with the dishes, smiled a little to observe these evidences of a change in the general point of view; but he discreetly held his tongue.

Patsy watched and abode his time, and when the dishes were washed, he secured the end of the couch at her feet. The Skipper by tacit consent was allowed to sit by the head of the couch; and Angy and Tomjones had to be satisfied with places a little farther off. Phyllis had called for her valise, and was laboriously striving to mend a ripped glove. The Skipper after watching her struggles a little took it out of her hands and prepared to do the work himself. Ten years of a bachelor's life had made Skipper not unhandy with the needle.

As for the three youngsters they sat as still as mice watching her with broad smiles and delighted eyes in a sort of pleasant maze. Phyllis leaned back with her hands behind her head, and undertook to keep them entertained. She talked with eyes, nose, mouth, with the whole of herself. The play of expression across her face reminded them of the vagrant puffs of wind that eddy hither and thither across a sunny, sheltered pool.

"Please, Tomjones," said Phyllis, "push the pillows down a little."

He jumped to obey her.

"Angy, you can make a picture of me if you like."

Angy flew to get his sketch-block. Skipper handed her the glove, neatly mended.

"Thanks, dear," she said. "The other one is just ready to come out. Would you mind putting a stitch or two in that?"

Patsy was avenged.

In discussing with the philosophers the choice of a career, Phyllis was entirely frank about herself. "Dear old men," she said, "it's not a bit of use, really, talking about stenography or cashiering or anything. My fingers are all thumbs and my brains a perfect sieve; in fact I'm good for nothing—but people generally like me. The only place for such a one is the stage."

So the stage was resolved upon, and Phyllis commenced the ordinary round of the dramatic agencies. The surfeited underlings of these establishments were little likely to perceive under her country clothes and ill-assured manner, that curious, individual charm; she confessed she made a bad impression, and blank discouragement was the only result. Finally the philosophers were called to sit in council on the matter. Tomjones presented the problem in a nutshell.

"Fellows," said he, "if they won't have anything to do with Phil without she has experience, we've got to supply her, that's all. We'll back her first venture ourselves."

"But we have no money," said Phyllis.

The statement admitted of no argument. The four philosophers went into committee of the whole, smoking like volcanoes as if they expected to draw ideas from their pipes. Patsy was the first to find inspiration therein.

"Phil might sing a song down at Yellow's every night," said he.

"Yellow's," i.e. Pagliariello's, was the *table d'hôte* where Patsy played the fiddle.

"Think Yellow'd stand for it? drawled the Skipper.

Phil threw a pillow at him.

"Sure!" asseverated Patsy. "We would n't ask anything. All we want is the experience."

"You've overlooked something, Patsy dear," suggested Phil. "I can't sing."

"Never mind," said Tomjones; "you can talk the words. I'll write them for you. Something different from ordinary songs."

"No doubt about that," murmured the Skipper.

"And I'll write the music," said Patsy.

"We'll bota teach you," said Tomjones. "Simplicity will be the proper caper."

"But I've nothing to wear," said poor Phil—like all her grandmothers since Eve.

"I'll design you a dress," said Angy. "That's my business. Cheese cloth or any cheap material, and I'll paint it with natural flowers, and drape it."

When at last Skipper deigned to enter into the business the others felt its success was assured. "I'll make you a necklace of priceless scarabs," said he; "modelling wax and green gold."

"Shoes?" said Phyllis.

"Your feet will be under the table," said Tomjones.

"But, I say, fellows," objected Angy, suddenly; "it would n't be respectable for Phil to sit there all alone in a restaurant and sing, or just with a crowd of fellows!"

This was temporarily a poser; for however joyfully the philosophers defied the conventions of respectability on their own account, they were neglecting no precautions on behalf of their dearest Phil. There was another pause devoted to the manufacture of smoke.

"I have it!" said Tomjones at last. "Last Sunday I met old Brownie, the medium downstairs, out walking—a pattern of respectability! We could hire her for a mother for Phil."

Carried.

It happened that the finances of the philosophers experienced a slight

easement about this time, which made it easier to work out these plans. Indeed matters were so far improved that it had not been necessary for the rent-collector to call for some weeks. And so it came to pass that one evening, a week or two later, a transfigured Phyllis stood in Skipper's room with the four philosophers ranged in an admiring semi-circle before her, while Mrs. Brown in her rear sewed together the ends of the girdle that covered the joinings and held all firm. Phyllis's outer clothes were pinned on and sewed to her much like the garments of one of those inexpensive dolls, that are not meant to be undressed; but the effect at a few feet distance and under the light was perfection. It was the simplest form of drapery and the best suited to Phyllis's spare and graceful frame; her bones, Angy said, were exactly in the right places. Moreover, to Phyllis's astonishment, it was quite in style. It was decorated with purple fleur-de-lys and their leaves. It is true the groundwork was of cheap material, but it would have cost a fine lady hundreds of dollars to have such beautifully painted flowers on her gown; and it is doubtful if at any price she could have commanded the loving pains that had been spent to create the whole effect and to suit it to Phyllis's very self. The costume was completed by a big black beaver borrowed from a friendly studio, brushed and ironed into new life, cunningly cocked up and decorated with a band of gold braid and a gilded quill.

Phyllis set off in advance with Mrs. Brown and Patsy. The other three, after having as a last precaution assiduously resined the palms of their hands, followed ten minutes later. Pagliariello's was on the corner of Thirteenth Street, a second-story restaurant. At the back of the room there was a little platform for Patsy and the pianist, and Phyllis with her pseudo-mother occupied a table just beneath. The other members of the crowd on their arrival seated themselves in the front of the room to

prevent any suspicion of collusion in the matter of applause. The restaurant was not very full, for business was only moderately good, and Signor Pagliariello inclined to discouragement.

It seemed an age to them all before the moment arrived—Phyllis was to sing at seven-thirty, when the major part of the diners just finishing, would be presumably in the best disposition to be entertained—but at last Patsy arose and played the introduction to their song with a bow that trembled. Phyllis was apparently the coolest person there; she extended her adorable forearms on the tablecloth in front of her, loosely clasping her fingers (she had taken off her gloves) and smiling ingratiatingly from table to table, chanted her little song as if she thoroughly enjoyed it. It was called "Mary and John," and dealt with a rural love-affair; simplicity was its principal recommendation. But whether the song was good or bad made no manner of difference; it provided an excuse for Phyllis's arch and unaffected smile; and that was what captivated every beholder.

The applause that followed upon the conclusion of the song really needed no three pairs of resined palms to lead it. The sound of it was like wine in the veins of the four philosophers. Phyllis was obliged to repeat the last stanza. Pagliariello in the background rubbed his hands delightedly and a new hope gleamed in his eye. Patsy, shrewdly observing him, made no doubt but that he would be good for a loan next day sufficient to clothe Phyllis more enduringly.

Later, it need hardly be said, there was a suitable celebration on the top floor of No. 21. The philosophers invited their many friends. The night was mild for the season, the moonshining, and to the tune of Patsy's fiddle they danced on the crackling tin roof of the extension outside Patsy's windows—until the unfortunate music-teacher who lived beneath came raving into the hall and threatened

to commit suicide before their eyes.

The next night, with these unusual



A TRANFIGURED PHYLLIS

expenses, there was not money enough left to allow Skipper, Angy and Tomjones to dine at Yellow's; so Phyllis, Patsy and Mrs. Brown started off alone. Mrs. Brown, who for a medium proved to be almost human, as Tomjones said, would not hear of accepting anything for her services as a mother. She had helped with the sewing too. When they had gone Angy and Tomjones sat themselves down in Skipper's room to discuss ways and means of furthering Phyllis's artistic career. Skipper was absent on some mysterious errand.

"Yellow's is all very well, of course," said Angy, patronizingly; "but we must n't let her stay there long. She must be boomed in some way."

"How would it be if we made a tour of all the agencies," suggested Tomjones, "and called on them, the four of us one right after the other? That would make them take notice."

"No," said Angy, "we ought to make them come to us."

"Well, suppose we got signs," substituted the indefatigable one, "and you could paint very original and attractive advertising on them, and we could carry them about town, all four of us in a row."

Angy considered it. "Too undignified," he said, finally. "Our methods must be very high-class."

Further discussion was cut short by the arrival of the Skipper with an immense parcel, which looked something like a bouquet of American beauties but upon being unrolled proved to be a megaphone of the largest size. Its purpose was immediately apparent to the other two.

"Bully! Bully!" they cried, beating Skipper between the shoulders.

"Made a deal with Yellow," he informed them.

The gas was promptly turned out, and a front window thrown up.

Now between six and six-thirty a goodly crowd passes back and forth across Fourteenth Street bound dinnerwards, and to a show or otherwhere. At a certain moment of an evening in November the part of this crowd

that happened to be midway between Fifth Avenue and University Place was astounded to hear a great booming voice, descending apparently from the sky; and this is what it said:

"Oyez! Oyez!"

"Go to Pagliariello's table d'hôte!"

"Thirteenth and University, upstairs!"

"Fifty cents with a bottle of wine!"

"La Fleur-de-lys sings 'Mary and John' every night!"

"The latest sensation! You can't afford to miss it!"

Those who heard paused, and wonderingly craned their necks; but nothing could be made out in the darkness. When they began to recover, and, passing on, gave place to a new lot, the legend was repeated from above; and so on for the next hour. A goodly number, as was natural, turned the corner to have a look at Pagliariello's; and of these a certain proportion said, "Let's go in." Pagliariello threw up his hands in ecstatic dismay at the proportions his business suddenly assumed. Moreover, it happened that an ambitious young reporter on the alert for a story was among those who heard and obeyed the voice. He wrote up his impressions in a highly facetious and appreciative vein; the account appeared next day; the town chuckled and went to see; and the future of La Fleur-de-lys was made.

One dreary Sunday afternoon in December the three younger philosophers were crouching over the fire in Skipper's studio in a dejected and quarrelsome frame of mind well suited to the weather outside.

"You're sore because you did n't get the chance yourself," said Angy, in his irritating superior way.

"Oh, shut your head, rabbit; you tire my ears," snapped Patsy.

"If you don't like it you're free to clear out," said Angy.

"What in thunder's the matter with you two!" this with a sudden ebullition of bile from Tomjones.

"Angy does n't play the game," complained Patsy. "He sneaked up

to the theatre last night, without letting any of us know, and walked home wit' her."

"I didn't sneak off," contradicted Angy. "You were n't around!"

"You knew where you could find us," said Patsy.

"What of it? Do you think I'm going to drag all my friends along when I get a chance to walk with her?"

"It was understood none of us would take advantage of the others!"

"Oh, what's the use!" said Tomjones, gloomily. "We're all in the same boat; she does n't give a hang for any of us!"

They relapsed into a dejected silence.

"It's the rotten suspense that gets my goat," said Patsy, after a while.

"I was thinking of that," said Tomjones. "Let's put an end to it. Let each man go to her and state his case!"

"No, sir!" said Patsy, with heat. "You could n't trust Angy. He'd appeal to her feelings!"

Angy indignantly denied the imputation.

"We might write," suggested Patsy—"showing each other the letters of course," he quickly added.

"It would look cowardly," said Tomjones. "We've got to stand up to her."

"Then we'll have to go all together," said Patsy.

"Who'd do the talking?" enquired Angy, trying to look unconscious.

"Not you, crocodile!" flashed Patsy.

"I would n't put myself forward," retorted the aggrieved Angy.

"Sure, you would n't!" said Patsy bitterly. "You'd try to get around her with the don't-mind-me-but-observe-my-two-noble-friends racket! I know you!"

"Then the only thing is to tell Skipper, and let him work it for us," said Tomjones.

"Oh Lord! how he'd laugh!" groaned Angy.

"Let him laugh," said Tomjones, grimly. "We've got to lump it!"

So when the Skipper presently returned he was informed amidst a painful embarrassment and with much beating about the bush, how matters stood between his three friends and his sister. In the relief they experienced in finally getting it out, Skipper's facetious comments did not hurt so much as they expected; in fact, under his most jocular flights they perceived a certain kindness. He clapped them all on the back and promised to intercede without fear or favor.

Phyllis arrived, as rosy and sparkling from a tussle with the wind and rain—as Nebiola. Now that she had secured a regular engagement, and was moved into more comfortable quarters, she came to take tea with the philosophers on Sunday afternoons. At her coming the three glum faces brightened and turned to her like satellites to the parent planet. Still Phyllis could not help but feel that the atmosphere of the room was charged to a considerable degree.

"Mercy! How dressy we are!" she cried. "Washed and tidied and fresh as three little daisies! No not daisies," she amended, coming closer and delicately sniffing; "three little tobacco plants! What's in the wind?"

Explanations were postponed until tea was made. Afterwards they sat about the fire without lighting the gas, the three suitors in a row on one side, Phyllis facing them, and Skipper in the middle like an interlocutor.

"Phil," began the Skipper; "look on my young friends here."

"I see them," said she. "And so much solemnity! Three fascinating, romantic little cavaliers! Roderigo, Florizel and Don Balthazar, your servant, messieurs!"

She sprang up and curtsied low; a frown appeared simultaneously on the three faces.

"Why insist on the diminutive?" suggested Skipper, mildly.

"'Little' is just because I'm so fond of them," explained Phyllis.

"All right!" said the Skipper; "now listen: you are disturbing the

holy peace of this brotherhood, and I won't stand for it!"

"Eh?" said Phyllis, looking startled.

"Look at them!" continued Skipper. "Turned like three pans of milk after a thundershower! They've been curdling something fierce all afternoon. We've got to do something about it. They all got it at once, so I could n't quarantine the infection."

"You're mixed," said Phyllis; "got what?"

"Love, the microbe," said Skipper; "as bad a triple case as I never hope to see."

"Oh!" said Phyllis, impressed with the seriousness of the situation notwithstanding Skipper's facetiousness.

"First-rate fellows, too!" Skipper went on; "here's Patsy plays like a son-of-a-gun, and Angy can paint to beat the band, and Tomjones is writing a thundering fine play! Squareheads every one of them, with vices I can thoroughly recommend! Speak up and restore the *status quo* as far as you can. Which profession will you adopt,—music, painting or the drama?"

Phyllis's arms dropped to her sides, and she looked somewhat blankly from one to another. Presently her look softened a little; she was thinking, no doubt, what a quaint and affecting study in boyishness the three faces offered: honest, red-headed Patsy's soul was shining straight out of his gray eyes; Angy with his wavy hair and sensitive features looked poetic and melancholy—and was aware of the effect; while Tomjones with his close-cropped black poll and thin, resolute grace of feature was pursing his lips as if about to whistle, and trying to look as if he did n't care.

Phyllis darted across and hugged each one in turn, and kissed his cheek—the philosophers submitting but half-heartedly; for it was not the kind of an embrace they desired. "You dear, funny boys!" she cried. "As if I could pick out any one of you! I love you all exactly the same—like brothers!"

The three faces fell still further at the sound of the last word.

"Besides, you don't really love me, not one of you," continued Phyllis; "you've just discovered what a delicious thing love is, and you just use me as a convenient peg to hang your pretty fancies on!"

Angy and Patsy started to protest, but Tomjones looked at her narrowly, and said with quiet assurance: "There's someone else!"

Phyllis was plainly startled.

"Who is it?" demanded the Skipper, fraternal instincts instantly on the alert.

Phyllis saw that she had betrayed herself. "I meant to tell you, anyway," she said. "It's someone who liked my singing in the restaurant."

"Did he come up and speak to you?" said Skipper aghast—"with Mrs. Brown there and all!"

"No, he wrote," said Phyllis; "and sent flowers."

There were sounds of wrath and indignation from all the philosophers.

"You needn't get excited," said Phyllis coolly. "I'm perfectly willing to show you, or anyone, what he wrote."

She produced a note from the bosom of her dress, and handed it to Skipper. He read it and returned it.

"Sounds honest," he said grumbly. "Why did n't you refer him to your friends, as he asks you to?"

Phyllis smiled enigmatically. "Men could n't choose for me," she said.

"What does he do?" enquired Skipper.

"He's as poor as all the rest of us," said Phyllis. "He's obliged to work in an office like Tomjones—but he's a poet, really. Look, here's something he wrote to me!" producing another paper from the same place.

"Poetry! Shucks! I'm no judge," said Skipper, handing it over.

Tomjones's fingers trembled a little as he took it, for the paper retained the warmth of its delicate resting-place. He read it slowly by the light of the fire; and then looked hard into the coals.

"Well?" demanded Phyllis.

"It's good stuff," said Tomjones dejectedly. "The real thing, simple and genuine. I—I could n't have

done it myself. Fellows," he added with an effort, "I believe he's a better man than any of us."

Phyllis pressed his hand between both of hers; Tomjones was grateful that she refrained from another sisterly hug, just at that juncture.

"You'll be good to him, for my sake, won't you?" said Phyllis to them all.

"Produce him and we'll see," said Skipper.

"But you must promise to give him a fair show, to receive him decently. He admires all of you so much!"

"Admires us! Fancy that!" said the Skipper, with his ironical grimace.

However, they promised; whereupon the headlong Phyllis departed in quest of the young man.

While she was away the Skipper had a brilliant inspiration to withdraw into Patsy's room for a while. The three disappointed ones drew together. Impulsive Patsy threw an arm about Angy's shoulders and offered his free hand to Tomjones.

"Angy, old boy, and Tommy, I've been a perfect beast the last week or

two. You know I think a deuce of a lot of you just the same!"

"Oh, stow it, you Patsy!" said Angy, uncomfortably. "I've been the worst of the three!"

Tomjones thrust an arm through Angy's arm, and wrung Patsy's free hand. "Say, it's great to have friends when anything hits you a crack, is it?" he said.

That was all, and sufficient. When Skipper returned they drew apart a little, and the four of them sat about the fire smoking, without another word until they heard two pairs of feet ascending the stairs.

The four of them raised their heads simultaneously. Could there have been something reminiscent in the sound of the heavier footfalls?

"Fellows, I have a hunch!" said Tomjones, suddenly.

"What is it?" they demanded.

"Member what she said about his admiring us?"

"Well?"

"I'll bet it's that confounded little rent-collector!"

And it was.

THE REJECTION OF THE BUDGET

AND THE CONSEQUENT BREACH IN THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION

By H. W. MASSINGHAM

EDITOR OF "THE NATION"

LONDON, January 1, 1910.

If any one had predicted a year ago that the House of Lords would refuse supplies to the Crown, force a dissolution on a Government secure in the confidence of the House of Commons, and reduce the Executive to the necessity of obtaining its taxes by purely voluntary agreements with the taxpayers, he would have been regarded as a madman or a dreamer. Yet all these things have taken place. At this

moment there exists no authority in the British Isles legally entitled to collect revenue, and the officials act purely on the faith of a law-abiding people that that authority will in due course be restored.

Equally dramatic is the breach which has been opened up in the ancient walls of the Constitution. All our writers agree that that historic instrument of government rests on three great principles. The first is that a ministry is entitled to remain

in office so long as it retains the confidence of a majority of the members of the House of Commons. The second is that though the annual Finance Bill passes through the House of Lords on its way to the Crown, for whose service it is intended, the consent of the hereditary House is assumed, that the House of Commons alone possesses the power of the purse, and that through that power, undivided and unqualified, it secures the control of the Executive. The third is that, should palpable evidence exist of an opposition between the will of Parliament and the will of the nation, the Crown has the power to dissolve the representative assembly, so as once more to bring the derived and the ultimate authority into accord.

On the night of November 30th, the fabric of orderly government, built up on these age-long understandings, was shattered by the action of the House of Lords in destroying a budget which had passed the House of Commons, after months of minute discussion, by the unprecedented majority of 230. No such usurpation has ever occurred in British history. The nearest approach to it was the action of the Lords in 1860, when they rejected the bill for the repeal of the paper duties. That act, which fades into insignificance when compared with its successor, was declared by Gladstone, then the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to be "the most gigantic and the most dangerous innovation of our times." In the following year it was undone, and all our statesmen and constitutional authorities assumed that its repetition had been prevented for all time. The Commons, having first asserted their supreme control over finance in a series of solemn resolutions, proceeded to link all the taxes together in a single bill, which in 1894 was given its present title of the "Finance Bill." The repeal of the paper duties was then carried with every other provision for the services of the year. The result of the conflict was, in the opinion of Sir William Anson, a

Conservative authority on the Constitution, to make even the right of rejection of a Money Bill by the Lords "nugatory."^{*}

A capital example of this truth occurred well within the memory of this generation. Thirty-four years later Sir William Harcourt largely increased the death duties and stiffly graduated them against the richer estates. The Budget embodying these changes was bitterly resented by the aristocracy. But so heavily did the precedent of 1860 weigh with the Peers that the late Lord Salisbury counselled the immediate passage of the bill, on the ground that the House possessed "no power of changing the Executive Government," and therefore by rejecting a Budget which it could not amend, could only "create a deadlock from which there was no escape." That deadlock has now been brought about; but before I examine the reasons and motives of the Peers for throwing to the winds the precedent of 1860, and all earlier precedents, it is necessary to measure the extreme gravity of their offence.

The British Constitution is, as to a small part, written; as to a greater part, unwritten. But it is safe to say that both its law and its custom, extending in an unbroken line through more than five centuries, tend in one direction—the establishment of the power of the Commons over finance, and through finance, over the Executive Government. On this all our authorities agree. "The Conventions of the Constitution," says Professor Dicey, "now consist of customs which (whatever their historical origin) are at present maintained for the sake of ensuring the supremacy of the House of Commons, and ultimately, through the elective House of Commons, of the nation."[†] To ensure this end the three Constitutional Powers—the Crown, the Lords and the Commons—are supposed to act harmoniously. The

^{*} The Law and Custom of the Constitution. Vol. i, p. 270 (4th edition).

[†] The Law of the Constitution, p. 360, etc.

Crown exercises its rights through ministries depending on the favor of the elected House. A further "understanding or habit," says Professor Dicey, decrees that "in every serious political controversy" the Lords give way to the Commons, and that if they resist, the Crown may overcome their resistance by the creation of new peerages. The effect of these understandings, says the American Professor Lawrence Lowell—Harvard's new president—is to "restrain the opposition of the Lords to any policy on which the Commons, backed by the nation, are determined." This conclusion was endorsed in advance by Bagehot, perhaps the most luminous of our modern political critics, when he said, speaking of the democratic suffrage established in 1867: "We have to frame such tacit rules, to establish such ruling but unenacted customs, as will make the House of Lords yield to the Commons when and as often as our new Constitution requires that it should yield."

Needless to say, this subordination of the unrepresentative to the representative assembly flows from the great maxim that taxation and representation must go together. This was the capital point of the debates of 1860. No statement of it is clearer or more cogent than that of Lord Chatham, applied as it was to the classic example of the taxation of America. "The taxes are a voluntary gift of the Commons alone. . . . In legislation the three Estates of the realm are alike concerned; but the concurrence of the peers and the Crown to a tax is only necessary to clothe it with the form of a law. The gift and grant is of the Commons alone. . . . When in this House we give and grant we give and grant what is our own."

A multitude of interests, unbroken by one dissenting voice, have since borne testimony to this vital political truth. Sir Erskine May's work on "Parliamentary Practice" has for years been the standard book of reference for the officials of both

Houses. "The responsibility discharged by the Lords on the grant of supplies and on the imposition of taxation," says this great authority, "is concurrence, not initiation."*

Again: "The Crown demands money, the Commons grant it, the Lords assent to it." And again, in his "Constitutional History": "The Lords have no voice in the question of expenditure, save that of formally assenting to the Appropriation Acts. They are excluded from it by the spirit and the forms of the Constitution." A later and thoroughly impartial writer, Lord Courtney, merely sums up the conclusions of cautious predecessors like Todd and Hearn when he says, in his "Working Constitution of the United Kingdom": "The suggestion has been made in words, if not entertained as a near possibility, that the House of Commons should stop supplies. Such a threat was heard before the great Reform Bill of 1832. No one, however, can remember a suggestion that the House of Lords should refuse to assent to supplies. The power is not dead. It cannot be called living." Mr. Balfour, for one, declared it to be dead. The House of Lords, he said, two years ago, "cannot touch money bills." Finally, Professor Redlich, the latest foreign writer of repute who has examined our Constitution, acclaims the precedents of 1860 and 1894 as carrying with them the Lords' "final act of abdication" of their right to interfere with taxes.

Everyday practice, no less than constitutional theory, repels the interference of the non-representative House with finance. The House of Commons acts in many ways on the finance of the year. Not only are the estimates of expenditure submitted to it alone and never even shown to the Lords, but, on the mere faith of its resolutions, a large part of the annual taxes are collected long before the Finance Bill becomes law. But if budgets are not sure of passage when they leave the Commons, all

* May's *Parliamentary Practice*, pp. 545, 573.

this simple regulative machinery is broken up, and no man will know for certain how he will be taxed. It was pointed out in the debates of 1860 that if the Budget was not the uncontrolled work of the Commons, both it and the estimates must in future be submitted to the judgment of the peers. What Englishman can even contemplate such a change as this without perceiving that the nominal right of rejecting a budget, which the Lords in form retain, in common with the Crown, is no more a real right than the royal veto on finance and on all bills? Exercise it, and all the parts of the Constitution, and the network of custom and tradition which links them together, begin to grind and jar against each other, as a broken coupling dislocates a railway train and turns it into a mass of jostling wreckage. The Commons, having lost the sole power of framing the annual estimates and levying the annual taxes, lose also their control over the Executive. The Lords, gaining, as Lord Cawdor and Lord Curzon insist that they should gain, power to deal with all taxes, can hold all Liberal governments on a yearly tenure. Henceforth, it is not enough for such to obtain a majority in the Commons. They must also have a majority in the Lords, where a permanent, immutable hostility, reckoned as five or even ten to one (this was the proportion on the Home Rule bill), confronts them. Henceforth, the Lords, and not the King on the advice of his ministers, will possess the real power of dissolving Parliament and become the actual, paramount authority in the realm of England.

But beyond and above everything else, the spirit of our laws has been violated. The British Constitution has been broken up through a breach of the understanding by which alone it can work. The Lords have done nothing which in the literal sense is illegal. They cannot be brought before the courts, though, in stormier days than ours, Lord Lansdowne would have risked impeachment.

But they have betrayed the essential genius of our institutions. "In the main," says Professor Lowell, "the [constitutional] conventions are observed because they are a code of honor. They are, as it were, the rules of the game, and the single class in the community which has hitherto had the conduct of English public life almost entirely in its hands, is the very class that is peculiarly sensitive to obligation of this kind."* British democracy has now every reason for abandoning its faith in the public honor of this ruling class. It has done what the monarchy has not done since the days of George III.: it has used formal rights to destroy constitutional rights, to upset representative government, to break up ministries, to lay waste a vast, historic domain of popular privilege.

Why have the Lords done this? They have hardly ventured to argue the constitutional case, boldly alleging their formal right of rejecting any bill presented to them, as if it covered the special case of finance, ignoring the distinction between what is legal and what is constitutional, and in the platform defences of men like Lord Curzon affirming the superiority of the hereditary to the representative principle, or even, with Lord Salisbury, directly challenging the existing privileges of the Commons. No more revolutionary language has ever been used in British politics; but its implication—that a violent act is its own excuse—is more revolutionary still.

There was, indeed, one possible line of constitutional argument open to the peers. This was that the Budget was an example of the old practice of "tacking" to a finance bill matter "foreign to" or "different from" it. Against this method of stretching the privileges of the Commons on finance, so as to cover the whole field of legislation, the House of Lords protected itself by a famous resolution, passed in 1702, as a protection against a dubious bill dealing with the political status of revenue

* *The Government of England*, vol. i, pp. 12, 13.

officers. They not only passed it, but they acted on it by rejecting a number of loosely drawn or even "omnibus" bills which, nominally dealing with taxation, were also or even mainly concerned with the regulation of trade. No such character attached to Mr. Lloyd George's budget, or could, in the nature of things, attach to any finance bill. Every clause in it aimed at taxation, and only at taxation. True, it made provision for the valuation of land. But without that provision, the land taxes could not have been levied. Conscious, therefore, that the "tacking" argument was worthless the opposition, both in the Lords and the Commons, practically ignored it. No motion was made to omit a clause on the plea that it was a "tack." The Speaker of the House of Commons was never once appealed to on this ground. When the bill came to the Lords, the only form of motion adopted was one which killed the whole bill at a stroke; and within a month of its rejection, Lord Curzon was arguing that, if the hereditary peerage were incompetent to touch finance, they were "incompetent to touch anything."

A more persistent line of defence was that the land taxes were "socialistic" and "revolutionary" in character. In effect these words proved to be little more than epithets of abuse. Lord St. Aldwyn, the only ex-Chancellor of eminence left to the much-depleted Tory party, denied the relevance of either of them, and the *Quarterly Review*, the historic organ of old English Toryism, thought them excessive. The taxes were novel, but the arguments for them were thoroughly familiar to the public, and had been stated on hundreds of platforms. Nearly three hundred of our municipalities had declared for the rating of land values, and a Tory House of Commons had passed a resolution in favor of the principle. Nearly seventy years ago, Cobden proposed a revaluation of all the land of the country, and thought that twenty million sterling

might be accounted a fair annual yield from taxes levied on that basis.

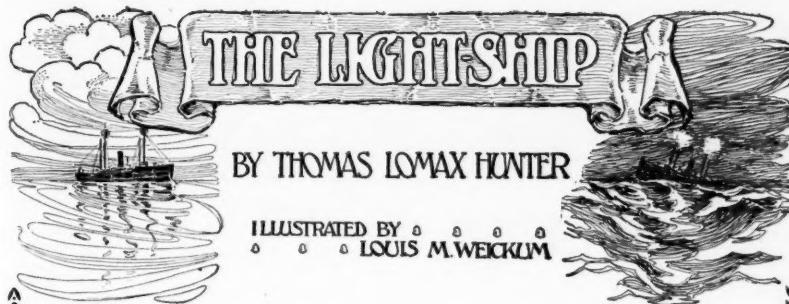
So far as Mr. Lloyd George's actual scheme was concerned, he had ample precedents for all that was apparently new in it. The tax on undeveloped land in the neighborhood of towns had been proposed by the Royal Commission on Housing, whose report bore the signature of the King, then Prince of Wales. The tax on increments in land values the Chancellor took from the many great German cities that have adopted it. The proposal for the separate assessment of site values was drawn from the American states and cities and from the Australasian colonies. Where was the "Socialism" or the "Revolution" in these experiments?

There was none; and the taxes would have been so gradual in their incidence that for the next few years their yield would have been small. Their real crime, and the crime of the super-tax on high incomes and of the new graduation of death duties, was very different. They taxed wealth, and above all they taxed land. The House of Lords consists of rich men, and especially of landlords. They were determined that land should not be taxed; and the revival of Protection has once more opened the eyes of the owners of seventeen million acres of land to the possibility of taxing food. The popularity of the Budget had greatly alarmed the Protectionist party. It was their urgent interest to prevent the setting up of a steadily developing machinery of land taxation, which bade fair to cover even the exorbitant demands of modern government without recourse to a tariff. At once Mr. Chamberlain signalled from Birmingham that he "hoped" the Lords would see their way to "force" a general election. The Protectionist organization was set to work. A deliberately engineered vote on conscription, in which the leader in the Lords was ignominiously defeated by his own followers, warned Lord Lansdowne that he must take his orders from the Protectionist camp.

A second ally was found in the liquor trade, enraged at the high scale of liquor and license duties which Mr. George had adopted as the Liberal alternative to food taxes. The two main instruments of Tory electioneering having joined policies, the hands of the leaders were forced, and thenceforward their only task was to find excuses for a predetermined course.

The House of Lords, said Bagehot, are "biased revisers." They are also ignorant revisers. Of the 350 peers who voted against the Budget between sixty and seventy are fairly well known to the public either for average or for superior merit. The rest are nobodies, most of them habitual absentees, drummed up for the occasion. Such was the vote by which the labors of the Commons were overborne. If the foregoing statement of facts approaches the truth, it is not necessary to discuss their pretended "reference" to the electors of the Budget of 1909. It is no more possible to make a complicated scheme of taxes the subject of a *plebiscite* than it is to create in the House of Lords the atmosphere of impartial revision. During the last four years they have rejected or mutilated seventeen Liberal bills. During the preceding ten they passed every Tory bill submitted to them. Their last act establishes the hereditary House as the supreme arbiter of Liberal governments, pressing down its thumb from the moment when the hated combatant enters the arena. In order to make good this purpose, they have snatched from the Crown the right of dissolution on ministerial advice (or on very rare occasions without it); from the Commons the supreme control of finance, asserted by a continuous and strengthening catena of acts and resolutions since the reign of Henry IV. (1407) and carrying with it the control of the Executive; from the people the ability to elect representatives fully competent to legislate and to tax. Thus the British Constitution is maimed and broken in its cardinal

point of ministerial responsibility to the House of Commons, acting through the majority; and its majestic rule of age-long custom, attesting the good-sense, placability and honorable steadfastness of the people and their representative men, falls to the ground. All this has been done by action which is at once grossly partisan and deeply tainted with personal interests, and which, on the plea of averting revolution, aims at change in the fiscal system of the British Empire, amounting to a convulsion in our commerce. The British Constitution must now in the main be a written one, securing by definite legislative precautions the two points of undivided supremacy for the Commons in finance, and of reasonable superiority in legislation. Both principles are implicit in its spirit and its forms. The House of Lords has never been regarded as equi-potent with the Commons. The notion of its supremacy in finance is mere treason to the State. On both issues the Liberal party is united and determined. If it wins the coming election, as it is bound to win, its leaders will take no responsibility, not even for the crippled finance of the year, unless the Crown can guarantee the continuance in the main of the old lines of government. A perfectly constitutional remedy, approved in the case of the Reform Act of 1832, and tried on a previous occasion, exists for overcoming the resistance of the Lords. The creation of peers is, as Professor Dicey shows, the counterpart to a general election for the Commons. It is the only way of bringing the two Houses into harmony without an immediate and arbitrary change in the present membership of the Lords, such as the withholding of the writ of summons from some peers, and the granting it to a selected few, would imply. When this cure for the Revolution of the peers has been enforced the balance of forces in the Constitution will have been restored, and their harmonious development once more assured.



They chained me fast in sight of land,
On a stark, unkindly coast;
They set a torch within my hand
To guide the homing host.
In torment of the harrying tide,
A-fret at my anchor chain,
While shark-tooth reefs behind me hide,
I front the hostile main;
But jeopardy of reef and sea
Are perils lightly borne—
My chief distress is loneliness,
Unspeakable, forlorn.

When summer days are calm and clear,
And the sea is bare of sail,
My fate seems hardest and most drear,
My life of least avail.
The distant surf-boom all the day
Sings, siren-like, of land,
The gossip sea-breeze talks alway
Of some enchanted strand.
With roll and dip, an idle ship,
I wait the long day's end
Through hours so dull the glancing gull
Is welcomed as a friend.

But when the blinding norther blows,
With icy, inky rains,
A sense of service through me glows
To recompense my pains.
I hear the groping liner scream
Her menace through the night,
And I cleave the dark with sudden gleam
To set the wanderer right.
The liner prays for friendly bays;
My prayer is quickly told—
That the great hawse-chain may bear the strain
And the mushroom anchor hold.



"AT MORN THE SHIPS GO CURTSYING BY"

If the chain hold fast till night-clouds fly
And the norther's strength be spent,
At morn the ships go curtsying by
To every continent;
The crawling, blunt-bowed freighter,
The liner tall and lean,
To all the world to cater,
They ply the ports between.
Man and his prize of merchandise
They bear to every goal,
And I can see their scorn of me,
Poor idler of the shoal.

I let my fettered heart aspire
To romance of far seas ;
To phosphorous-gleaming wakes of fire
And spicy tropic breeze.
My soul is filled with wonder
Of what the traveller meets
Across the world and under,
In babble of strange streets.
Though bounden slave to those who brave
The treacherous ocean's ire,
The free ship brings a hint of things
That quickens my desire.

An ocean outpost shunned and lone,
Poor thing misnamed a ship,
The venturing argosies have flown
Beneath the horizon's dip ;
While I am fuming at my chain
They will come bravely back,
Some with a rich, a goodly gain,
Some with a loss, alack !
But though they be in the utmost sea,
At a sail's most distant flight,
They are more near to the harbor pier
Than I at my chain to-night.

I am not built for beauty,
With the speed-line's splendid grace ;
My port is the port of Duty,
My place to keep my place ;
To smother all desire,
To conquer all regret,
To wait and never tire,
To watch and ne'er forget ;
To be forgot when the storm is not,
And shunned when the storm is high,
And to see the barque I saved in the dark
In the day go heedless by.

THE SWORD IN THE MOUNTAINS

By ALICE MACGOWAN

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT EDWARDS

CHAPTER VII

THE THREE HORSEMEN

The rain came down sullenly, persistently, striking with a shattered flutter of sound on the forest leafage, falling with a deadened "pfutt!" on the bottomless, tough red mud of the road. The Cumberlands, sitting humped like braves at a pow-wow, seemed to shrug indifferent shoulders beneath their furred blankets of April green. Night was falling, but the rain whose subsidence at sunset had been promised changed merely to gusts of half-condensed vapor, out of which passing figures loomed with an effect of unreality. Two men plodding with bent heads up the Jasper road, held on doggedly.

"If I thought he'd be in Chattanooga to-morrow—Gosh, we've got to have some place to stay to-night!" muttered the slighter and elder of the pair.

"That's all right,"—his companion, a broad-shouldered, German-looking boy, offered the humble formula of cheer. "We got the name of a good old Secesh on the top of the ridge. We'll sleep there. They told me you could see the town from the bluffs above here. We'll look before we jump—hey?"

"Hold on," cautioned the other, as horses' hoofs became audible behind them. A watery sunset was turning the fog to dun gold, and out of this pale splendor of mist rode three men, the foremost extraordinarily tall, mounted on a big, raw-boned farm horse, which yet showed the wind and capacity of a mountain-bred animal, riding with his bared head raised, the rain gemming a mop of incredible yellow curls, while a hawk's eyes of blue fire searched the

way ahead. His companions had their slouch hats drawn down low, and their collars turned up about the neck to avoid the wet. All three carried at their saddle-horns coiled ropes, and sat their mounts with the wild free grace which was even then beginning to be understood as belonging to the cattle handler of the great western plains.

It was April of 1862. Leadbetter's hand was heavy on the East Tennessee loyalists. Maxey's troops were in Chattanooga, the Second Tennessee Cavalry was there being organized, and the hills about the little town were so dominated by gray-coated riders that the side with which a wayfarer might judiciously profess sympathy was a foregone conclusion.

"Hello!" the yellow-haired vanguard hailed the two mud-smothered pedestrians. "Where you bound for? Where'd you come from?"

"Fleming County, Kentucky—bound for Chattanooga," answered the taller man, leaving the boy somewhat in the shadow of his shoulder.

"Loyal?" The big fair man shot out the single word of inquiry, leaning forward a bit in his saddle, studying the men in front of him in the road. That one who had answered him returned the inspection more covertly, taking in the tattered, brownish-gray uniform of the dashing figure, and its informal military equipment.

"Too darned loyal for Fleming County," he returned with a short laugh. "The Kentucky Legislature's gone in with the Lincoln Government, and passed a law that anybody that skedaddles South to join the Confederacy ain't a citizen of Kentucky any more. Well, damn it all, who wants to be? When a man's State goes back on him, it's no shame for



Drawn by Robert Edwards

See page 749

"POOR COUSIN VESP!" SHE MURMURED, HALF UNCONSCIOUSLY

him to go back on it—ain't that so?—ain't that so?"

"For God's sake let's keep a-movin'!" urged one of the mounted men, who showed a pair of wrathful black eyes under his hat-brim. "What do you want to stand gassin' here for, with every fool you can halt on the road, you Champ Seacrest?"

The big, fair man paid no attention whatever to his companion's ill-humor.

"Catch on, boys," he said to the two weary stragglers, poking forward a toe and indicating his stirrup-leather. The older of the two gratefully accepted the proffered help. "You take him," and a backward toss of the blond head suggested that the boy secure a similar privilege with the ill-tempered man of the black eyes.

As they toiled up the unspeakable road, whose tenacious dark-red soil had the clinging quality of tar, with almost the weight of lead, the man who walked at the blond rider's knee seemed to feel the necessity for speech laid upon him. Twice he looked up into the face above him, parted his lips, swallowed a bit, and, dropping chin on breast, remained silent. It was the horseman who finally spoke first.

"Going down to join Maxey's men?" he inquired. "Ever see anything of soldiering before? He needs help to wallop those raw recruits into shape. Not more'n half of 'em got any guns, yet."

"Oh, we want to enlist," the man in the road assured the speaker with a certain haste; "but I thought we'd—well, we talked about going a little farther south. They say there's lots of fighting down around Corinth. You belong to one of Maxey's regiments?"

"No—Eighth Texas Rangers, all three of us. We're detailed up here. Been gathering horses for Captain Morgan. Want to jine the Cavalry?"

He looked down humorously at the plodding figure in the mud. The boy who trudged in the rear, holding to the dark-browed one's stirrup-leather, heard the inquiry.

"Golly, yes!" he exploded. "B'lieve I'd join anything, to get out o' this mud."

"Joe Wheeler's 'Ragged and Reckless' are in Middle Tennessee," suggested Seacrest. "They can ride some and fight some; but Morgan needs the men, and you're from old Kaintuck, same as he is—why not join him? They're going to make him colonel of the new regiment; then I reckon we boys'll go back to the old Eighth, unless it comes to us."

The black-eyed man had loosed the coiled rope at his saddle-horn, formed a running noose in its end, and, with the loop swinging free in his right hand, rode crouched a little forward, scanning the wet wayside bushes intently, where showed, from time to time, the lean face and pathetic eyes of a slinking hound. The creature was running mute.

"Drop back there with that other feller," he said gruffly to the boy beside him. "You git in the way of my rope."

They were emerging upon the broad, flat top of Walden's Ridge. The rain-laden mist was thinned here; the evening light showed the five men to each other with more detail, and Seacrest turned and surveyed his followers. The man who had spoken was mounted on a mule; an admixture of Spanish or Mexican blood was apparent in the dark countenance, with its prominent lower jaw, overgrown with short, scrubby beard, its passionate black eyes, and the stiff shock of coarse black hair which showed beneath the cavalry hat.

"Martinez," the tall man said to him, in a quiet voice, "if you've got the sense you was born with you'll let those dogs alone."

"You go to hell," returned the Spaniard negligently. At the moment he spoke, the hound advanced incautiously, giving tongue for the first time, in a series of yaps, half terror, half truculence. Martinez's rope left his skilled fingers as though it had been a thing of life intent upon a mission of its own. Springily, swiftly,

it shot forward in its coils; the loop spread out above the dog, and, as he made one astonished bound, head and fore-paws went squarely through it, and the yelping creature was caught up and whirled after the rider.

"By golly!" said the German boy, hanging at the third rider's side, staring in amazement. "Did you ever see the beat o' that?"

The road here was somewhat better, and Martinez would now have put his mule to a gallop, had Seacrest not set his big horse head-and-tail across the narrow way, jerking the footman at his stirrup almost loose in his sudden evolution.

"What's the use of acting like a devil?" he inquired with some exasperation. "Who wants a bullet in his back—or a knife? Let the dog go, Mart, or I'll cut your rope."

For a moment, the face the Spaniard turned upon his companion was one of senseless fury. "You cut my rope, and I'll—" he began stormily. Then something in the depths of the tragic black eyes seemed to soften, to melt. With a sudden break that was almost like laughter in his voice, he finished: "Take your hawse out o' my way, you Champ! What *you* got to say about it?"

"I've got this to say," the big man answered soberly, as he sheathed the knife he had open in his hand, since the yelping hound had scrambled free of the slackened snare, and now, silent, aghast, tail between legs, scurried home, to tell his fellows under some porch or hut-floor of this strange new method of warfare he had encountered; "you and me and Sampson travel together, Mart. What one of us does, the other two have got to stand for—ain't that so, Sampson?"

The third horseman, a lank, silent individual on a diminutive, flea-bitten gray, nodded with an inarticulate grunt of assent, and the leader concluded with some vehemence.

"Well, the people in these mountains think mighty near as much of their dogs as they do of themselves. I know it was so when I used to live here. In those days, if you'd roped

my dog and dragged it to death, by the Lord, I'd have found a way to strangle *you*!"

"Uh-huh," returned Martinez, scarcely lifting his sombre eyes from the rope he was coiling back on his saddle. "Gits your fightin' blood up, don't it? That's what I'm after. Think as much o' their dogs as they do of their young uns—if the folks would put their brats out, I'd just as soon rope them. No difference to me. We strive to please, as the committee at the *baile* always says. You look mighty nigh as pretty as a gal when you get good and mad, Champ."

With speechless indignation, the big man rose in his stirrups and lunged toward his outspoken admirer. The pedestrian at his stirrup floundered once for all to the road's edge and sat down on a bank to watch the mounted scuffle which ensued. To eastern eyes, the display of horsemanship was marvellous. Martinez dropped down behind his mule, leaving but a leg across the saddle to support him, and hung there, defended from the blows of his assailant. Seacrest handled his ungainly steed in the narrow space with consummate skill, and, sweeping in unexpectedly behind the mule, suddenly administered to Martinez the kind of chastisement a mother applies with a slipper.

"You fool boys get on out of this road," Sampson admonished the pair of them, speaking for the first time. "Your beasts have enough work without your takin' it out of 'em this way. Whoo-ee!"

He had silently detached the hold of the boy footing it beside him, and with a yell he launched his insignificant gray nag squarely at the other two. The animal came on at a curious cat-hop, yet with an air of intending to respond adequately to any demands that might be made of it. With a screech of consternation, Martinez once more threw himself flat. Seacrest swerved his mount from the road, almost riding down the men afoot; and the sorry little gray, rising to the lift on the bit, cleared mule and rider at a flying leap, alighting

in a tremendous splatter of mud, and pelting away, still with that curious triangular gait of a lame dog.

"By George—you fellers can ride!" said the boy enviously, when the small caravan was once more organized and moving. "Can all the Texas Cavalry handle horses like that?"

The big man looked over his shoulder and laughed. "Do they?" he bantered his companions.

They were making better speed now, along a level road, and Martinez began to grumble about being held back for the foot-men.

"Going to try to make it to Chattanooga to-night?" the big fair man finally inquired.

"Well—no," hesitated the elder of the pedestrians. "We thought we'd ask for lodging at the house of a man named Seacrest up here on the top of the ridge. Ain't that what they called you? Is he any relation of yours?"

"Vespasian Seacrest?" demanded the leader. "You, from Kentucky, going to enlist with the Confederate troops, and looking for Vespasian Seacrest's house? No, he's no relation of mine. And he's the damndest old Abolitionist in these mountains."

With that he shook himself free, and put his horse smartly ahead. The elder of the pedestrians turned uneasily to the two remaining horsemen.

"Why, it was Taylor Seacrest, the merchant at Jasper, that told us he had a brother living up here on Walden's Ridge," he said. "Taylor Seacrest was mighty good to us—give the boy there a pair of shoes."

Sampson laughed a little.

"I reckon the Seacrest brothers ain't the first two that's been one on each side of this fence," he returned briefly.

"I hardly know what to do," hesitated the man in the middle of the road, looking from one rider to the other. "They—they certainly told us down at Jasper that Seacrest was Secesh—and that he'd help men along that were going to enlist."

"Not them that are going to enlist

in the Confederate army, I reckon," observed Sampson dryly, and added, with a sort of good-natured mimicry of the other's tone and manner: "They certainly lied to you. Old man Seacrest's got the name of running a station on the underground railway that gets men through to Lincoln."

The horsemen held back, impatient to be gone; the two on foot looked dazedly about them.

"Well—what's he mad about?" faltered the boy, gazing down the muddy road where the big fair man's tall figure disappeared in the falling shadows.

"Seacrest the abolitionist is his father—and he's ashamed of it." It was Martinez's voice made the statement. "Down that road the old devil lives. Aw, it can't hurt to try him—maybe he'll treat you white. We've lammed 'em into pretty good shape. G'wan and try him—tell 'im John Morgan'll come up and settle the bill if he don't do you right. Adios!" And the two put spurs to their tired mounts, swept around their late charges, and left them standing bewildered where a rutty track led off into the forest.

When, nearly an hour later, just upon the edge of the dusk, the wayfarers stopped at Vespasian Seacrest's lighted door, asking his hospitality in the name of the Southern Confederacy, a big voice bayed out from the interior, demanding to know their business, breaking in upon Salomy's negotiations. The old man had got to the fighting stage of his illness, and he sat propped up in the great four-poster bed, provided with a long stick to thump the floor and call in Delora or Salomy Jane as he might need them. His face was gaunt with suffering, white and sagged, while the burning dark eyes roved irately from side to side. He was in a mood to have quarrelled with the most welcome visitant—what luck could a couple of recruits plodding down to join Maxey expect?

"You tell them fellers that I roof no man that's aimin' to fight against his country," Vespasian roared. "Let

'em look at the old flag that I've got here over my bed. Hit was the flag my captain give to me becaze I carried it up the heights the day we stormed Chapultepec. Them that fights under hit I fight with. They can take their raw-head and bloody-bones Secesh flag out'n my house. Stars and bars—I say stars and bars! I bet the stars is ashamed of the company they're caught in."

"Hit's a mighty bad night to turn anybody from the door—friend or foe," Salomy Jane whimpered. "Besides, them there fellers might bring back others to do ye a meanness. You'll never miss the bite they'll eat. They's a little chunky one with sandy hair that 'minds me o' Champ."

Vespasian glared at her. The naming of his son in connection with a Confederate soldier seemed to him wanton insult. Before his angry stare the old woman shrank and took herself out of the room. He was still grumbling when Delora brought his supper in, and Salomy Jane came back, a bit out of breath, to regard him furtively, like a child that has been in mischief.

Her employer's eyes followed her with a sarcastic amusement in their depths, which yet held something truthful, as she hesitated from one thing to another, putting his room to rights.

"Nemmire, S'lomy," he said at length. "I know mighty well whar ye been at, an' what ye been doin'. Cain't fool me."

"What I done, I done for the best," the old woman protested, the wall-eye flickering like the agitated index of a grocer's scale. "I reckon I ain't got much sense. But speakin' a good word now and agin, to each and every, I aim to keep the house from bein' burned over our heads."

CHAPTER VIII

FATHER AND SON

Vespasian was better, and worse: the long spring rains aggravated his

rheumatism, but the women got him finally moved to a chair, and with the help of Abel Mims, who came over every evening to do a turn at nursing, they managed fairly well. One evening, Mims brought in the news of the taking of those bridge-burners who have gone down in history as the Andrews Raiders, and after some little talk, Vespasian recognized that the two men whom he had turned with hard words from his door that wretched April evening were two of these daring souls. The old man's self-reproach was pitiful. Delora was absent, having started down to the Foster place at the foot of the ridge to get some medicine which Mandy Foster had promised to have brought out from the military hospital at Chattanooga. He looked about him for comfort, and found none. He declared that, had he known who the men were, he would have got up, sick as he was, and volunteered to go with them and guide them, since a person who knew well the country might have helped them through. In the midst of his self-reproach, came a tapping at the window, the signal Champ had used in his boyhood. Salomy recognized it and, hurrying out, searched for the one who had so signalled.

Meantime, Delora, out in the night, was finding that she had her hands full. Through a week and more of daily riding, handling and cajoling, she and the black colt had come to be friends; yet a night trip on Coley was enough to daunt even a good horseman, and the girl felt that she had all she could manage as she left the home place behind her. The struggle between her and Coley was, from the moment he shot out of the gate at a thundering gallop, one which taxed every fibre of body and mind so that she had little space for fear other than that he gave her.

And oh, it was a relief to be out on the road, going somewhere! She had felt the past ten days of furtive housing more than she realized at the time. If she met Champ now the chances were good for her going

past him in the dark, unrecognized. Champ—the thought that rose up with her in the morning, and followed her through all the humble household tasks with which she sought to fill her days so full as to leave no room for it, that drove sleep from her pillow, or haunted her dreams. Vespasian being disabled, and Mims a sorry substitute, Delora had attempted even some of the lighter farm work, but fear of a meeting half-dreaded, half-longed-for, drove her in from the fields, and set her trembling whenever the thud of horses' feet or the jingle of accoutrements passed on the high-road.

She met not one living soul throughout that boisterous ride, and came in unbelievably quick time—somewhat bruised and shaken from the plunging, down-hill going—to the Foster place near the foot of the ridge. After a little cautious delay, they admitted her to the living-room where Cale and his wife sat, the children safely abed, the batten shutters closed over the windows. She had been thinking all the way down that she must ask the smith if he would look at Coley's feet.

"He's not been used anywhere but in the pasture and around on some of the woods-roads, before to-night," she told Cale, as he got ready his lantern and prepared to take the colt over to the smithy. "As soon as I can, I'll fetch him down here to be shod; but it's bound to be a big job to get the shoes on him first time, and I wish you'd see if you think he's taking any great harm without 'em."

When the two women were alone together, with the sleeping children in the beds, Mandy brought out the bottle of medicine.

"Oh, lawzy, yes, they let us have it—after so long a time," she complained. "Ye know the river's up somethin' turrible, an' look like we never would git across in that old ferry, to begin with. Then they made sech a work about the medicine that I was skeered we would n't git it. And I went up to Mrs. Winchester's

and she sent Evelyn Belle over to the hospital with me. Them doctors handed it out quick to the gal. I do think Evelyn Belle Winchester is the sweetest thing I ever seen. Looks like she gets prettier ever' day she lives; and beaux—!"

Gaunt, ill-favored, middle aged, but humble daughter of a beauty-worshipping race, a land of love and lovers and sentiment avowed, Mandy broke off in an ecstasy of admiration, hands and eyes upflung.

"I think she's mighty pretty," Delora assented briefly. "It was good of her to go over and get the medicine for Cousin Vesp. I wonder if she'd 'a' done it if she'd known who it was for."

"Well," suggested Mandy with a significant smile, "I reckon the name of Seacrest is right favorite with Miss Evelyn Belle Winchester, these days and times." She glanced up and caught Delora's astonished look. "The good Lord! I 'lowed you-all knew that Champ Seacrest is down in Chattanooga, a rider in one of them thar critter companies from Texas. They do say that he's crazier than anybody about Evelyn Belle. I'm told that he nigh about lives at the house. I seen him thar myse'f—though I never got speech with him—a fine, upstanding feller, sort of sandy complected like the Fains. My land, Delora! I reckoned you-all knew, and that he'd been up to see you. Is his Pap mad at him for going with the Confederacy?"

Delora got slowly to her feet, the bottle of medicine clutched in both hands. Of course, she had known all along that Champ was down in Chattanooga, and that the neighbors and friends would hear of it, would see him, and speak of it; but somehow when the thing came, it seemed unbearable—unthinkable.

"Poor Cousin Vesp!" she murmured half unconsciously. "Poor Cousin Vesp!"

"Don't he know it yet?" inquired Mandy, her tone a strange mingling of pity and childish curiosity. Heaven knows the appetite for gossip

might well have been satiated in these grim times that bred dissension between the nearest and dearest, these conditions that allowed no concealment, no evasion, but thrust into publicity the dark neighborhood drama, the poor sordid little comedy of cowardice or greed, the abrupt, appalling family catastrophe. But Mandy Foster scanned the girl's face with eager eyes.

"Me an' Cale was a-talking about it coming home," she said. "He 'lowed that Champ had been up to his Pap's, becaze he had seen him passing on the road some several times. He said Vesp and the boy was liable to have words over it. An' yet—blood's thicker 'n water."

"Oh, me, Mandy, don't say a word more!" cried Delora at last, turning away and laying her hand upon the door latch. "Cousin Vesp won't own that he has a son at all, when he hears of this—don't I know?"

"Well, it won't be the first father and son that this war has parted in anger," sighed the Foster woman. "There's hard feelings enough in Pappy's family. Oh, my good Lord—these days—these days!" and with the mountain woman's stoicism, she turned aside and furtively wiped her eyes. Mandy's father, Creed Bivens, had turned his youngest son out of doors for voicing an intention of joining the Federal troops. The boy went north by one of those mysterious routes upon which Delora herself well knew how to forward recruits for Lincoln's army, and had fallen at Bull Run. News of it, and a little Bible he carried in his pocket, was all that ever came home to them.

"We've every one of us got our troubles," Delora said in a low voice. "I only hope that Champ and his father may never meet—and that's an awful thing to say when a body remembers how poor Cousin Vesp has saved and talked and planned for the time when his boy would come home." She stood a moment, choked with the recollections, and across her mind swept the unregarded words concerning Champ and Evelyn Belle

Winchester. A sudden flush dyed her cheek. "Let him stay with his own kind," she burst out. "I reckon we can live without him—but there don't many folks know how Cousin Vesp has loved his son."

Uneasy, watching every shadow the lantern cast, Cale and Mandy yet sped their guest with the deathless courtesy and hospitality of their kind, Cale leading up the colt, and both husband and wife helping to see Delora mounted, with her precious medicine bottle carefully bestowed.

"Good-bye, Delory. You'll make it, all right," Mandy called after the girl softly, and with a sort of covert sympathy and tenderness. Then the Fosters went in and shut their door.

Coley, offended at the wait he had been forced to endure, leaped away angrily on the homeward road.

Headless of his plunges, Delora, clinging mutely in the saddle, bent so low that her forehead almost touched her knee, her shoulders heaved, and the little packet of medicine which she carried in her lap rather than risk it knocking against the side of the saddle was wet with warm, salt drops.

The first short slope, Coley took at a gallop; down its slight northern descent he raced at a keen run, slew-ing past the abrupt cliffs and clattering into the creek bed with a formidable rattling which must have proclaimed her approach to any who were abroad that night. But Delora seemed the only one on the road, and she had time for thought. When the main climb of the ridge began, Coley went to it in a spendthrift fashion which left him breathed and ready to submit to discipline before a third of the way was accomplished. It was near ten o'clock when girl and horse emerged on the top of the ridge, and got some light from the late rising moon, which, though still below the horizon, yet somewhat mitigated the darkness.

Obedient as a sheep, Coley trotted the remainder of the way, or went at a comfortable canter, not even shying, and paused at the pool of

deeper blackness around the roots of the great white oak before the gate. Delora, studying the house in the obscurity, was astonished and somewhat uneasy to see light at chink and crevice, and to observe a spark or two above the chimney. It was warm enough to make no fire needed on the hearth-stone, except for cheer, and these sparks could only mean that Salomy Jane was cooking at this hour for somebody.

With cautious haste she hurried the colt down to the log barn—if there were soldiers in the house, the black colt was best kept out of sight. She pulled off saddle and bridle, and, throwing these on the floor, noosed a halter over his head and led him into a thicket where she tethered him. Then, as cautiously, she returned to the house.

In the wall, near the chimney, was a small batten door which Vespasian had put in place during the last year. It opened onto the threshing floor porch that was between the room in which he lay and the main body of the house. By going through it, one could get to the ladder and so into the loft. Nobody discussed the use of this door, yet everyone was aware that in case of attack, a hunted man would have one more chance, if he took refuge in the room from which it made an exit. Tiptoeing cautiously across the puncheons of the porch Delora slipped careful fingers in and loosened the pin which held this door. She was aware that ordinarily the aperture would be in shadow, and hoped that she might peer in without herself being seen. At the worst, she could enter that way.

Gently she swung the little door ajar. Something thick and heavy hung over it, to within twelve or fifteen inches of the floor—Vespasian's big dark cloak. She stooped and looked under. For a moment she was dazzled by the light and unable to see anything, but she realized that the hearing might be more important than the seeing. The oblong slice of the room within her field of vision contained only the legs of the

table, and Salomy Jane's feet and gown-edge as she passed to and fro about the hearth. Yes, she was making coffee. Delora could smell it. And the sound of voices reached her now with fair distinctness—her cousin Vesp's, Salomy Jane's, and, strangely enough, that of Abel Mims, with a deeper tone than any of these, a tone that had the resonance of a viol. Its vibrations sent a pang of actual physical anguish through her heart.

"They call 'em ranches out thar," Vespasian was explaining to the school-teacher. "As level as a floor they air—and a heap leveller than some o' these here puncheon floors in the mountains, I reckon. Good, rich land, the boy tells me, all to be had for the asking. Uncle Sam gives it to ye. Champ's got a big one of his own out thar—takes a big one for a feller the len'th o' him."

With a sense of mystification, Delora heard the old man's fond words, and the little laugh that followed them.

"Government land. Uh-huh," Abel Mims assented. "Government land. But—but s'pose a feller fights the Government, who does he get the land from?"

"Fights the Government!" echoed Vespasian, with a rising note of irritation in his voice. "Who named anything about fighting the Government, Mr. Mims? My son ain't yet twenty-one—he's barely risin' twenty; but he's a-going to volunteer to defend his country and uphold that Government that has given him his—his ranch. And by the Lord, if I can ever crawl up from this rheumatism, I'll volunteer and fight beside him!"

A strange hush followed the words. In it Delora could hear the drum of the blood in her ears. The suspense and uncertainty were insupportable. Cautiously she raised the edge of the cloak and drew its lower corner aside so that she could see almost the whole room.

Vespasian Seacrest sat in the great chair which he himself had made,

after the mountain fashion, out of boards. It was cushioned with one quilt, and another one was spread across his knees, giving him a sort of state.

At the hearth-stone knelt Salomy Jane, plainly uneasy, twisting about anxiously to watch her employer's face. Abel Mims, turning his hat foolishly in his hands, stood in the middle of the room, evidently prepared to go.

But it was upon the fourth figure that Delora's gaze settled and stayed. There, backed quite against the farthest, smoke-stained wall, was Champ, his great stature looming almost colossal, the firelight and the candle shine bright on the clear gold of his hair, his blue eyes going from face to face, in resentment, in pity, in distress, never in fear. Yet, though there was nothing akin to fear in those eyes, he wore the strangest look—a man on the defensive—at bay.

"Why don't you tell him, and be done with it?" Mims broke out finally in febrile terror of the situation. "What did you come here for, anyway, you, in John Morgan's cavalry, a-hoping to keep fair weather with your daddy that has been an Abolitionist since I have knowned him?"

Again that sick pause, and Delora held her breath, the little phial of medicine pressed hard against her breast, her eyes dragged sometimes from the angry young face to the gray old one, full of the awful fear that the Confederate's word had planted.

She could see how, in that moment of silence, father and son mutely interrogated each other. Without words, the question was asked and answered, the accusation made, and flung back in the face of the accuser. Then Vespasian's voice, thick with despair, choked with bitter wrath, scarcely to be recognized, broke the silence.

"John Morgan's cavalry!"

"No," returned the son, sullenly, "the Eighth Texas Rangers, sir. Not that it makes any difference. I

reckon the Eighth Texas Rangers is as loyal to the Confederacy as ever Morgan's men dared to be." He swept them all with an angry, accusing glance. "I never aimed to fool anybody about it. Good Lord! I've got my uniform on—are you blind?"

It was true; only the gaze of such a one as Salomy Jane, and the fevered, half-distraught vision of a sick man, could have missed the Confederate gray, soaked, stained, mud-splashed though it was.

"A rebel—a dirty secessionist!" came from the old man in a sort of whistling groan. The young fellow's color rose a bit, and his eye shone at the epithets.

"I went with my people and my State," he said, constraining himself strongly. "Any decent man does that. And I will remind you, sir, that I did n't choose to meet you to-night. What reason had I to suppose this was your home?" and he pointed an accusing forefinger at his father. "When I left the mountains—she—Delora Glenn lived here. She was the last human being I saw here—the only one I said good-bye to. I promised her I would come back. I did n't expect to see any of you. I—I was outside, and Salomy Jane came out and pulled me in here."

The face of the old woman at the fire had been twisting like that of a child whose hands are slapped. With the last words, she began to drag herself across the floor on her knees, apparently not daring to rise and walk lest she attract the attention and the wrath of her employer.

"Oh, honey—honey, child!" she begged, when at last she reached the tall figure and could cling about its knees. "Don't ye speak ugly to your Pappy. He's a mighty good man. Few knows the goodness that's in him. He ain't a-going to be hard on you. Vesp!" she cried out from where she crouched, using in this stress the name she had left for others, and perhaps—who knows!—carried secretly in her heart to the throne of grace in her prayers; "oh, Vesp, he's come back to you!

Champ has come back. Ye can't be hard on him."

"No!" roared the sick man, rear-ing himself in his chair and glaring at the visitor. "It's no son of mine that's come back a traitor. Let him leave the devils that he's training with now—let him quit the Secesh—and I'll acknowledge him—but not before. Let him leave them, or get out of my house."

Be it remembered that this was the harsh father against whom Champ's sore, boyish heart had hoarded long bitterness, fomented always and added to by the Fains; this was the man from whom he had expected nothing but hate, whom he had always vaguely promised himself he would go back to humili-ate and overthrow. No imaginable reception could quite have undone the work of ten plastic years. His smooth, fair young face set itself in a sneer as fierce, as vindictive, as his father's own.

"Your house," he repeated. "Your house? This house and this farm belong to Delora Glenn. I talked to Clay Hickerson about it no longer ago than day before yesterday, and if Delora had her rights you would be turned out of it."

For the third time came the silence which supervened when words were not in which to voice the situation of affairs. Vespa's glare of wrath and shame and dread went the round of his visible world. Salomy Jane sank in a heap, and fumbled at her skirt for something to wipe her eyes with. Abel Mims shrank together till he seemed actually less in bulk and stature. The poor timid soul inter-ro gated the depths of his hat like a crystal gazer staring in a pool of ink. Evidently what he saw there was black enough. It was Delora who broke the silence.

"Shame on you!" she cried out, tearing the cloak from its peg, fling-ing the little door back, and th---ing in a face which glowed with rem-tment. There was in it, too, some-thing that spoke of self-distrust, of the loud beat of drums which covers

the fear of an ill-defended citadel.

They all wheeled toward her, as toward the pivot on which this scene might turn. She stepped into the room, resolute, half disdainful of the lover of Evelyn Belle Winchester—the lover of another woman who could offer such a kiss, such love-making as she now recognized to be the care-less play of one already suitably mated, who flings a handkerchief where he fancies it will be quickly picked up. And oh, the gall of it, the intolerable sting, was to remember always how his advances had been met.

"You heard him, girl," old Vespa challenged, pain, deep chagrin and unbeatable courage all speaking in voice and look. "What have you got to say to that? You heard him."

"I've got this to say," Delora answered, keeping her eyes carefully averted from that tall figure against the wall. "I've got this to say, Cousin Vespa: The house is yours. You turn anybody out of it that you see fit. Give your word. I'll stand to it."

With the words she drew in by the old man's chair; and then, all woman, flung herself on her knees beside him and turned to face the others across her shoulder.

"Don't you see he's sick?" she demanded of Champ. "What right have you got to come here and get him all up there this way? What right have you got to come here anyhow?" Her face flamed crimson with acute remembrance. "Go back to—go back where you belong—to them that want you."

She dropped her face to the quilt across his father's knees. For a long miserable moment Champ's blue eyes studied the back of the girl's head.

"Is that your last word, Delora?" he inquired huskily at length, the big voice vibrating almost to tears. "Is that all you've got to say to me?"

Silence. He strode across and touched her shoulder, and, heedless of the presence and the wondering looks of the others, presented a shin-

ing small object in the palm of his hand. The girl crouched lower and refused to look at him or at it. Vespasian's eyes travelled Champ's inches, from the foot in its cavalry boot to the topmost yellow curl on the head that was carried like that of an antlered buck; and Heaven knows what despair flowed in on the father's heart to see so much goodly manhood, as he felt the yawning of the chasm he could not bridge.

"Go, Cain't you!" he burst out at length, in an anguish of bitterness. "Ain't ye got the decency to leave when you're turned out? Oh, for God's sake, go—jest go!"

Quite unaware of Salomy Jane's feeble, detaining fingers, scarcely noting the clutch of Abel Mims, Champ whirled; he was at the door in three clanking strides, flung it wide, and plunged through it into the night. The old schoolmaster hesitated a moment, then, emboldened by many years of partial authority as a sort of preacher, he sought in his mind for a suitable text.

"Mr. Seacrest," he appealed, "this ain't any time for father and son to be a-fussin'. Hit's dark days for the mountains—hit's dark days. 'Abroad the sword bereaveth, at home there is as death.'"

Vespasian lifted an unshaken front above Delora's bowed head. With singular and unwonted gentleness he put out his hand and touched her hair.

"Yes—death"; he took up the word unhesitatingly. "He's dead to me. I've got no son. God! To think I should bring a boy into the world to ride with Morgan's cutthroat bushwhackers—horse-stealing, house-burning, and worse!"

With bent head Abel Mims turned and hurried through the open door, and overtook the outcast near the gate.

"Your pappy has seed a heap of trouble," he began, almost running to keep up with Champ's great stride, which never slackened for his coming. "They've hunted him like a pa'tridge in the mountains, as the Good Book says. I tell you the truth, Champ, word has been out time and again that Leadbetter's men was goin' to hang him. I don't know yet why they ain't done it. Reckon it's becaze he's dared 'em so free. And Champ, he is your pappy. Never forget that, boy."

The young fellow abruptly checked his step, and looked down athwart his own shoulder at the feeble bent figure that, to the boy Champ, used to loom so tall behind a schoolmaster's desk. He laughed shortly, deep in his throat.

"He says I'm no son of his," the Texas Ranger put it logically; "well then, how can he be father of mine? Best let it alone, Abel Mims."

He found his horse in the darkness, flung himself upon it and was away, clattering down the road, leaving the man behind him plucking at a tremulous lip, muttering in his beard, and staring through the night. Weak, conscience-bitten soul, this last stroke nearly crazed him. He was a spy, whether he would or no, liable at any moment to be called on to betray the man back there who had befriended him, and whose sole strength was now galloping down the Chattanooga road.

"Eh, dear Lord!" he groaned. "It is a day of trouble and crying to the mountains; and worse a-comin'—worse a-comin'. 'I will fill his mountains with slain men.' That's what we're bound to see before this war's over."

(To be continued)

TALKS WITH TENNYSON

By ELIZABETH RACHEL CHAPMAN

PART II



WAS not at Aldworth again for nearly a year. In September, 1890, while staying at Haslemere, I went there several times and had some deeply interesting talks, from my notes of which I may quote a few passages. The first time I saw Lord Tennyson that year, he was resting in a deck-chair on the terrace, his wife beside him in an invalid garden-carriage.

"Sit near him. He can't hear, and I can," Lady Tennyson said characteristically. I obeyed, but it did not strike me that the deafness I had noticed the year before had increased, or that, in spite of a severe attack of influenza in the previous March, he appeared less well or appreciably aged. He was wearing, of course, the wide-brimmed felt hat and dark blue cloth cloak with velvet collar, in which we are all accustomed to picture him. In the course of our chat he asked me what I was working at and made a remark identifying me with one of the interlocutors in a "Dialogue on Positivism" which had been fortunate enough to interest him. I said, smiling, that I was not the lady of the Dialogue. Upon which, his face lit up; he raised himself in his chair, and said with sudden energy:

"Of course you're not. That is what people are always doing to *me*. They always think my poems are about myself, and *none* of them are about myself. But the critics deal in nothing but personalities nowadays. There is a man who thinks every place

described in my poems is somewhere in the neighborhood of my old home, and that he has identified all the scenes." . . . Another day he said: "They will have it Lady Clara Vere de Vere is an aristocratic person in my old neighborhood who insulted me; the Northern Farmer lived close by, and so forth. As if a poet could n't create!" In an interesting letter written in 1882 to Mr. Dawson of Montreal, he "fears that there is growing up among us a prosaic set of editors of booklets, bookworms, index-hunters or men of great memories and no imagination, who impute themselves to the poet, and so believe that he too, has no imagination, but is forever poking his nose between the pages of some old volume to see what he can appropriate. They will not allow one to say 'ring the bell' without finding that we have taken it from Sir Philip Sidney, or even to use such a simple expression as the ocean 'roars' without finding out the precise verse in Homer or Horace from which we have plagiarized it (fact!)."

From this subject we passed, on the terrace, to depreciation of the "society papers" with their gossip-mongering, and pandering to the taste for personalities, and he expressed his regret that "even the *Times*" should have (recently) started a column of personal news. (The paper was lying on his knee, and he had been reading Sir Frederick Abel's Presidential Address to the British Association at Leeds when I arrived.) Then we spoke of Italy, where I had been recently. He said he had never been to Naples, but knew Florence, and alluded to his visit in 1851, when the country was in a very disturbed state. Lady Tennyson said the Brownings were not at

Florence then, but that they had met in Paris. The inscription to Mrs. Browning's memory on Casa Guidi was alluded to and that on Dante's house: "*In questa casa degli Alighieri nacque il Divino Poeta*," which Lord Tennyson said, was not there in '51. He liked hearing of it, and of that great reverence of Italy for her "divine poet," so apparent in the wording of this inscription—no need to name him. The Continental nations were doubtless ahead of us in recognition of and veneration for genius. These frequent mural tablets on the houses of the great alone showed, he said, that "the English people don't like poetry and don't understand poets. There was a laborer on my place in the Isle of Wight who said one day to someone that 'he knew about Shakespeare, and he believed some people thought Tennyson a great poet too, but for his part he don't think anything of either of 'em!' Then there was a woman who was in our service for a time and who remarked to a friend, 'Mrs. Tennyson, she's an angel, but Mr. Tennyson, he's nothing but a public writer!'"

Both Lord and Lady Tennyson spoke with affection and esteem of the late J. R. Green. The charge of inaccuracy had been brought against his delightful "Short History," "but," said Tennyson, "we're all inaccurate!"—Soon afterwards Lady Tennyson was taken indoors, and he asked me to walk a little with him, pointing out, as he always did, his favorite trees and shrubs and flowers—the color of this, the form of the other, the history of a third—with loving delight. "I was showing my Wellingtonians to an American lady the other day. She diffidently remarked that in her country they grew to 600 feet or so. But I doubt whether in sixteen or seventeen years they would have made faster growth than mine have."

Later the talk turned on "Demeter," his latest volume, and I ventured to thank him for it, especially for "Parnassus" with its glorious assertion of individual immortality, in spite of all negations of scientific mate-

rialism, in spite of the tremendous forces which doom the work and fame of the individual here on earth to oblivion and decay. The Bard can hope no longer that his voice will resound for limitless ages from the heights of Parnassus, for "Taller than all the muses, and huger than all the mountain" loom the giant shadows Astronomy and Geology. He must be content to "Sing like a bird and be happy, nor hope for a deathless hearing!"

But, after all, what matters it?

If the lips were touch'd with fire from off
a pure Pierian altar,
Tho' their music here be mortal need the
singer greatly care?
Other songs for other worlds! the fire
within him would not falter;
Let the golden Iliad vanish, Homer here is
Homer there.

There is perhaps no thought more helpful to poor, stumbling, struggling, failing humanity than this—that it is what we *are* not what we *do* that matters, and that *abides*—will, not performance, character, not achievement.

"Has anyone ever thanked you for the last stanza of 'Parnassus' before?" I said. "Did the critics understand your drift?"

"*Nobody understands.* As to the critics," he replied (with emphasis) "how can they know what they are writing about when *they* all tumble over one another to get their reviews out the next day?"—(naming a distinguished critic who reviewed Demeter in a leading organ) "entirely misunderstood 'vastness.' I think the only person who wrote to me about 'Parnassus' was Gladstone. He liked it, but said he should be very disappointed not to find the Iliad in the next world! Talking of Gladstone, they found fault with me in the papers for dining with him in London the other day. As a matter of fact I did not know he was to be there. He dropped in. But I like him; I like the *man*" (it was almost "mon" in the North Country accent)

"though I hate his politics." (This very vigorously.) "I abhor them, and believe they tend to the ruin and annihilation of the country. Did you like the 'Evolutionist'?"

"Immensely," I said.

"I am an evolutionist," he rejoined. "I have never felt the horrors of evolution Carlyle, for instance, had."

"May that not be," I suggested, "because you foresaw it—had the prophetic vision of what the scientific men were slowly working out? Darwin did not take you by surprise. You already *felt* what was in the air when you bade us

"Arise and fly

The reeling Faun, the sensual feast;
Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die."

"I think," he went on, "I have said the truth in the 'Evolutionist.' There is the beast-body to be starved and subjugated. The Man is constantly being evolved from the Brute. I am no materialist. The point of view of materialism is repugnant to me, but I can as little enter into that of the rigidly orthodox. I occupy a position midway between the materialists and my Catholic friends." Speaking of the recent conversion to Rome of a common friend—a highly gifted mind—I remarked, "I think she has found, as so many do, rest there, and comfort." "Comfort? Yes—if you can 'do it,'" he said.

It seems to me that a more interesting illustration of the divining faculty of the poet could scarcely be found in the whole history of literature than is afforded by Tennyson's imaginative prescience of the development theory, as expounded later in full scientific detail by Darwin, Wallace and others. As early as 1828, in Cambridge, we find him occupying himself with the subject, and propounding in some college discussion among that brilliant, singularly gifted knot of undergraduate friends of whom Arthur Hallam was the star of brightest promise, the theory that "the development of the human

body might possibly be traced" from lower and less complex organisms. Some four years later, this striking stanza, afterwards omitted for purposes of brevity, was written for "The Palace of Art":

All nature widens upwards. Evermore
The simpler essence lower lies,
More complex is more perfect, owning more
Discourse, more widely wise.

Remember that this was some twenty-seven years, and the Cambridge Debate thirty-one years, before the publication of the "Origin of Species."

By this time it was six o'clock, and he was reminded by a trained nurse who was staying in the house and who, he told me, had nursed him through two illnesses, that it was too damp to be sitting out, as at the moment we were doing. He insisted on walking part of the way back to Haslemere with me.

"That is a sincere, true soul," he observed, as the nurse fell back following, and watching, lest he should walk too far; adding, after more in her praise, the rather unexpected tribute—"She will take any amount of chaff!"

Suddenly a mole track across our path led to my being electrified by the query: "Do you know the Polish for mole? No, of course not. I do. Its the one word of Polish I know." It seemed that a foreign friend who had visited him lately had told him. He spoke of the great enthusiasm of this lady about his poems, and of how, when he had read some of them to her, making plain what had not been clear to her before, she had expressed her delight in terms "which some of us would think profane, or at least exaggerated. She said the only words she could see were 'Let there be light. And there was light.' . . . These foreigners, they are very expansive, very demonstrative. She kissed my hand."

It was my private opinion that such a mark of respect and affection for the fascinating figure beside me—

the great, yet humble, childlike genius, the winning, fatherly host and friend—need not necessarily be regarded as the monopoly of persons of foreign origin; but my audible rejoinder was a petition, which something in his manner emboldened me to make, that I too, might some day hear him read. He seemed pleased to consent.

As we were parting, the talk became very grave again. He asked me if I knew anything about Giordano Bruno, the discoverer of the sidereal system, the infinity of worlds, who was burned for heresy, a martyr to truth. "They want me to write something about him." The subject suggested the Passion Play at Oberammergau which I had seen that summer, and the beautiful and reverent presentment there of the archetype of all martyrs to truth and all sufferers for "heresy." Then he spoke solemnly of the "mystery of godliness," of his "Pilot"—"that Divine and Unseen who is always guiding us." The setting sun was throwing a rosy light over the solitary scene as we paused on Blackdown among the heather, and he said with solemn emphasis: "The longer I live the less I feel I know about God." "And the nearer you are to Him," one's heart answered.

For the profound humility, the crystalline simplicity and sincerity of the utterance, as from the heart of a bewildered child, recalled the words which Pascal has put into the mouth of the Father of all such childlike spirits: "Thou wouldst not be seeking Me thus, if thou hadst not already found Me." And this is perhaps the place to dwell for a moment on the immense, the incalculable debt of his generation to the poet who persistently taught that our possession of the Divine—that the Divine possession of us—was a thing independent of "knowledge," a thing instinctive, immanent, inseparable from the rational soul—a thing immeasurably beyond all dogmas, beyond all forms, beyond all creeds. He knew, none better, that, in the words of a recent Bampton

lecturer, "we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that both the old seats of authority—the infallible Church and the Book—are fiercely assailed, and that our faith needs reinforcements." And knowing this, he was further persuaded that these reinforcements "can only come from the depths of the religious consciousness itself," and that "the impregnable rock is neither an institution nor a book, but a life and an experience." He was and remained in a word, a mystic, in the sense in which mysticism has come to mean the disdain of the master-mind to be bounded by the known—by the partial, gradual incomplete, inconclusive achievements of science. The "Poet of Science" he was, as Professor Sidgwick called him, for he delighted in science, kept pace with her advances and took her lessons to his bosom; but for all that, she was ever to him as the "younger child," leaving Wisdom enthroned in the citadel of the heart—that Divine Wisdom that Dante worshipped, and without whose guidance no poet, no heroic soul, ever yet ascended to the stars.

"What matters it," he asks, in one of his early letters to his future wife, "how much man knows and does, if he keeps not a reverential looking upwards? He is only the subtlest beast of the field." And throughout the poem in which the tragic mysteries of pain and parting wrung from him his deepest thought in spiritual things—the poem which he himself sometimes called "*The Way of the Soul*"—we have reverence again and again upheld as the salt of the earth, the savior of a society constantly in danger of being dragged downwards by materializing tendencies, the crowning charm of character, the distinctive grace of the elect. It is a boon for which those of us who recoil from the spirit of irreverence, of arrogance, of facile scepticism and shallow self-assertion, which has marked large sections of nineteenth-century thought, knowing what this portends, cannot be sufficiently thankful. "Among thousands

of readers previously irresponsive to anything divine," wrote Dr. Martineau, "he has created, or immeasurably intensified the susceptibility of religious reverence." Forms he had undoubtedly sloughed, although he here and there enters a half-hearted protest as to his sense of their importance; but his mission and message were not primarily to people who are greatly concerned about such matters, but rather to those who, but for him and a handful of similarly inspired teachers, might have made total shipwrecks, might never have risen to the conviction that

all is well, though Faith and Form
Be sundered in the night of Fear—
might have failed altogether to
cling to Faith beyond the forms of Faith.

His own consciousness of this mission to doubters and waverers found pathetic expression on his eightieth birthday, when he was moved by a tribute of exceptional sincerity and feeling: "I don't know what I have done to make people feel like that towards me, except that I have always kept my faith in immortality." It was more to him to have done this than to have divided (had that been vouchsafed him) the laurel with Shakespeare, for "what matters anything in this world," as he had exclaimed a year or two before, "without full faith in the Immortality of the Soul and of Love?" "*To keep a reverential looking upwards*"—in this golden phrase is summed up the supreme gift of its supreme poet to his age.

A few more things from my notebooks of those days and I have done. He was never more delightful than on the afternoon when at last I heard him read. He began with the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington." It was really a wonderful performance, physically, for a man of eighty-one. The long poem was delivered from the first line to the last, without pause or break, in a strong, very deep voice

—the grand monotone suggesting nothing so much as the funeral drums beating rhythmically, while one seemed to see "the long, long procession go." "There!" he said, laying down the book, "that is the poem all the critics were down upon at the time. . . . I think if they had heard it read they must have understood. . . . Do you know that in reading poetry aloud you should take no notice of the scanning? You should n't read it

'da da da da da da da da,'

but just as if it did n't scan at all. There may be rhythm, yes, but not that monotonous beat. People talk about Pope being harmonious. He is n't harmonious. He is

'da da da da da da da da.'"

Then he repeated, with great relish, the anecdote about the great Duke and the too obsequious person who helped him over a crossing, and was rebuked for certain fulsome remarks by a very plain-spoken one from the hero. "I think that was very sensible of him. Some prudish people might object to the oath. Now I will read you a comic one, if you like, the 'Spinster's Sweet-Arts.' Do you know it? It is in Mid-Lincoln dialect—my country." "Is it long since you were there?" I asked. "Many years." "Yet you remember the dialect so well." "I did not feel quite sure about the 'Northern Farmer,'" he said, "I had it revised by a native of those parts so as to get it quite right, but it was made into North-Lincoln (the same as Yorkshire) instead of Mid-Lincoln, which I did not intend." He read the 'Spinster's Sweet-Arts' with thorough enjoyment of his comical old maid and her cat-lovers, with the merriest twinkle in his eye, and with a pause here and there to join in the laughter. He told us afterwards that "he had read that to the Princess Beatrice, but he did not think it had amused her much." This was in the study. A little later when we had dispersed

and reassembled again downstairs in the drawing-room, I noticed that he was peering about in the dusk among the shadowy figures of some friends who were just taking leave. He seemed to be looking for someone or something. "Oh, this is Miss Chapman!" he said catching sight of me. Then, abruptly, as though unburdening himself of a remark pent-up for some time: "I think I ought not to have read the comic poem after the pathetic one; it did not come well." "Is not that *life?*" I said, "grave and gay jostling one another?" "Yes. Life is a tragi-comedy."

I remember another instance of this brooding over an occurrence or a conversation some time after it was over. We had had a little quarrel, the Master and I, because he would not let me call him good. "I am not good," he had repeated for the second time, when I was dwelling on that in his works which made them so precious to those who care for righteousness, and maintaining that all great art of high ethical value such as Dante's, Milton's, or his own, must be the blossoming, so to speak, of a righteous soul, the work of, broadly speaking, a good man—to use the simplest phrase and the best. It was after all but the scriptural doctrine that grapes do not commonly grow on thorns, nor figs on thistles. There was high authority for my position and I stuck to it valiantly. But he would not have it. "You want a man who makes a handsome statue to be himself handsome. But a man may produce fine work without being good himself."

An hour or two later, as I was leaving, and he was standing on the porch seeing me off, Mr. Welldon of Harrow, subsequently Bishop of Calcutta, who had been lunching at Aldworth, beside him, he said suddenly as though we had been still in the midst of our talk, and the thread had not been broken, "remember that if a man's *intentions* are good, you must make allowances for him."

At luncheon that day he had been very entertaining. There chanced to

be venison on the table, and when his daughter-in-law came in a minute or two late, she was hailed with the impromptu,

Now Mrs. Tennyson
Come to your venison!

There was talk of some Burns autographs—facsimiles, I think—which had been sent him that morning and which had roused his ire. "What do I want with Burns's handwriting?" he growled.

Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie was at Aldworth next time I was there and we were all entertained, I for the second time, by the phonograph, into which, as the poet remarked "they make me spout things!" Mrs. Ritchie was trying to listen, I think, to the bugle-song from 'The Princess' and was consequently impervious to his reiterated request to make room for him beside her on the sofa, when he remarked with the most comical gesture of mock-impatience, "the woman's written so many books, she can't understand common English." Decidedly he enjoyed testing the capacity of his woman-friends in the matter of "taking chaff." Presently his baby grandson, the little ten months old Lionel Hallam, was brought in, a bright lovely boy. I had him in my arms, when his grandfather bade me turn him to the light that Mrs. Ritchie might see him better, adding, "I always feel of a baby like that, that it will be the father of a finer race." It was the second time that I had heard him make this remark, showing that his deep sense of the grandeur, the majesty, of infancy did not alter with time.

I saw him but once afterwards, a year later, and just a year before we laid him in the Abbey—we—the English nation mourning her greatest Laureate, and perhaps her noblest, purest-hearted man. And I suppose that many of us who were present felt, while his hymn "The Silent Voices" was being sung, something of what Mr. Watts-Dunton has beauti-

fully expressed in the poem he has called by the same name. Pictures rose before his mind, he tells us, amid the mourning throng, to the strains of that music, of walks at Aldworth and Farringford in happy converse with the Master whom he delighted to honor.

"And when the music ceased and pictures fled,
I walked as in a dream around the grave,
And looked adown and saw the flowers
outspread
And spirit voices spake from aisle and
nave:
'To follow him be true, be pure, be brave:
Thou needest not his lyre,' the voices
said.

"Beyond the sun, beyond the furthest star,
Shines still the land which poets still may
win

Whose poems are their lives—whose souls
within
Hold naught in dread save Art's high
conscience-bar—
Who have for muse a maiden free from
scar—
Who know how beauty dies at touch of
sin—
Who love mankind, yet, having gods for
kin,
Breathe in Life's wood, zephyrs from climes
afar.

"Heedless of phantom Fame—heedless of
all
Save pity and love to light the life of
man—
True poets work, winning a sunnier span
For Nature's martyr—Night's ancestral
thrall:
True poets work, yet listen for the call
Bidding them join their country and their
clan."

AT REST

CLOSE where the lights and shadows softly flee,
Like joys and sorrows, o'er the gray-green downs,
At rest he lies. The peace that long life crowns
Lies all around; beyond, the eternal sea.
Far north the busy world, which none than he
Knew better, whirls along its grimy way:
Fresh needs, fresh duties, come with every day,
The world that has been is the world to be.

The world that knew him knows him not, and we,
We who are left, the world's steep road must breast,
Keep clean our shields and hold high honor's crest,
Do no ill deed and from no ill deed flee.
Yet which of us that does not think it best
To be with all our dear ones thus at rest!

RALPH THICKNESSE.





The Lounger



Mr. HENRY JAMES's "Italian Hours," with the Pennell illustrations, came out at about the holiday time, but it is not in any sense a holiday book, if by that we mean a book of ephemeral character. Mr. James is never a simple writer, and his admirers do not expect simplicity from him, but they are not all like the young girl who said that "she understood James, but did not know what he was driving at." Certain passages of James are a good deal like certain passages of George Meredith and certain lines of Browning. They were not written so that those who run might read, and those who run need not make the attempt, but those who like to crack hard nuts and dig deep for the kernels will find something worth while. A curious thing about James is, that he has become more popular since he has become more difficult to understand. I am looking forward to seeing James Societies formed, as there are Shakespeare Societies, and Browning Societies, and it is just as likely that these societies will flourish in Kalamazoo as in Boston.



The following sonnet was found among the unpublished papers of Sir Philip Sidney. With it was a note in Hazlitt's manuscript:

Here indeed is the mechanic art of the sonneteer run mad with Elizabethan conceits. It was doubtless these identical verses which the critical Holofernes described as "too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it." The poet writes a court hand with flourishes like a schoolmaster, his figures are wrought in chain stitch. All his thoughts are forced and painful births, and may be said to be

delivered by the Cæsarean operation. And yet the line anent the "equinoctial kiss" contains an image of singular beauty, ruined though it be by its context. Imagine a lady with an azimuth! Probably Stella thought it was a musical instrument. And ye gods! how that analemma is dragged in. Why, the analemma was not even invented until after Sidney's death.

TO STELLA

As on the globe terrestrial I gaze
Meseemeth, Stella, that thy charms I see,
And hold, as Strabo never held, the key
Of problems, solved in uttering thy praise.
Bright eyes thou hast, that with far darting

rays,
From solstice unto solstice, tell to me
Thy azimuth, and, in thine apogee
The altitude of thy celestial ways.
In isothermal lines thy footsteps lead
To joys that most astronomers must miss;
For in thy heavenly smile I seem to read
The promise of an equinoctial kiss.
No artful analemma thus I need
When rare Dan Cupid's arc subtends my
bliss.



The *Evening Post* of this city had an interesting editorial, some time ago, on "How Short Stories Begin," giving a number of beginnings by way of illustration. To quote from the *Post*:

So many thousands of men, women and children in these United States are engaged in writing short stories and trying to sell them to the magazines, and the sale of magazine stories is so notoriously dependent on the effect produced upon the editorial mind by the first ten lines, that the right way of beginning a short story is as fit a matter for investigation as the proper way to build a successful play, or how profitably to raise squabs for the urban market



MRS. HENRY DUDENEY

Nothing so clearly reveals the great gulf between our colleges and real life, as the difference between the rules of fiction-writing as they are taught in the class room, and as they are fashioned in the outside world.

The foregoing is quite true; at the same time, it is a mistake to think that a sensational beginning is the right sort. I know of a writer who had this conviction and began his stories with "Whizz bang!" "Slam dash!" and other exclamations equally emphatic. It did not help the sale of his stories in the least. In fact, his eccentric beginnings, while they attracted attention, did not hold it. There is no golden rule for opening sentences, though one that piques the curiosity is unquestionably better than one that does n't. It is often the least sensational opening that best attracts attention. I pick up at random a copy of a magazine near my desk, and turn to a story by Percival Gibbon. It begins thus.

There was but one hotel in that sombre town of East Africa, and Miss Gregory,

fronting the proprietor of it squarely, noted that he looked at her with something like amusement. She was a short woman of fifty, gray-haired and composed, and her pleasant face had a quiet and almost masculine strength and assurance.

My curiosity is at once piqued. What's that lone woman of fifty doing in that far-away East African town? Of course I must read the story and find out.

David Gray always has a cosy way of opening his stories. He assumes that you know his people and will be glad to renew the acquaintance. For example:

Mrs. Ascot-Smith knew that Mr. Carteret had been attentive to Miss Rivers, but she had never known how attentive. She never suspected that Miss Rivers had refused him.

The assumption is that you know Mr. Carteret and Miss Rivers as well as the author does, and that you will be interested in this bit of gossip concerning them. And so you are, or so, at least, am I. A good beginning

is a good thing for a story to have, but it is not everything. A story must not only catch the attention, but hold it.



It is strange and discouraging to find out how easy it is to be misunderstood. I have frequently written in this department about the eagerness with which a publisher accepts the work of a new writer. To quote my own words, written as long ago as 1899, I said:

When an author takes a book to a publisher, whether he has a reputation as a writer or not, he is sure to get consideration. Indeed, I think that the publishers would rather make an author than to find one ready-made, for the latter comes high. You have but to look over the publishers' lists to see the number of new names upon them, which tells its own story.

Only last month I quoted Mr. Thomas Masson to the same effect, and endorsed every word that he wrote. It has been a surprise to me to find what I have said interpreted to mean that anything that a new author writes is acceptable, that the fact that he is unknown makes his wares desirable whether they have any merit or not. Nothing could be further from my mind. Even the work of a new author must have something to recommend it besides its newness. I am reminded of a woman from whom I once bought some rare bits of old furniture that she had inherited. She thought that it was only something old that I wanted, without regard to what it was. One day she disappeared into another room and returned with a well-worn tooth-brush. "You want to buy old things," she said. "Here's my husband's tooth-brush. It ought to be old enough for you; he's been dead all of fifty years."

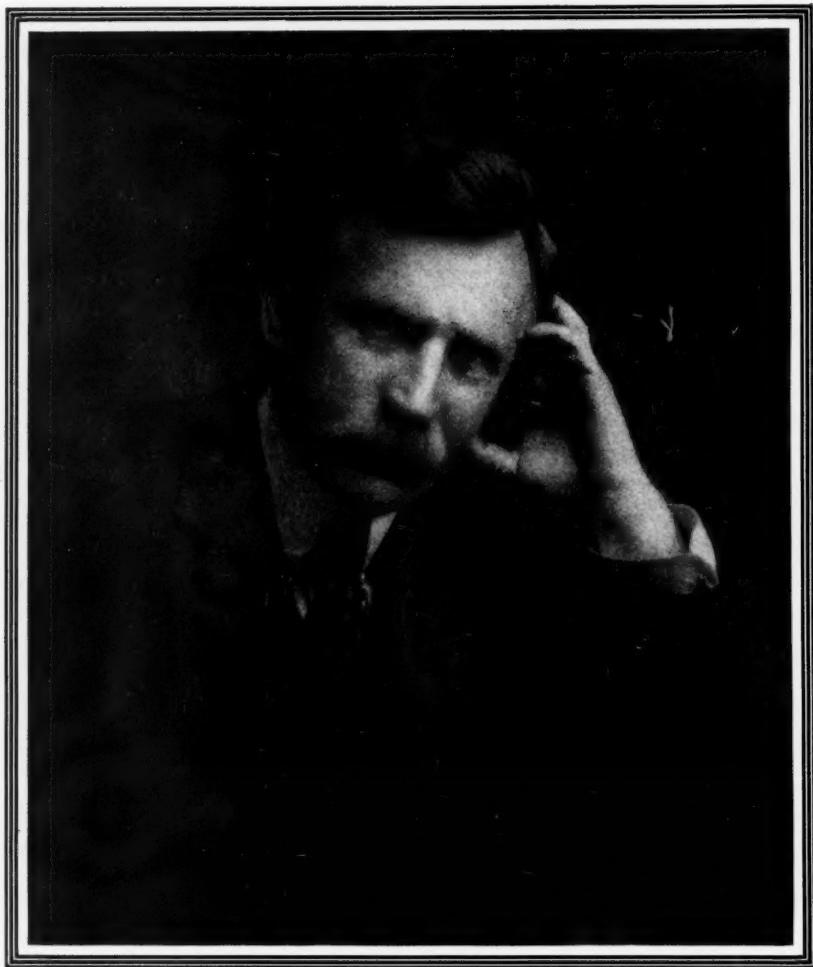


Mrs. Henry Dudeney is one of the most powerful writers of fiction among modern English women. Her novels are perhaps better appreciated in her own country than over here,

but even so she has not yet come into her own. Some day people will wake up and realize that the author of "Folly Corner," "The Maternity of Harriett Wicken" and "Trespass," is a writer to be reckoned with. She is not yet among the "six best sellers," but she would be if the reading public knew a good thing when they saw it. Mrs. Dudeney, when she is not writing, is an enthusiastic gardener and a collector of old oak furniture. Apparently she is fond of cats, judging by the little friend by her side in the photograph here reproduced.



Mr. S. S. McClure, just before he sailed for Europe, delivered an address on "The Making of a Magazine" before the League for Political Education in this city. Mr. McClure is always interesting, and never more so than when he talks about himself, or, perhaps I should say, about his magazine. He was one of the pioneers in the ten-cent magazine field, there being only *Munsey's* and the *Cosmopolitan* before him. He had very little money when he started *McClure's Magazine*. He started it, he says, "with nothing, or rather less, just at the time of the panic in 1893, and ran it \$200,000 in debt. At one time it was not only \$200,000 to the bad, but it was losing \$4000 a month, and showed signs of needing \$100,000 more before it could be made to pay." I well remember those days. The office of the *Critic* was in the same building with the office of *McClure's*. We had a little room on the top floor that had originally been the art department of *Scribner's Magazine* (afterward the *Century*), and *McClure's* had the whole of the floor beneath. I used to see a good deal of Mr. McClure in those days, and while he did not say much about his troubles, one only had to look at him to realize that he had them. The whole office had a nervous and anxious look, but in the end Mr. McClure came out on top, because, as he said, "I have inspired some confidence in the men



MR. S. S. MC-CLORE

that have and understand money." When *McClure's* was first started, it was made up principally of articles and stories that had been first published by the McClure Syndicate, but that plan was soon abandoned, and the magazine was filled with articles that were written for it and had never been published in any other form.

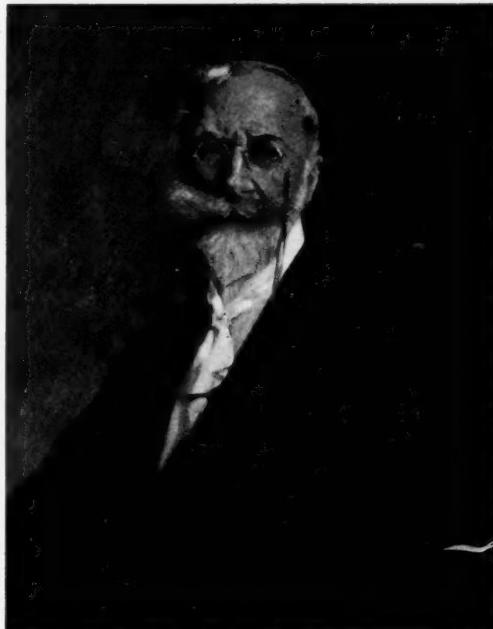
Mr. McClure did not confine his talk to his own work, but had much to say in regard to municipal government, pointing out the degradation

existing in the government of most of our large cities, where, he declared, the governing class was composed of dealers in vice. Although he was educated in this country, and has spent much of his life here, Mr. McClure still speaks with more or less of the Scotch burr. He is a rapid talker, as he is a rapid thinker and a rapid doer. No sooner does an idea enter his head than he acts upon it, and as he has about sixty ideas to the minute he is kept busy and he keeps others busy.

The publishing centre is slowly but surely moving over towards Fourth Avenue. Already Messrs. F. A. Stokes Co. are there; and Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. will be, as soon as their new building at the corner of Thirtieth Street is built. A fine building is to be erected at the corner of Twenty-seventh Street, to be given over, I understand, to the publishing fraternity. While *McClure's Magazine*, Funk & Wagnalls Co. and Chas. E. Merrill Co. give their address as Twenty-third Street, they are virtually in Fourth Avenue. There is every reason why Fourth Avenue should be a desirable street for business purposes. It has great width; two car lines run through it—a trolley line and the subway; it leads to the Grand Central Station and is not far from Broadway and Fifth Avenue. The publishers were at one time to be found in large numbers in Fifth Avenue. The Macmillan building remains below Fourteenth Street, and the Methodist Book Concern and the house of Revell are loyal to the corners of Twentieth Street; while the Putnams and Duttons seem to be fixtures in Twenty-third Street, just off Fifth Avenue.

But from Twenty-third Street down the big buildings on both sides of Fifth Avenue are largely given over to clothing manufacturers, whose employees crowd the sidewalks at noon and pack the elevators so that it is anything but pleasant to use them. Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons still cling to their building, which is just below Twenty-second Street, but they occupy the whole of it, which makes a difference. It would not surprise me to hear at any time that they had decided to go farther up the Avenue, though it would be a pity

to have their attractive building filled with anything but books. Now that the clothing manufacturers have got their grip on lower Fifth Avenue, let them keep it, and let Fourth Avenue become the Paternoster Row of New York.



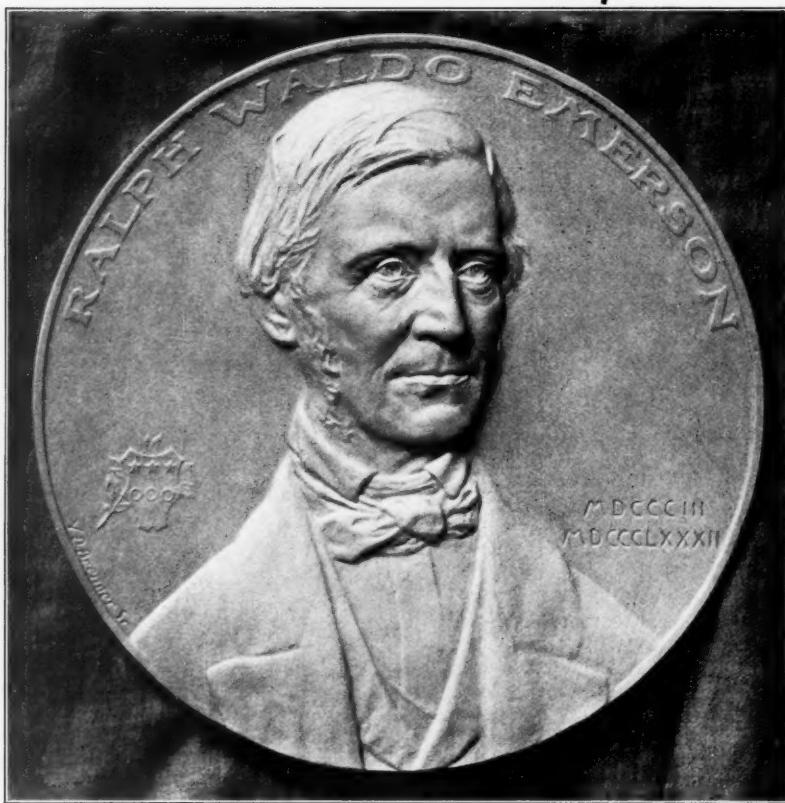
From a portrait by himself, painted for the Uffizi Gallery

MR. WILLIAM M. CHASE

Mr. William M. Chase, the distinguished painter, has taken the ground recently, that Americans should sit for their portraits to American artists only. He has laid down this rule, not in a chauvinistic spirit, but because he feels that an artist of one nation, or rather race, cannot make a true likeness of a man or woman of another—unless he be a Van Dyck or a Sargent. (I have not heard, by the way, that Mr. Sargent has asked "Why drag in Van Dyck?") Now a rule covering all the ages, and having but two exceptions, may easily be accepted—if accepted at all—as universal; and undoubtedly a good deal is to be said in favor of Mr.

Chase's claim. At the same time, that the Grolier Club did not go wrong in commissioning Mr. Victor David Brenner to make a medallion in commemoration of the Emerson centenary is clearly shown by the accompanying reproduction. In fact, nothing could be more natural and more appropriate. The medal is of bronze,

marvel at. But that so non-literary an association as the Pennsylvania Society should honor with its medal a man whose name and fame are purely bookish, is certainly a matter to be noted and commended. The Society was founded by a group of members in connection with the tenth annual dinner of the Pennsylvanians



From the medallion by V. D. Brenner

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

but three silver ones have been struck off—one for the Grolier's archives, the other two for sale.

That a bookish association, such as the Grolier Club of New York, should strike a medal in memory of so eminent a man-of-letters as Emerson is not a thing to

in New York, in 1908, and the awarding of its gold medal in recognition of the services to literature, and especially to Shakespearian literature, of Dr. Horace Howard Furness, is creditable alike to donors and recipient. The presentation was made at the annual dinner on December 11th. The medal

was designed by the New York sculptor, John Flanagan, and is intended to signalize "distinguished achievement."



THE PENNSYLVANIA SOCIETY MEDAL

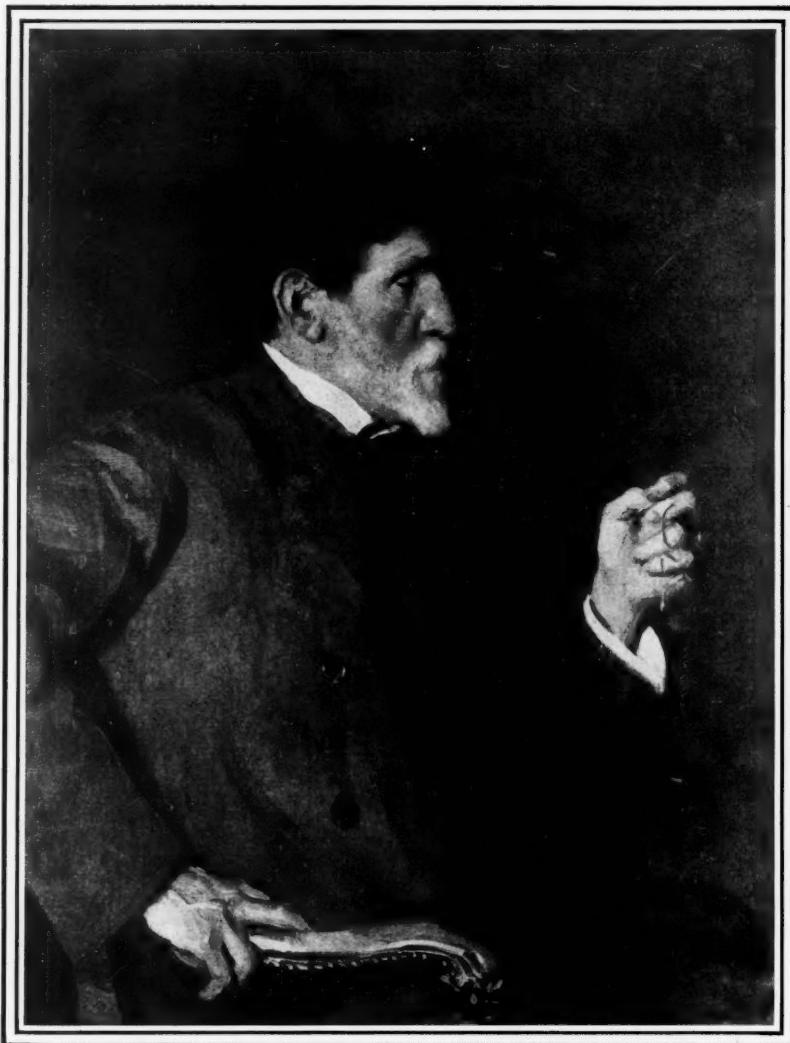
It certainly does so in the present instance; and it sets a high standard for the future. The Society, it is to be noted, consists mainly of men of the world, and leaders in finance and commerce. The President is Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the Treasurer, Mr. William Guggenheim, and the Secretary, Mr. Barr Ferree. Another compliment recently paid to Dr. Furness was the taking of a recess by a Pennsylvania court in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of his admission to the bar (at which by the way, I believe he has never practised).

Speaking of sculptors, medallists, etc., reminds

me of the greatest of all American workers in that line, the late Augustus Saint-Gaudens; and the thought of his name and personality prompts brief reference to the controversy over the ownership of the portrait of the sculptor by Miss Ellen Emmet, now in the possession of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. As administratrix of his estate Mrs. Saint-Gaudens is suing the Museum for the possession of the picture, which, she says belonged to her husband and not to the painter, from whom the Museum (in ignorance, as it claims, of any question as to the seller's ownership) purchased it, some time ago. It is understood that Mr. Saint-Gaudens regarded it as the best likeness of himself in existence, except the replica of the portrait



REVERSE OF THE PENNSYLVANIA SOCIETY MEDAL



From the portrait by Miss Ellen Emmet

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

THE LATE AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

painted by Kenyon Cox in 1880, the original of which was destroyed. It unquestionably "hits" the sculptor's "face" (in Ben Jonson's phrase)—and hits it hard.



The memory of Augustus Saint-

Gaudens was honored by the presentation, by The National Institute of Arts and Letters, of a gold medal to Mrs. Saint-Gaudens in recognition of the sculptor's work. Mr. Adolph Weinman, one of Saint-Gaudens's pupils, was the designer of the medal. On this interesting occasion Dr.



THE WEINMAN MEDAL IN HONOR OF SAINT-GAUDENS

Henry van Dyke made an address of appreciation, and Dr. Hamilton W. Mabie read a poem by Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson. Mr. Saint-Gaudens was a great sculptor, the greatest we have ever had, and we cannot do too much to honor his memory.



That a prophet is not without honor save in his own country is proved by the fact that Walt Whitman's homestead at West Hills, L. I., was sold recently for \$1250, and a hard time the auctioneer had to get even that small price. Only fifteen persons came to the sale, and only three did any bidding. It did not go for this price, however, for it was bid in and may some day be bought by a Whitman society and preserved as a literary landmark. Low as the price bid was, another house occupied by Whitman, at Babylon, was sold for even less. According to Mr. Chauncey L. C. Ditmars of Amityville, L. I., a house that had been occupied once by the good gray poet was sold for a farm wagon. The man who owned it wanted a farm wagon, and the man who had a farm wagon wanted the house, so they "swapped."



Mr. Temple Scott says that he has

waited a lifetime for Mr. Frank Harris to write "The Man Shakespeare." Mr. Temple Scott is evidently a great admirer of Mr. Frank Harris and his work. I am not. He is an aggressive writer, an aggressive editor and an aggressive man generally, and particularly so in his hatred of Americans; but I do not think he has said the final word on Shakespeare. He has made a book, however, that people will not only read, but will talk about, and that is something to have accomplished.



I do not know what may happen before this paragraph is printed, but if the name of Greeley Square is changed to Gimbel Square, I blush for my native town. To name a square that has no particular name after a newspaper is one thing, but to name a square that has an honored name after the proprietor of a department store is quite another. If Greeley Square is to be called Gimbel Square, I would suggest that the statue of Horace Greeley that is erected there be taken down, and one of Mr. Gimbel set up in its place. Let some sculptor give us a characteristic pose of the Philadelphia merchant, showing him in the act of measuring off a yard of cloth, or bowing a customer to the ribbon

counter. Let us insist that the names of our squares will not be changed to suit the business houses that face them. Such a thing would be a shame and a disgrace, and if Greeley Square is called Gimbel Square it will be a shame and a disgrace. The silence of the newspapers of New York in this matter is notable. It is unfortunate that the advertising columns of our daily papers have so powerful an influence on the editorial point of view. The Gimbel store itself, and by its influence on other department stores, deals out hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of advertising. That, I fear, is why there has not been a general protest on the part of the press of this city against the outrageous suggestion of the Philadelphia shopkeeper.

has happened half a dozen times within the past year or two. In rural New England, it is different. There the famous Curtis Hotel at Stockbridge has just passed out of the possession of the Curtis family which had run it—father and son—for over half a century. But the old inn dating from 1829, will go right on with few or no changes in the personnel of the staff. The Springfield *Republican* attributes its prosperity in part to its pies—a truly New-English theory; but it was something more than pies that caused it to be patronized by such people as Hawthorne, Jenny Lind, Presidents Fillmore and Arthur, Bret Harte, Beecher, Fanny Kemble, Kossuth, John Jacob Astor, William H. Vanderbilt, Longfellow, Sumner, Generals Sherman and McClellan, James Rus-



Photographed for PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE, January 1910.

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GREELEY SQUARE

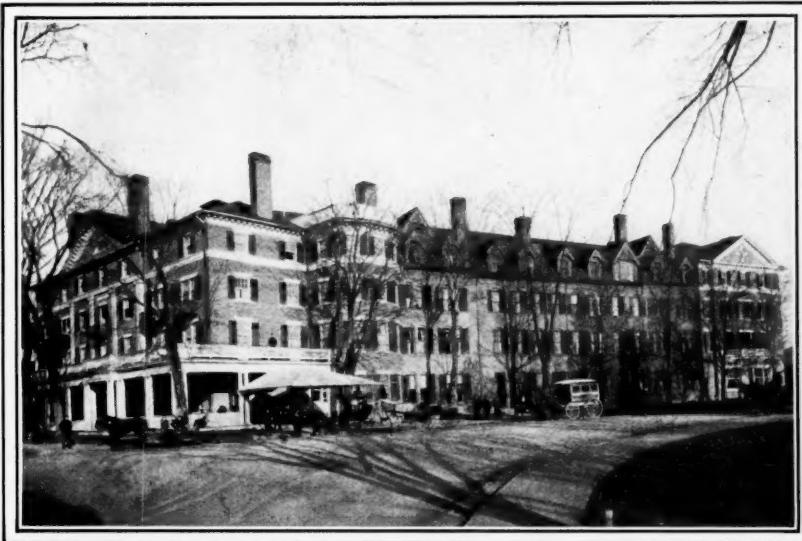
In New York when an old hotel changes hands, it is usually doomed to be replaced by a skyscraping warehouse or office-building. This

sell Lowell and the Duke of Marlborough. Such of these as were New Englanders may have been lured by the pies baked in accordance with

fifty-year-old formulas; but surely Kossuth and Jenny Lind were not.

22
Messrs. Harper are trying an experiment in the matter of small

book from a counter, saying, as she turned its pages, "This looks like a pretty book, there's so much type on the pages and it feels so heavy when you pick it up." She did not



Photograph by W. L. Lawrence, Lenox, Mass.

THE CURTIS HOTEL AT STOCKBRIDGE

An old New England hostelry where many famous folk have stayed

books, and have recently issued what they call a "modern pocket edition" of Thomas Hardy's "Tess." It is bound in flexible covers, it is printed on light-weight, thin paper. Books got up in this style are attractive to me, possibly to you, but the majority of buyers, especially of fiction, like a heavy book rather than a light one; they think they are getting more for their money; they like a lot of type on a page. The woman who buys her books in department stores is very apt to judge them by the amount of reading matter they contain, rather than by the merits of the story. I have seen women pick up books and criticise them to the "salesladies" as being in too large type and as not being thick enough. I remember one woman who chose a

notice the title or care what it was about. A woman of that sort would hardly care for Mr. Hardy's "Tess." Messrs. Harper are appealing to a higher grade of book-buyers than the lady in question, but I have heard people, who ought to know better, criticise novels printed on feather-weight paper. On the other hand I have heard people say they would rather buy a book that was light and easy to handle without knowing what it was about, than one more clumsy to handle of the contents of which they were equally ignorant.

23
This reminds me of the reading habits of a friend of mine; he is a publisher and lives out of town. I happened to be in his office one day

when he was starting for his train, and I noticed that out of a large envelope he took something that looked like a pamphlet and put it in his



OBVERSE OF LINCOLN MEDAL

breast pocket. It did not look exactly like a pamphlet, so I said, "What is that you are hiding away in your inside pocket?" "That," said he, "is fifty pages or so from Chesterton's 'Dickens.' I read it on the train and I find it much more convenient to read it piecemeal; it is easy to handle, and I take just enough in my pocket to carry me from the station in New York to my destination." "How do you happen to find it in piecemeal form?" "I don't," he answered; "I make it that way. I have one of the boys in the office take the cover off carefully, and break the back so that it is easy to lift out as many pages as I want to read; then, when

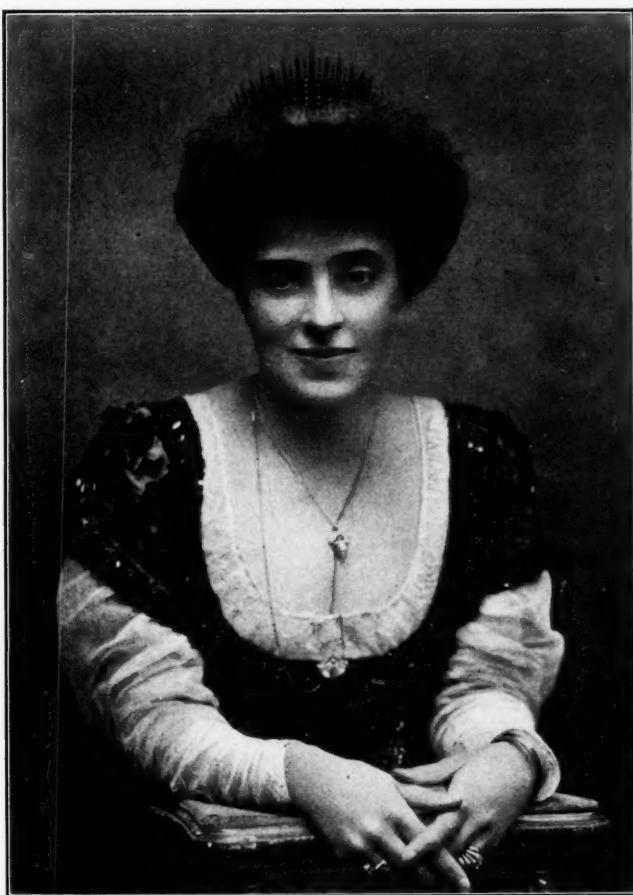
I have finished, I have it restored. It may cost me forty, possibly fifty, cents to rebind, but I find that I can get through more reading this way than any other, for the simple reason that I can carry as much as I want to read and I can hold it in one hand instead of fighting stiff covers with two hands. I have," he added, "read more books this season by adopting this method than I ever read on trains before."

I have never taken a book apart to read it in tabloid form, but I have often read advance sheets of the books that come to me unbound in this manner, and I find them very popular, for any of my friends who happen to see them beg them of me to read in bed or while reclining; it is so much easier to hold a few pages than a bound book, especially when books are bound



REVERSE OF LINCOLN MEDAL

This medal is described in the article entitled "A French Tribute to Lincoln" on page 669



Photograph by Aimé Dupont

MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE

so tightly that it takes both hands to hold them open.



Mrs. Henry de la Pasture, the English novelist, who returned home in January from a brief visit to America, bids fair to make a success as a writer for the stage. Though no manager in this country has yet made a hearing for "Peter's Mother," the play when first produced at Wyndham's Theatre had a run of two hundred nights, and was successfully

revived. This is a stage version of the delightful novel of the same name. The author has since made a play from her book "Deborah of Tod's," and it was chiefly to see this produced by Miss Maxine Elliott in Boston and elsewhere that she came to this country. Mrs. de la Pasture, by the way, takes very naturally to writing for the stage, for before she became a novelist she had written a number of plays for amateurs; "Lonely Millionaires," for instance, was being played by the Earl of

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Altamont's company when a London manager bought it from her and produced it at the Adelphi Theatre. Dramatic possibilities might easily be discovered in her latest book, "The Tyrant"—a study of an English husband and father whom it would be unjust to take as a national or even a racial type.

22
The *Evening Post* of this city had an interesting editorial, not long ago, on "Standardized Magazines." It accuses the magazines of more or less yellowness and decided unoriginality. Whatever one magazine does that is sensational, the other magazines imitate. There is more or less truth in this, for it is a fact that editors do watch each other almost more than they watch the public. One of the most successful editors in this country, who publishes a magazine with an uncountable circulation in another city, has said that New York magazine editors watch out for the ideas of other editors rather than take the trouble to invent new ones. As for him, he hardly ever looked at any magazine but his own, except by way of entertainment. In the San Francisco *Argonaut* I find a rap at magazine editorship which is quite in line with the *Post's* editorial. The writer says:

The magazine is the most shameless of all the purveyors to the popular whim and folly. It has no policy that cannot be changed over night, no course that cannot be altered between issues, no party that can claim an unprofitable allegiance,

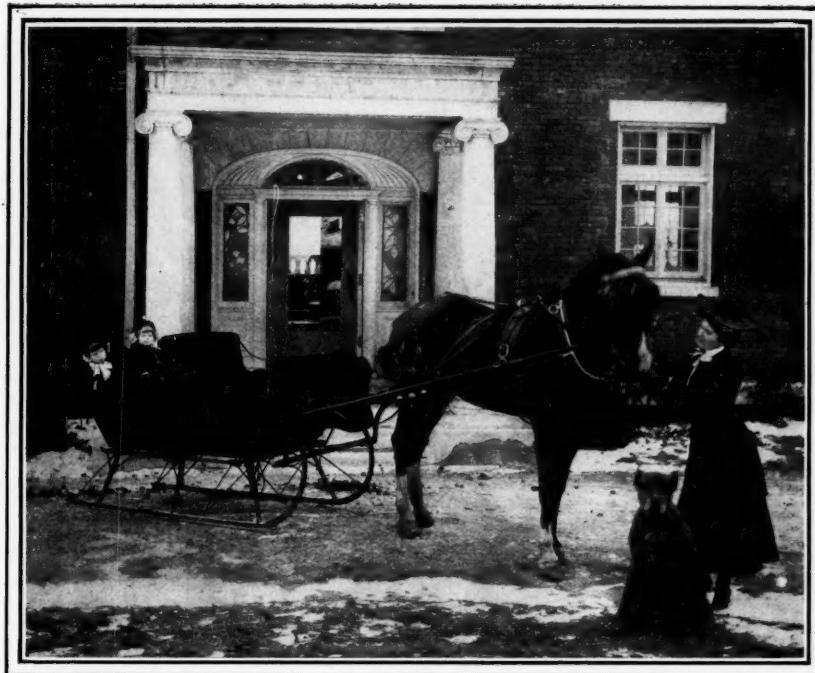


Photograph by Morand, Campbell Studio

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON I don't think that I was ever more surprised than when Josephine Dodge Daskam Bacon confessed to me that she was the author of "Margarita's Soul." If she had confessed to the authorship of "Beautiful Snow" or the Letters of Junius, I should not have been more dumbfounded. In the excitement of the moment I exclaimed, "I don't believe it!" She forgave my rudeness, and proved to me beyond a doubt that she was really the author of the book that I had

no guide or destination but the dollar. It is not for the magazine to throw stones at the newspaper, prone as it is to that form of self-laudation. The newspaper has its faults, and sometimes they are appalling. It is often venal, cringing, cowardly, inane, indecent, but the local character of its audience compels from it a certain consistency, a certain loyalty even to a losing cause, some definite policy to be sustained, some party to be supported. Harlotry is not its only trade, and its definite clientele demands at least some pretence of honest partisanship. But the magazine, to be successful, must reach beyond the limits of personal contact. Its only stock in trade is to be interesting to the greatest number, its only policy is to spread its sails so as to catch the greatest volume of wind. It has not even the restraints of a party loyalty. It has neither a fixed opinion, nor a definite aim, nor a consistent advocacy; of course this does not hit all magazines by a long shot, and the writer did not intend that it should; but it does hit some right in the bull's eye.





MRS. BACON IN FRONT OF HER HOME, AT BEECH HILL, PLEASANTVILLE, N. Y.

been attributing to W. J. Locke and even to Du Maurier! Never for a moment did I suspect a woman. It might have been Mr. E. S. Nadal of the Century Club. I had not thought of him in this connection, but it would not have been hard to convict him of the authorship on internal evidence. Miss Tarbell knew all along who wrote the story that ran as a serial in her magazine, but she proved that a woman can keep a secret, for she kept this in the face of many temptations to tell. I discussed the story with her, and when I insisted that Locke had written it, she never "turned a hair." As for Mrs. Bacon, she has had no end of fun with the secret. She has heard the story "cussed" and discussed, for there are, strange to say, a few people who do not like it. They find it a little too fantastic towards the end, and even at about the middle,

though, one and all, they are enthusiastic over the first half, and most people love it as a whole. I shall never forget the excitement the opening chapters made among the editorial fraternity. They felt instinctively that the name Ingram Lovell was a pen name—but whose?



Mrs. Bacon's reason for not publishing the story over her own name at the start, was that it was so entirely different from anything she had ever written before, that she was afraid it would not be taken seriously; besides, she wished to get some amusement out of anonymity? She must have been pleased as well as amused by the way the story has "taken." It is a clever performance and an original one, and that is much in these days of follow-your-leader in the paths of Literature.



Noteworthy Books of the Month



History and Biography

Berenson, Bernard	A Sienese Painter of the Franciscan Legend	Lane
Broadley, A. M.	Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale	Lane
Chadwick, F. E.	Relations of the United States and Spain	Scribner
Colvill, Helen Hester	Saint Teresa of Spain	Dutton
Irvine, Alexander	From the Bottom Up	Doubleday, Page
Okuma, Count Shigenobu	Fifty Years of New Japan	Dutton
Sichel, Walter	The Life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan	Houghton, Mifflin

Travel and Description

Bronson, Edgar Beecher	In Closed Territory	McClurg
Douglas, H. A.	Venice and Her Treasures	Scribner
Janvier, Thomas A.	Legends of the City of Mexico	Harper
Loti, Pierre	Egypt	Duffield
Palmer, Frederick	Central America and Its Problems	Moffat, Yard
Renwick, George	Romantic Corsica	Scribner
Wallace, Dillon	Beyond the Mexican Sierras	McClurg
Workman, F. B. and W. H.	Peaks and Glaciers of the Nun Kun	Scribner

Fiction

Atherton, Gertrude	Tower of Ivory	Macmillan
Bacon, Josephine Daskam	The Biography of a Boy	Harper
Diver, Maud	Candles in the Wind	Lane
Goodwin, Wilder	The Up-Grade	Little, Brown
Partridge, Anthony	Passers-by	Little, Brown
Phelps, Elizabeth Stuart	The Oath of Allegiance	Houghton, Mifflin
Smith, F. Berkeley	A Village of Vagabonds	Doubleday, Page
Tompkins, Juliet Wilbur	The Top of the Morning	Baker & Taylor Co.
Van Vorst, Marie	In Ambush	Lippincott

Miscellaneous

Churchill, Winston S.	Liberalism and Social Problems	Hodder & Stoughton
Croly, Herbert	The Promise of American Life	Macmillan
Crowe, J. A., and Cavalcaselle, G. B.	A New History of Painting in Italy, Vol. III.	Dutton
Phelps, William Lyon	Essays on Modern Novelists	Macmillan
Matthews, Brander	Study of the Drama	Houghton, Mifflin
Schinz, Albert	Anti-Pragmatism	Small-Maynard

Noteworthy recent publications are recorded on this page, the list serving as a supplement to the reviews and literary notes on the preceding pages. Books bearing the imprint of G. P. Putnam's Sons are not included.



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 STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

ÆTNA INSURANCE COMPANY

**HARTFORD,
 CONN.**

On the 31st day of December, 1909

Cash Capital,	\$4,000,000.00
Reserve, Re-Insurance (Fire),	6,529,387.31
Reserve, Re-Insurance (Inland),	190,609.39
Reserve, Unpaid Losses (Fire),	509,712.94
Reserve, Unpaid Losses (Inland),	90,909.00
Other Claims,	678,807.35
Net Surplus,	<u>6,062,704.34</u>
Total Assets,	<u>\$18,062,110.33</u>
Surplus for Policy-Holders,	<u>\$10,062,704.34</u>

Losses paid in Ninety-one Years: \$119,451,567.10

WM. B. CLARK, President
 W. H. KING, Vice-President
 HENRY E. REES, Secretary

Assistant Secretaries
 A. N. WILLIAMS E. S. ALLEN
 E. J. SLOAN GUY E. BEARDSLEY
 W. F. WHITTELSEY, Jr., "Marine"

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NORTHWESTERN BRANCH, Omaha, Neb.

PACIFIC BRANCH, 514 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

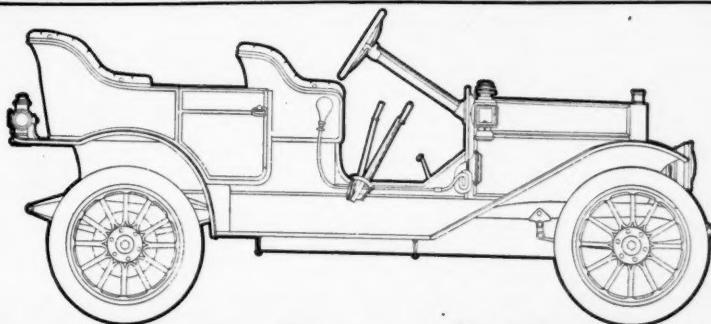
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 L. O. KOHTZ, Ass't Gen'l Agent.
 J. S. GADSDEN, Gen'l Adt. Marine Dept.
 W. H. WYMAN, Gen'l Agent.
 W. P. HARFORD, Ass't Gen'l Agent.
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 A. G. SANDERSON, Ass't Gen'l Agent.
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The Oakland "40" in power, dimensions, appearance and performance is in the class with any of the three thousand dollar cars.

As a hill climber the Oakland is entirely in a class by itself. The "40" has won first place in its class in every event it started during the season, including the following:

Fort George Hill, New York City

Newport Hill, Cleveland

Giants' Despair, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Algonquin Hill, Chicago

Morgan Hill, Logansport, Ind.

Hoopesstown Hill, Ill.

It has won the free-for-all hill climbing contests at Fort Ancient Hill, Cincinnati, and

Columbus Avenue, Mount Vernon, N. Y., defeating many cars selling for two or three times its price, including a number of Four Thousand and Five Thousand Dollar Cars.

All models have three-speed sliding gear, selective type transmission, and include magneto and full lamp equipment, and are high grade in every detail.

Oakland "30" H. P. Touring Car \$1,250

Oakland "30" H. P. Runabout \$1,000

Shepherd Motor Car Co., 1785 Broadway

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Soap and Ointment

The constant use of Cuticura Soap, assisted when necessary by Cuticura Ointment, not only preserves, purifies and beautifies the skin, scalp, hair and hands of infants, children and adults, but tends to prevent clogging of the pores, the common cause of pimples, blackheads, inflammation, irritation, redness and roughness, and other unsightly and annoying conditions.

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Post-free, 32-page Cuticura Book, an Authority on the Care and Treatment of Skin and Hair.



You Should Know About The American Woman's League

THE AMERICAN WOMAN'S LEAGUE is to-day one of the largest and most powerful organizations of women and men in the world—and its membership is growing rapidly in all sections of the country.

Its single purpose is the Educational and Social Advancement of its members and their children.

To promote the educational interests of its members it has organized and equipped The Peoples University and has already completed the first of a million-dollar group of six magnificent buildings to carry on its educational work. Believing most thoroughly in the slogan, "Keep the Children at Home," it gives its instruction in all the useful Arts, Sciences, Professions and Trades by mail, right in the homes of

the students.

Absolutely not a penny of charge is made to any member for the Correspondence Courses of the University; the free use of any or all of the Courses is a right of membership for life.

The Peoples University, in addition, does what no other institution could attempt. It singles out, each year, its ablest students—those who possess real genius—and brings them to University City, at its own expense, for a personal attendance course under the Masters, and pays these students a salary of not less than \$60.00 a month for living expenses, while here in other words, thoroughly fits them for the battle of life.

For the development of social life and advancement, the League erects in any community where there are sufficient members (from 15 up) a beautiful, commodious Chapter House for the sole and exclusive use of its members, in which to hold social gatherings, etc. Upwards of fifty such Chapter Houses are already built or arranged for.

These Chapter Houses are erected, fully and beautifully furnished, and maintained by the central body of the League, without a dollar of expense to the local members.

Aside from these two principal features of the League, the minor advantages of membership are many and varied, and any one of them is well worth the small effort required to become a member.

Life membership, entitling the members to all the advantages of the whole organization, may be secured by any woman (or man) of the white race, in a few days' or a week's time, absolutely without the expenditure of a single dollar.

If you are a young woman or young man seeking educational advantages that will enable you to command success; if you are a parent interested in the welfare of your children—you cannot afford not to know about the League, and what it can do for you.

The coupon below, or a postcard request, will bring immediately full, detailed and convincing information.

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7313 Delmar Blvd., University City, St. Louis, Mo.

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7313 Delmar Blvd., University City, St. Louis, Mo.

Please send me, without obligation on my part, full information about The American Woman's League.

Name

St. & No.

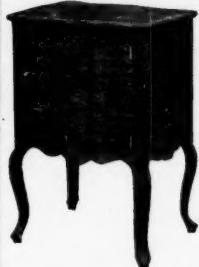
P. O. & State

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This attractive Table and Music Cabinet combined is one of the newest and most popular styles. It is richly finished all around to set anywhere in the room, making a very attractive table. Although low-priced it is made of **Genuine Mahogany**. It has removable shelves, the top is 30 by 24 inches in size and is 30 inches high from the floor. Our price only

\$9.25

The price charged by most retailers would be \$15.00.

Send us only **\$29.75**

for this luxurious Genuine Leather Turkish Rocker. A marvel of beauty and comfort, with its broad spreading arms, and shapely back, finely tufted edges and richly tasseled base. It is upholstered with the best highly tempered Turkish spiral springs. Seat, back and arms are thickly padded with hair and covered with high-grade **Genuine Leather**. A regular \$40.00 value.



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this unique and thoroughly delightful "Mission" Table made of genuine Quarter-sawed Oak in your choice of Early English, Weathered, Fumed or Golden finishes. It has five shelves for books or magazines and a large drawer. Top 36 by 24 inches.

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Bishop's Book of Correct Furniture Styles illustrates and describes in detail over 1000 designs of dependable furniture—has color plates of artistically furnished rooms in "Period" and Modern styles. It tells how you can save one-third in buying direct. While this book costs \$1.50 to publish, we mail it to those interested in fine furniture on receipt of **25c in stamps**, which may be deducted from your first purchase. Write for it to-day.

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References : Any Grand Rapids Bank



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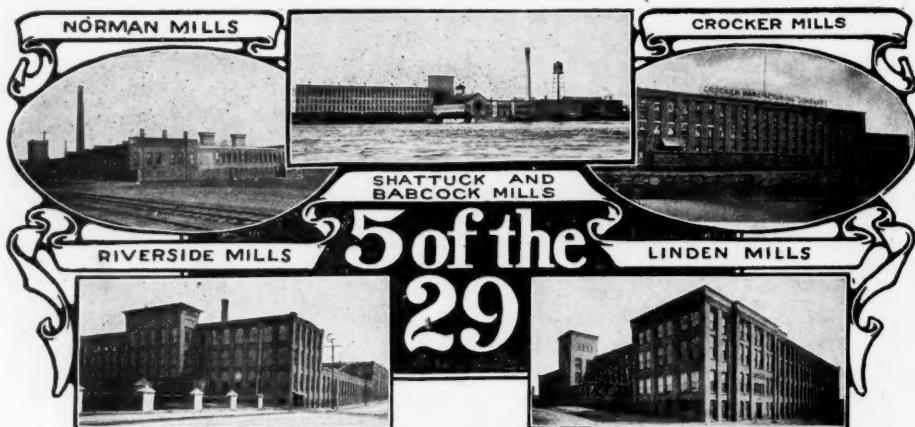
Spring Needle Derby Ribbed underwear for men. Others use the name and represent themselves as manufacturers of Cooper's, because Cooper's is the *standard of perfection* and because Cooper's gives most wear, most comfort and most satisfaction. Get the genuine.

Try a suit of Silk Lisle for spring.

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For cuts, sprains, bruises, burns, boils, sore throat, catarrh, etc.

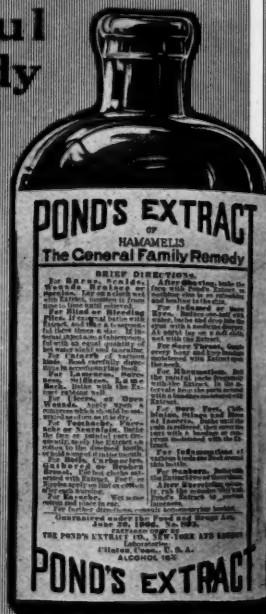
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1876

1910

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The Stationery of a Gentleman

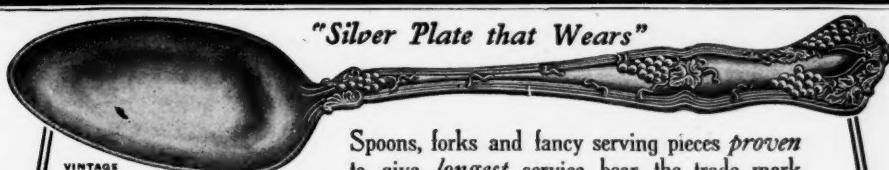
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It is invariably the selection of the man who knows. Let us send you a portfolio of samples—you be the judge.

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The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively
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Spoons, forks and fancy serving pieces proven to give longest service bear the trade mark

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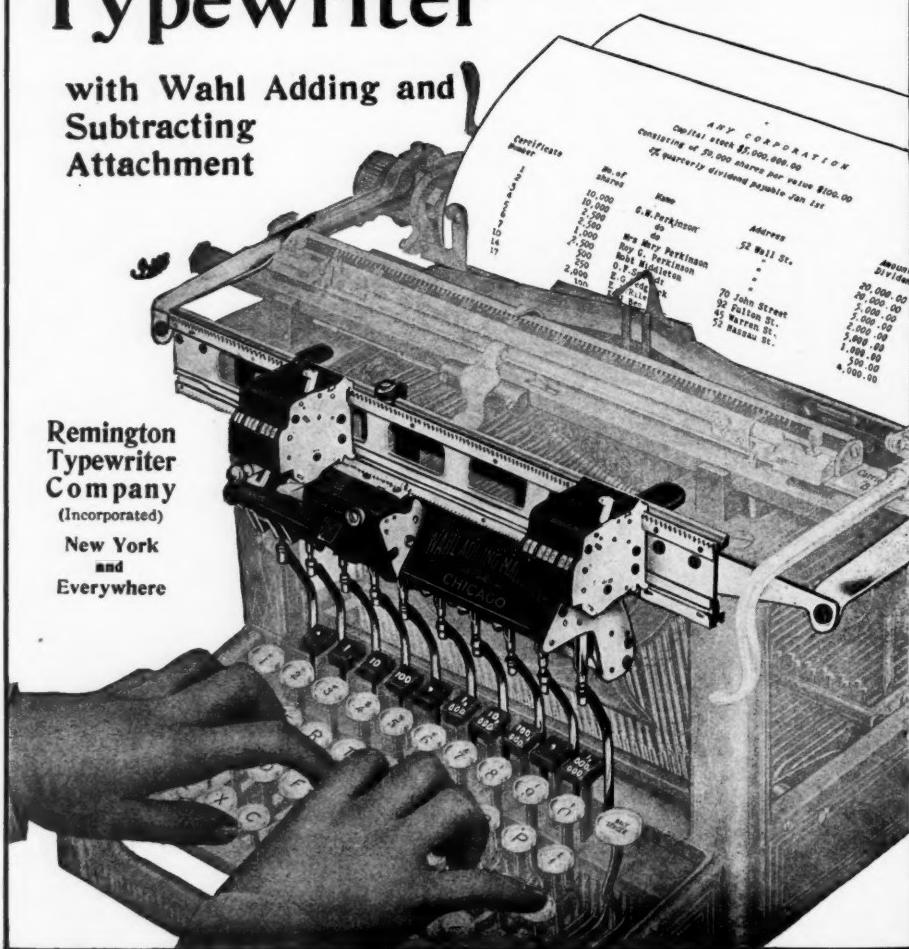
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Glance in your mirror—the old sallow “dead skin” appearance has gone, and in place is a skin with the freshness and smoothness of perfect health and youth.

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The "ONYX" trade-mark on every pair is not alone a *guarantee*—it prevents your making errors in the selection of your hosiery—it puts you on the right track. Nothing is required of you but the asking for the "ONYX" Brand.

Every Grade from Cotton to Silk. For Men, Women and Children, at any price is *good* in the "ONYX" Brand. A trial of any of the Qualities described will prove them worthy.

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